
* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 21 -- September 1994 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

The Last Day of Taylor's Life

The following information was obtained from items giving details of Taylor's activities on Wednesday, February 1, 1922, the last day of his life.

* Sometime during the morning he went to the First National Bank, where he deposited two $800 paychecks, and stock dividend checks for $600 and $150. [1]

* Sometime during the morning he posted bail (or sent his chauffeur to post bail) for his servant Henry Peavey. Some press reports indicate Peavey was bailed out on the morning of the same day Taylor was killed, some reports indicate this happened a few days earlier. [2]

* Sometime during the day he purchased a silver-mounted pocket flask and watch crystal at a jewelry store downtown. [3]

* Sometime during the day he wrote a check for $100 payable to Jack O'Brien. [4]

* Sometime during the day he went to Robinson's Department Store, where he purchased ROSA MUNDI, by Ethel Dell, and the translation of a German criticism on Nietzche. [5]

* Sometime during the day, he was riding in his McFarlan car when he was passed by a car containing Mary Miles Minter and her grandmother, Julia Miles. Minter said this happened at 7th and Alvarado, and only mentions that the the car passed hers. [6] Julia Miles said this happened on Broadway, and that they stopped the cars and exchanged a few friendly greetings. [7] (The two women are not referring to two separate incidents--both women commented that this was the first time Minter had seen Taylor's car since it was repainted.) After Taylor's death several of Minter's blonde hairs were reportedly found on his jacket, and it's possible that those hairs were transferred through a hug given during those "friendly greetings."

* Possibly, at noon he had lunch with Frank E. Garbutt, manager of Wilshire/Realart studios. Garbutt said he had lunch with Taylor "on the day before he was killed." That might mean the previous day, but Taylor was on location at Mt. Lowe on Tuesday. So it appears that Garbutt was

referring to the date of Taylor's death, but before the killing took place. [8]

* He met with J. Marjorie Berger, his income tax advisor, in her office for two hours, between approximately 2:00 and 4:00 p.m. [9]

* He briefly went to the Lasky studio, and left at 4:30. [10] The last person he saw on the Lasky lot was Barrett Kiesling, the publicity director. They talked about Taylor's upcoming film, "The Ordeal," which was scheduled to begin production on the following Monday. [11]

* Shortly before 5:00 he stopped at C.C. Parker's Bookshop and bought the two-volume anthology "The Home Book of Verse." (He had previously given the books to Mabel Normand as a gift, but she had lost one of the volumes.) [12] His chauffeur then drove him home. He told the chauffeur to deliver the volume to Mabel Normand's home, then go to dinner and call for instructions by 7:30. [13] As soon as the chauffeur departed, Taylor telephoned Mabel Normand's home, but she was not in. He left the message with her maid that he was sending over his chauffeur with a book for Mabel from Parker's, and that he also had two books from Robinson's--she should stop by and pick them up. [14]

* At 5:00 he left home on foot, and walked to his dancing lesson, at the Payne Dancing Academy on Orange St. [15]

* Between 5:00 and 6:00 he had his dancing lesson from his regular instructor, Mrs. Waybright. Then he walked back home. [16]

* When he arrived home, he began working on his income tax. He telephoned Berger with some questions. [17] Berger did some checking and called him back. [18]

* Peavey fixed dinner for Taylor, which he ate at 6:45. [19]

* At 7:00 he returned a telephone call to actor Antonio Moreno at the L.A. Athletic Club. (Moreno had called at 6:00, when Taylor was out.) Moreno was having a contract dispute with Vitagraph and he wanted Taylor's assistance. They agreed to meet at 10:00 a.m. at the Lasky studio on the following day. [20]

* At approximately 7:05, while the phone call with Moreno was still in progress, Mabel Normand arrived. She left at approximately 7:45, and Taylor was murdered within a few minutes of her departure. [21]

Wallace Smith: February 16, 1922

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 16, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

Seven hours after Mabel Normand left the home of William Desmond Taylor on the night he was murdered a half-hysterical woman madly drove a roaring motor from Los Angeles and sent it hurtling at breakneck speed over the coast road toward San Francisco.

She was clad in an evening gown and furs that matched her own striking beauty. It was 3 in the morning when she flung the car recklessly through the dark. Its speed increased as the first faint rays of morning began to streak the sky and filter into the study where the body of the slain man lay.

And today, just two weeks after the wild flight, the police hurried over the same trail in desperate hope of at last running down the slayer of the

eccentric director and solving the sinister mystery that came with the murder in Alvarado St.

They were directed in their search of the fleeing beauty by the employees of an automobile station at Ventura, three hours' hard drive from Los Angeles, and a Los Angeles motorist who passed the woman -- after narrowly escaping a collision -- on the road to San Francisco.

It was at the station in Ventura that the woman in the machine, excited and eager to be off again, crashed on the brakes and halted long enough to take on a fresh supply of gasoline and oil. Her hair had been disarranged by the wind that screamed at her in her nightmare race. She sobbed as she gave orders to the men. She reached the station at 6:20 a.m., they said, and left about ten minutes later.

So strange was her behavior that the men at the station took plains to identify the car she drove. This identification was said to place the car as the property of a wealthy Los Angeles man, known to be familiar to the moving picture world.

He was to be questioned by the police upon his return today from town. He had been absent, it was explained, "on a business trip."

As the car leaped away from the gasoline station, the wild-eyed driver crammed on all speed. The car went careening down the road. Six miles away from the station the car of the Los Angeles witness sighted the oncoming motor.

The Los Angeles man, observing the speed of the approaching machine, cautiously took his own car far to the side of the road. He was just in time. As the car driven by the woman came abreast of his it swung half across the road and seemed about to turn over. The woman in the car turned out, twisted at the wheel, and finally regained control.

The car sped out of sight and out of the mystery until investigators found the Ventura witnesses. [22]

Their story strengthened the theory that a woman was in the study of Taylor when he was shot to death, and seemed to make clearer the picture of the "kiss of death" theory that Taylor was embracing a woman when he was shot.

It also gave new credence to the yarn of the mysterious bootlegger who declared he saw a woman fleeing the Taylor home immediately after the shot was fired.

It even led the police to a belief that their arbitrary fixing of the time of the crime might be off a few hours and that Taylor might have been slain by the actress known to have visited his rooms in the still hours of the night.

The Ventura story was one of several startling new developments of the day. Among others were:

The alleged confessions of one of the chief Hollywood drug peddlers regarding his deals with moving picture favorites, and especially his transactions with one of the film beauties who has been named in the Taylor mystery.

The threat of an expose in the federal court, through government prosecution of certain dope peddlers, of the names of the screen actors and actresses named as drug users.

The declaration by physicians that Taylor may have lived for some time after the fatal shot was fired instead of dying instantly, as the first police theory decided.

The questioning of the dope peddler chief--it was nearer to the method indicated by the term "third degree"--began at midnight and lasted through well into the morning. The dope peddler is a man of foreign birth; known to have been a member of the "dress suit mob"--a gang which uses fashionable clothes as its chief disguise -- mentioned several days ago in The Chicago Evening American dispatches.

He was seized in Hollywood and held incommunicado there. According to the police he was persuaded to reveal many of the secrets of the gang and the names of the film folks who traded in cocaine, morphine, opium and other drugs.

They were interested most of all in his statement that he had personally dealt with the actress named in connection with Taylor's death, known for years as a victim of the drug habit and said to have been blackmailed by an

eastern gang of dope peddlers. [23]

Stung by the recent criticism of their so-called inactivity, the police threatened to lay the confession of their prisoner before the federal authorities and demand his prosecution and the prosecution of other members of the band.

This would result, it was stated, in placing before the open court the long list of Hollywood film people said to be users of the bamboo pipe and the hypodermic needle.

There was considerable agitation in moving picture circles at this threat of the police officials, and those who guide the affairs of the screen stars, never idle since the latest scandal shocked the nation, began to get busier than ever.

The statement of physicians that Taylor might have lived for an hour or two after the shot--which did not reach the heart as first reported--was fired, opened the way for considerable interesting speculation. It seemed to shed a new light, too, on the carefully "laid out" position of the body when found.

It was pointed out that had the assassin fired in a mad desire to kill his man and see him dead he would have emptied every chamber in his revolver. Only one shot was fired. It was set forth as well that Taylor, a powerful man, would have made some sort of struggle had there remained in his body strength enough to lift an arm. Everything was in order.

It was declared possible that a woman, maddened by jealousy or infuriated by Taylor's taunts, had fired the single shot. Then, overcome by remorse, she attempted to save his life, remaining at his side until he finally died and fleeing at last to save the shreds of her own reputation.

Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz, working with District Attorney Lee Woolwine in attempting a solution of the mystery, made a dramatic examination of William Davis, chauffeur for Mabel Normand, who drove her to Taylor's home the night of the slaying. He repeated his earlier story in detail, corroborating Miss Normand in most of her statements about her entrance and exit on the night of the drama

But he was made to repeat his statement on the scene of the killing, sitting in the sheriff's car in front of Taylor's home and about 150 feet from Taylor's door, as he says he did the night he drove Miss Normand there.

"It was before 7:30 that I drove Miss Normand here," he declared. "She had bought a Police Gazette and a bag of peanuts. She was eating the peanuts and reading the Gazette as we drove out. When she went into Taylor's I got out of the car and swept the shells out. Then I started to read the paper myself."

As Davis stepped from the car to illustrate his movements, it was observed that some of the peanut shells still lingered at the curb.

"Henry Peavey, Taylor's houseman, came out," Davis went on.

"He was all dressed up fancy in his golf things. We talked a little while about whose car was best, Taylor's or Miss Normand's. Then he went away."

"Wasn't there a third man there?" asked Biscailuz. George Arto, a mechanician, had told the police that he saw Peavey and Davis talking to a third man that night.

"Positively not," declared Davis.

"Arto says there was," Biscailuz went on.

"Arto was mistaken, then," insisted Davis. "I talked to no one but Peavey. I remember very well that when Miss Normand came out she seemed very cheerful. She may have carried a book, as she says, but I did not see it. I remarked that it was time for dinner and I was getting hungry. It was 7:40 then."

The officers had Davis indicate where Taylor stood saying farewell to Miss Normand.

"He seemed to be in a good humor, too," said Davis. "She waved good-by and we drove straight home."

Undersheriff Biscailuz announced that he would question Miss Normand again. It was stated that the detailed reports of his investigators had suggested a new line of questioning.

At the same time it was reported that Miss Normand was preparing to leave

town to recover from a very severe cold which, according to her manager, in connection with her shock at Taylor's death, might result seriously.

"The only reason we are staying," declared the manager, "is that there would be many people ready to say that Miss Normand was running away. But if the strain keeps up I would not be surprised if it killed her."

District Attorney Woolwine continued his investigation in secret. Because of the "embarrassment" that might be caused famous figures in the moving picture world, the district attorney decided not to call them in, but to send his men to question them at their convenience.

The statement made by Mack Sennett, producer, to one of the prosecutor's agents was not made public.

The general atmosphere of secrecy thrown about the case by officials also smother an official denial or affirmation of the report that a threatening letter had been found among Taylor's papers. The letter, it was stated, was sent by a prominent moving picture man who had been bitter toward Taylor since the two had words at the outbreak of the world war.

The district attorney's agents also were watching the examination of the eight members of an alleged Black Hand gang, captured after a brisk shotgun and pistol battle with federal and state officers Tuesday night. The members of the alleged gang, it was said, had organized a campaign of blackmail against wealthy Los Angeles residents and might have had Taylor included in their list of victims.

"Has Mabel Normand Solved the Taylor Murder?"

The following item is certainly fiction on both levels: it never happened, and it was never related to the author by Mabel Normand. But it nevertheless is interesting as a novelty, showing how the Taylor murder began to be used for "true" crime fiction.

November 1931 / January 1932

H. L. Gates

ILLUSTRATED DETECTIVE MAGAZINE

Has Mabel Normand Solved the Taylor Murder?

EDITOR'S NOTE [which prefaced the original article]: H.L. Gates, the author of this remarkable document--almost as if the voice of Mabel Normand were speaking from the grave--was one of the dead star's intimate friends. Editor, novelist, scenario writer, he lived for some time in Hollywood and was closely associated with the impish Mabel and her scores of friends.

It was only by accident, or as if fate, knowing that Miss Normand was not long for this earth, intervened--that Mabel Normand told to Mr. Gates the plans for her great screen play to be based on the murder of William Desmond Taylor, the famous director and Romeo of the film colony whose ambition it was to marry her. Mabel had promised and then withdrawn.

Mr. Gates went to call on her at the Savoy Hotel in London. He was living in London and at that time was editor of the "London Daily Sketch." It was only to be a friendly call, a social call upon an old friend. Without any particular reason, Miss Normand began talking of the Taylor case, probably because the newspapers were full of it. An then, in her impetuous way, she began to talk of what she knew about Taylor and his life, his loves and his hates. Then came the story Mr. Gates tells here.

Does Mabel Normand solve at last the mystery of who killed Desmond Taylor?

For three days London streets had been dismal lanes of fog. Still thousands of men and women of all ages milled on the sidewalks before the Savoy Hotel, hoping for a lift in the murk that would bring one girl's face to her balconied window.

Some of the watchers had kept their vigil through part of the night.

They wanted to see the smiling, impish face of Mabel Normand, who had slipped into town unheralded but whose arrival was bulletined by newsboys

within the hour.

A policeman helped me through the crowd to the hotel lobby. When he discovered that I was bound for Mabel Normand's door, he touched his helmet with new respect.

The question, "Will she ever tell who killed Taylor?" was in the mind of perhaps everyone who waited and watched outside for a glimpse of the famous star, as it was in the minds of other thousands around the world. There were few then, as now, who doubted that Mabel could, if she would, come very near to pointing the way to a solution of the famous Hollywood murder which has remained through almost a decade one of the greatest mysteries in the world's annals of crime.

The director, William Desmond Taylor, had been dead many months. One by one the hopeful clues to a slayer's identity had been followed to a blank wall. Screen reputations had been shattered, ache and trouble had been implanted in the gentle soul of Mabel herself, and high policemen had been reduced to the ranks. But Taylor's murder was already on its way to becoming historic mystery.

When her inner door opened and she came, a tempest as ever, into the outer room, I wondered if the crowds on the streets below would see in the impish face the thoughtful lines that had grown there since that murder night under the Hollywood palms. I happened to be the first of old friends to welcome her to England. She rushed across the room to salute me with a kiss. It was not, of course, the kiss of a woman to a man but the gesture of a soul that brimmed fraternity with all the world and all who were of it.

She accused me suddenly: "That kiss doesn't mean so much to you, does it?"

Now that was a question hard to answer. One never dealt in platitudes with Mabel Normand nor ever waxed sentimental. Her laugh was too handy. I wondered what she had on her mind, and it came out abruptly and was startling.

"I kiss everybody in the world," she said. "It's my very nicest habit. I've heard that a woman was hung in London at daybreak this morning, and

somehow that reminded me that, light as you all take my kisses, it was a kiss that snatched me away from perilously close to the gallows."

I could only stare and wait. Her brown eyes were sombre. She touched the cablegrams from American police, all as yet unopened. Then she went to her window and looked down upon the street, the Strand. The watchers were spectral figures in a smoky mist.

"They are all thinking of me as being part of the 'Taylor Case,'" she said. "They are wondering what I know--and if I shall ever tell."

"What about the kiss that saved you?" I reminded her.

"I've thought about it a lot on the boat coming over," she said in preliminary explanation, "and of the woman who was hung before the sun came up this morning. Perhaps she, too, might have been saved if all the truth were known. This kiss I will tell you about was one of the incidents of real life, one of the things that happen that wouldn't be believed as possible if it were put into fiction. You remember the last half hour of Taylor's life?"

I did. On her way from Los Angeles to her Hollywood home Mabel had stopped her car at the house of the director, who was one of the outstanding personalities in the screen world. Leaving her chauffeur in her car, she had run in for a chat. That was a little after six o'clock. At a quarter to eight she went on, Taylor accompanying her to her car. He then re-entered his house and was killed five minutes later.

"They were all so certain that I had done it," Mabel said, "that I was stunned. There was only my chauffeur to say that I had left the house and left Taylor alive. As those first terrible hours of investigation drew out I was being drawn closer and closer into the murder put, for the authorities would not be satisfied with my chauffeur's support. But one of my kisses saved me.

"When Taylor came out to see me off he closed the car's door window, warning against the chill that was coming down from the hills. I pressed my lips against the inner side of the glass pane. He put his lips to the same spot, but outside. Prints of the kiss, his lips outside, mine inside, were observed by Hollywood detectives. They proved that Taylor had been alive and

that I had been in my car when we said good-bye for the night. It was only then that they authorities began seriously to look elsewhere for the slayer."

So we bridged the ocean and talked of the crime that was baffling every police brain on the other side of the Atlantic. And we talked of the mystery through other days of her visit to London, days that remained fog bound. Mabel confessed at last that she would some day make her revelations, but in her own characteristically dramatic way. She would create a play, a screen play, she declared, or perhaps a novel. She would build it out of her knowledge of William Desmond Taylor's life and use for its characters the real men and women who paraded through that life up to the moment of its end in the Hollywood bungalow.

"Will it turn out to be a woman? One of the women we all know, or will it be an old vengeance come out of the past to take a belated toll?" I wondered aloud.

Mabel got up and went through her window onto the balcony that overlooks the famous Strand and the old theater where Gilbert and Sullivan rehearsed their tuneful operettas. Days had passed by now, since Mabel's coming, but the crowds, new crowds, still watched from the sidewalks. The fog was thinning and when the petite figure appeared a shout went up. Bright faced girls threw kisses from the tips of their fingers. A far solemn note from Big Ben announced the cocktail hour. Mabel waved to her fans and came back into the room.

"About its being a woman, wait!" she commanded. "I think I shall tell you the story, just as I shall some day write it down. And we must begin at the beginning." She laughed a little when she added: "Of course I must be the heroine. Anyhow, I am the one people think of when they talk of the 'Taylor Case.' But at the beginning there will be another woman, one who would have killed Taylor a long time ago if she could have done it. And after her there will come others. And at last we shall come to the back door of the house in Hollywood, where the person--man or woman--who was to take his life at last waited while I sat and talked with the man who was to die as soon as I had gone."

Mabel began, then, to tell me how she would write her screen play, of her "mystery novel," with its living characters walking across its record of the man who, in the end, paid with his life. Slowly but surely the identity of the one who killed the director began to take living image and to come at last to the back door of the Hollywood bungalow.

But before I put down Mabel's mystery story, and its dramatic episodes out of human happenings, perhaps we had better picture the murder night itself. Mabel leaves that for the last.

Her beginning is in a cabin in Alaska, with snow drifting high against an ice bound door. A woman stands over a man who is asleep in a bunk. She is slender, with fierce dark eyes and long black hair. Robert Service--as the story goes--once knew her and Mabel declares that she might have been the "Lou" of his famous poem--"the woman who was known as Lou." At any rate, we will call her Lou. She stands over the sleeping man, whom we will know as "Cunningham Deane," but whom we shall meet in Hollywood presently as William Desmond Taylor, with her calico dress open to the waist. Her body as gleamy white as the snow glare, is like rigid marble. Her hair, unbound, falls over her shoulders. In the fierce dark eyes there is grim and deadly purpose and a knife, poised in mid air, is pointed at the sleeping man's heart.

Mabel begins there and builds, out of her knowledge of Taylor and his life, to the murder scene in Hollywood on that chill February night. We, however, shall look at that night and then go back to Mabel.

There was no better known, no more liked or violently hated figure in Hollywood than William Desmond Taylor. Scholarly, cultured, arrogant, he remained aloof from the gayer elements but to his intimates was known as a gentle, considerate man, who gave deft touches to his screen dramas out of his own store of experiences. Mary Pickford had called him her "best" director. Constance Talmadge and Myrtle Stedman declared they owed their successes to him. Others chimed in on this adulatory note.

Many women loved him to their unending sorrow. He loved freely, often and ardently. But he tired abruptly. Today's love went from his arms with lips aglow to return tomorrow and be told by a servant that he wasn't at home

to her any more. It was said that he never sought or wooed a woman. They proffered themselves and were taken or refused according to their attractiveness. His dismissals were cruel--and final. He was the autocrat of the Famous-Players studios, but it was agreed that he never granted favors there or advancement because of sentimental influence.

Of his steady procession of women only one was permanently enshrined in his heart. He hoped to persuade Mabel Normand to become his wife. She, he wooed. Mabel had promised but had withdrawn her promise. She thought at times that she loved him, but she saw in his character a harshness, a cruelty, that was so opposite to all her emotions, that she was afraid.

On the night she kissed him good-bye through her window-pane and left the lipstick record that was to stand her in such good stead, someone waited behind the Taylor bungalow and nervously smoked cigarettes, while she was inside. It was a someone who stood close to the door and held it ajar so that the voices of the two filtered out.

At last Mabel was gone. A cigarette the murderer had just begun to smoke was tossed to the ground. It was an expensive foreign cigarette of the same brand used by the director. A brand that sells for a dollar the package of ten. The rear door was opened stealthily. Taylor, at his table poring over his check-book, looked up into the grim warning of a leveled pistol. He threw up his hands but the pistol came close, inexorable. Its steel-jacketed messenger went straight to his heart.

Edna Purviance telephoned the bungalow that night, as did Mary Miles Minter and Neva Gerber. They all wondered that there was no "Hello!" in response. They little dreamed that he was stretched on his rug, dead!

A colored houseboy found his master in the morning. Then came the vanguard of police authorities, and with them the beginning of the end of three bright screen careers.

Love letters, some of them signed in school-girl fashion with sentimental X's, created motives for anyone of half a score of Hollywood beauties. The partially smoked cigarettes at the back door, Taylor's own brand, pointed to a former servant who had robbed the director and become a

fugitive from the police. Taylor's merciless antagonism to sinister purveyors of drugs who were wrecking the souls of some of the screen world's best loved young women, pointed to retaliation by a "drug ring."

But the murderer was never found! Neighbors heard the shot, but mistook it for an ordinary, unsuspicious sound. Mrs. Douglas MacLean, who lived next door, saw a man, small and slight, leave the Taylor house immediately after the sound. Footprints picked from the Taylor steps next morning indicated that the one who had left the house had been a woman, for they were prints of shoes so small, and with heel so pointed, that they indicated a woman must have worn them. Was the murderer, the police asked at once, a woman in man's garb?

The director had been mulcted by blackmailers, it was learned. And there were Mary Miles Minter's love letters, her dressing robe and other things in the house. Had she wanted her letters back? was a question that was never quite asked aloud, but nevertheless was sharp in the police mind.

But shall we not sit aside, and watch while Mabel Normand builds the structure of eventual murder, beginning that day in the Yukon? Mabel was very particular that you should know "Lou."

The man who had been asleep in the cabin bunk, (Mabel begins) was stirred by the telepathy of a premonition that penetrated his dreams. The woman who stood over him had held her blade while she studied the man she was about to kill.

She had met him in a rough music hall at Nome, where she played the banjo for what nuggets she could wheedle out of the pouches of lucky miners.

She, like so many women after her, read the promise of ecstasy, of heaven and happiness in the handsome face of the young Englishman who then was known as Cunningham Deane and had come into the north on the gold search. And like the women to follow her, she did the wooing.

She was young, this Lou. Young in years and in body and kiss, though old in lore. There were many men in Nome who would have given much, pretty well emptied their nugget pouches, if the "banjo girl" would have saved her lips for them, as she offered to save them for the young Englishman who only

opened his arms to her when she pleaded his condescension.

Love, sometimes, comes like that.

That Alaska winter threatened to settle down earlier than usual and the miners were coming in off the trails, but young Deane was determined to push on into the open country for a prospecting survey before the winter finally closed down. He was advised against any such foolhardy venture, he a newcomer, with neither dogs nor experience. It pleased Deane, however, when Lou told him that if he insisted upon going out she would go with him. He told her she had more courage than the old-timers.

And when they were caught at last, in the first big snowdrift that shut them in for the winter, she was the sturdiest and most cheerful.

They were alone in the cabin for a week before another human face showed up. A pack team, scurrying into Nome, sighted the cabin. The team's drivers left provisions.

When the decision to remain was reached, Lou was secretly glad. Months ahead with her lover in the solitude of white vastness would be continuous enchantment. But an incident of the pack team's departure worried her. Taylor had written a letter which he would not discuss with her.

Taylor had not told Lou his own story. She knew nothing of why, nor from what, he had come into Alaska.

The girl slipped out of the cabin and followed the trail of the pack team. She coaxed the letter from the driver, opened it hurriedly, and scanned its voluminous pages. Color drained from her cheeks.

The driver offered her room on a sled. She thought, silently, for a long time, ever and again sending her glance back to the horizon behind, dotted by the rise of snow banked against the cabin. With the letter dropped into her dress she waved the pack team ahead, and returned to her lover.

Taylor questioned her changed mood. She evaded explanations. When he awakened from his first sleep after that she was standing over him, her knife ready to descend. The man whose feet were frostbitten could not stand on them, but he managed to catch her wrist and twist it until the blade clattered noisily to the floor.

"I read the letter," Lou said. Her voice was steady and quiet, despite the flames in her fierce eyes.

"If what you read has made you unhappy," he returned, "you deserve it. It was not meant for you."

The letter had been addressed to Taylor's brother, then in Denver. It discovered to Lou that her lover's name was Deane-Tanner. That there was another girl, a girl who waited in the East for the return of her affianced who had gone into Alaska on the gold hunt.

And Lou learned what Taylor's plans for her were. There was to be no trek south to the haven of Seattle after the Winter ended.

It was when she read that paragraph that Lou decided to kill her handsome lover.

Lou recovered the fallen knife from the floor. It had dropped out of Taylor's reach and he could not interfere with her. To stand on his crippled feet was bitter agony. The girl smiled at him grimly when he braced himself in the bunk for her attack.

"You could stab while my back is turned," she said. "I tried to do that to you, and couldn't. Nor could I kill you when you are helpless. We will make a bargain."

What, perhaps was one of the strangest bargains ever made in the barren, silent North, was made that day between the banjo-girl and the man whose feet required her careful nursing.

At least two months of imprisonment were ahead of them. Their jail was to be the single room cabin. There was a scant supply of fuel, barely enough for an occasional fire should Lou's forays for game meet with success.

Taylor pleaded for reconciliation. He would not disavow his letter. An ingrained, deep-rooted pride of self, the haughty arrogance of the Briton, made retractions inconceivable to him. He reminded Lou of what she was--banjo girl from the Yukon dives. He reminded her of what he was. A "Deane-Tanner" with family prestige behind him.

Again Lou's thin, sinister smile.

Warning, there, and threat! Quiet, monotoned words that Taylor forgot as

soon as they were uttered, but remembered a long time afterward!

Through the Winter Lou kept to the terms of the pact she had dictated. She occasionally went out with their gun. Almost hourly through the first weeks she packed Taylor's feet with snow until she had nursed them back to strength. [sic!]

When the trail opened Taylor stumbled into Nome ahead of his lone pair of dogs. By sheer strength he had compelled Lou to ride in, bundled in her furs, on the now empty pack sled. Habitues of the music halls who greeted the banjo girl were shocked by the tragic sadness that had crept into the dark eyes.

At their parting Taylor begged to hold her in his arms for a moment. He thought to make one last effort to soften the ice in her heart. She shrank from him.

In a little while Lou was back in the booths and between tables of the halls. Her daring red skirt was shorter than it had ever been. Her waist was tighter. And Taylor, with her.

He may have thought that Lou had forgotten. Lou hadn't!

What pioneers of the old Alaskan days are still left to look across the years to the great gold rush, remember "Arizona Charlie" Meadows, who had come up from the States to preside over varied activities of the famous "Standard Music Hall." Arizona Charlie was noted for the readiness of his gun and for the softness of his heart. A grizzled veteran with a wide-brimmed hat, sharp gray eyes, and a human understanding. He put down his glass when Lou's red skirt brushed against him the day of her return to the Hall. The banjo girl wanted to talk with him in his cubby-hole of an office behind the ornate bar.

"Have you ever known anything about love, Charlie?" she asked to her employer.

"What brand you aimin' to talk about?"

"I love him, Charlie. He didn't ask me to love him, not at first, but I couldn't help it. That's why I went with him. I thought the banjo days and the red dress were all behind. I thought he understood that I was clean

inside, cleaner maybe, than he, and that he was taking me as I was. What's outside you can get rid of, you know, like taking off my dress. But I found out differently. Read this letter, Charlie."

When she had finished his sharp gray eyes bored through the banjo girl.

"I'm to do something about it?"

"Yes. I want him to stay in Nome. I want him kept here, until I'm ready with what I've got in mind. He is broke. He will find some way of going down to Seattle. You can keep him. And he mustn't know you're keeping him for me."

If Arizona Charlie was dubious at first, the banjo girl soon made him her ally.

"You can hire him to put on a regular show for you," Lou said. "There are actors in Nome and it will be good business. Until I am ready!"

Charlie was struck by a sudden thought. "Is it killing you're figurin' on, Lou? Cause if it is I ain't goin' to help. Not that it would make any difference to me about him, but because o' you. The boys wouldn't do anything to you, maybe, most of 'em holdin' a hankerin' for you, but your hands is too pretty to be stained thataway. It sort o' don't rub off, that kind of a stain, and it gets redder and deeper as you grow older and look back. I won't help you kill 'im."

"I tried to kill him once and I couldn't. I know that I never could. I loved him. You can't kill what you once loved. Much less what you still love and always will. But somebody else can. And somebody else must."

"Who you pickin' on."

"Nobody--yet."

Through the weeks that followed the man who later on was to be termed by Mary Pickford her "best director," and who was to lift Myrtle Stedman, Constance Talmadge, Alma Rubens and half a score of others to screen stardom, developed the genius that was later to stamp great screen dramas to come out of Hollywood. The little stage of the music hall was enlarged and curtained. Actors were assembled, some brought from the States. Charlie's venture was a success.

From his desperate straits young Taylor was lifted to affluence. From

his post behind the scenery on his stage he could watch the dark-haired banjo girl playing between the tables. From the booths along an upper balcony came down to him the low rumble of miner's voices while they paid her their rough compliments and made their uncouth wooings.

Now and again they sat together at a table in the Hall, while the actors on the stage were rehearsing. Lou did not avoid him. Seldom, when they sat and chatted, never referring to those dramatic cabin days in the snow, did her deep eyes seek or meet his. Only when his head was turned would they rest on him, their flames a sudden conflagration.

At last the banjo girl was ready!

Part II

Mabel had drawn a vivid picture of the banjo girl of the Nome music halls. More vivid than I have been able to recall it as I write of those London days when Mabel was so eager with her plan to blossom some day as the author of a screen play in which she would reveal to a curious world the true murderer of William Desmond Taylor.

She liked Lou, did Mabel. And this liking was odd. Mabel Normand, of the soul that never knew hate, nursing a fondness for the dark-haired girl whose hatred consumed her heart and absorbed her passions!

"She loved," Mabel said when I expressed my wonder. "And what is more marvelous in all the world than a woman who loves, completely, with no thoughts of reckonings?"

"Even one who plans to climax her love with murder?" I questioned.

Mabel was thoughtful a moment. We had come from the Savoy Hotel to Ciro's, the bright dinner rendezvous of London. We sat on the balcony overlooking the dance floor peopled by sinuous Russian princesses, celebrated Parisian demi-mondaines and the beauties of London's stage world. Mabel seemed to estimate the women who danced to the lilts of Paul Whiteman's visiting band. Down there were women who had suffered, some who had lived through tragedy. On the floor was a Russian girl who all London knew had

passed through the ravaging embraces of a Bolshevist band. There was a Belgian woman, smart in sleek black velvet and with carmine lips, who had been found in a trench dug-out by a British Tommy. The Tommy had saved and married her, but now a lord's son was dancing with her. Her velvet gown cost more than the five years' pay of a king's soldier. But it was said that if she could get him back she would trade for him all of the lords' sons in the Empire. And there was another woman on the floor Mabel watched while she danced. A slender, beautiful but sad-eyed woman, who, as everybody knew, loved a prince at Buckingham Palace. And, also, as "everybody knew," was loved by him. A tremendous diamond, flashing on her throat, had been the prince's present--and that, her diamond, was all she could ever acknowledge of him, or he of her, before the world.

Mabel knew the little story of "The Japanese Sandman" and its significance. "Point out the woman to me, won't you?" she asked. I pointed her out, finding her by the flash of her great diamond, and Mabel watched her. Then she answered my question.

"Plan murder? Yes," she said. "I think that if ever I should love deeply, and wholly, I would recognize no taboos. Allow none. A woman who loves knows nothing of codes. If she does, they smother her. If my love were at stake there is nothing I would not do to save my man from another woman's arms or punish him for taking mine lightly."

Sir Gerald du Maurier, son of a famous father who created Trilby and Svengali, came onto the balcony to take Mabel down for an encore of "The Japanese Sandman." Lionel Tennyson, a descendant of the poet laureate, claimed her for an ensuing dance. But she was eager to continue her reconstruction of the sequence of events which led to that tragic moment in the Hollywood bungalow when William Desmond Taylor faced Nemesis.

"Lou was ready with her revenge," Mabel repeated. "She had found the lover who, in trade for her promise of unending faithfulness, would collect what she held to be Taylor's debt to her."

Don Seviers, recently graduated from a mining school near Denver, was barely more than a boy. He had pushed northward from Seattle on the gold hunt

to realize in the end that he was out of place in the grim North. In the Nome of those days there was a desolate army of men who could not win against the hardships of the snow trails; men, young and old, who had come with the fire of hope and purpose in their steady eyes, to sink by degrees to the level of the derelicts. Taylor himself had been one of this helpless army of hangers-on until Arizona Charlie Meadows had listened to Lou's plea and installed him as his stage manager. Taylor now was prosperous. But meanwhile Don Seviers had come to take his place among the hungry ones.

Letters young Seviers had sent to his home in Denver asking for money with which to return had miscarried. There was no word from the States throughout the tight winter Lou and Taylor had spent in their cabin. When Lou returned to the music-hall floor with her banjo, Don Seviers was a dejected, unkempt frequenter of the tables at the back of the hall--the tables reserved for those who could not buy beer but needed the warmth of the stoves that bordered the room. Arizona Charlie always insisted that no man who needed warmth and a chair to sit in should be turned away from the hall.

Lou discovered the thin, ascetic face of the young man during her moments of refuge from the more prosperous habitues. Sympathetic, as were all of her kind, the banjo girl found ways of cheering and helping the young stranger. When she read something deeper than gratitude in his face, Lou came more and more often to his table among the derelicts.

Don Seviers slowly regained his courage and his strength. There were many ways for a banjo girl to help a Don Seviers. Work, which he had sought so futilely before, came to him now unsolicited. After a plea from Lou the keeper of a resort that rivaled Charlie Meadow's "Standard Music Hall" installed Seviers as a cashier. Men who could be trusted with an employer's money were scarce in Nome, and Seviers proved that he was honest.

It was noticeable, after a time, that young Seviers spent his mornings, when the halls were empty of patrons, at the back tables in Charlie Meadows' place. Taylor rehearsed his company in the mornings, and Seviers watched the director with gloomy, hating eyes--eyes that grew to hold as much fierce hatred as Lou's own.

In the background Charlie Meadows watched from under the shadow of his wide-brimmed hat. Now and again he went back into the rear of his hall during the rehearsal hours and condescended to drop into a chair beside the young director.[sic] The proprietor frequently bought the one-time derelict a drink, and as often spoke to him about Lou. Meadows noted that when he talked of the banjo girl the younger man's face lighted.

It was because the music hall owner liked Don Seviers and not on Taylor's account that he summoned the latter to the office behind the bar. Taylor had brought added prosperity to the hall and sent its fame across the Alaskan gold fields, but Charlie never liked him.

"There'll be a boat goin' down to Seattle next week," Meadows stated to the director. "I'm wanting you to be aboard."

Taylor was puzzled. He had planned to remain with Meadows until his savings were enough to fund another prospecting expedition, with enough left over to carry him on in the event of failure.

"On business for you?" he asked. "If so, hadn't you better send someone else?"

"Business of mine, maybe, but business of your own, too. You bein' killed might matter considerable, and then again it might not. I ain't sayin'. But the fellow who kills you might have to answer. Particularly if he don't do it cleverlike. That would be a mess I'm aimin' to prevent. I'm wanting you to take the boat for Seattle."

Taylor demanded the identity of the man who proposed to assassinate him--and his reason. Feuds sprang up over night in the gold camp, and blossomed over a single word. But Taylor knew of no enemies. He was no one's rival and participated in no bar-room brawls. He could not imagine who could hold an enmity to the death against him.

Meadows would not enlighten him. That would have been against his code. Taylor refused to run away. He discounted Meadows' alarm and proposed to continue with the stock company. Meadows tried his best to persuade him, but the director stubbornly refused to run from an unknown enemy. He left the office behind the bar still wondering what could lie behind his employer's

warning.

That night he sat at one of the tables watching his show on the stage. A vague premonition caused him to turn suddenly. Lou stood close behind him. Her dark eyes were fixed upon him. Taylor started. Across his mind flashed a vision of that day in the isolated cabin when he awoke to see her standing over him, her knife poised in mid-air. In her eyes now were the hatred and resolve that had been in them then.

In that moment Taylor knew! Lou had not forgotten. Intuitively he realized that Lou was associated with the strange advice given by Meadows.

Of young Don Seviers and his devotion to the banjo girl who had helped him rise from his despair, Taylor was scarcely aware. All of Nome knew that Lou had taken on a new love. Prospectors who came in from the snow and tossed nuggets into the neck yoke of her tight waist teased her about her new absorption. But the director, aloof, concerned only with his own stage affairs, had been too uninterested to observe.

He would not have run away from a man, perhaps. He did not hesitate to run away from Lou. It seemed to be the only course if she was to be saved from the consequences of the rashness he sensed as her determination, after he had surprised that hatred in her eyes and when he remembered the cryptic warning from Meadows that he should take the boat for Seattle.

He would have quietly disappeared and left Lou to forget if she could, but Don Seviers intruded upon his plans. The stage curtain had fallen after the night performance. Shadows from a single pilot light traced the floor with grotesque shapes. There young Seviers, wrung to sobs by the passion of his desperate intentions, a pistol shaking in his hand, confronted the man who had played too carelessly with the kisses of the banjo girl.

The boy's first shot, after he had shouted to the director to turn around and face his fate, went wild. In the dimness Taylor could not make out the features of his would-be assassin. Perhaps he would have spared the mere boy whom he might have remembered as having come to the music hall occasionally with Lou. As it was, he shot the boy down.

Charlie Meadows, his own gun drawn, held back the patrons who would have

swarmed up the stage stairs at the sound of shooting behind the curtains. The red skirt of Lou, however, flashed past him. Don Seviers was writhing on the floor, his pistol still in his grasp, and stubbornly rising for another shot at the director. Taylor would have finished him, as men did in the gold-rush days, but the body of Lou intervened. She flung herself upon her prostrate lover, screaming her hatred and accusation at the astonished Taylor.

Because of Lou, the director might not have escaped from Nome alive. There were many ready to avenge a wrong, real or fancied, done the banjo girl. And a human life was cheap. Charlie Meadows saved him, aided by Robert W. Service. These two got him on the boat for Seattle.

Of a music-hall banjo girl and her favorite sweetheart there are few records kept in a mining camp. But one record of Lou and Don Seviers has come down through the years. An itinerant preacher, who later won fame as Frederick Updyke, the evangelist, married them in an improvised, canvas-roofed church. Charlie Meadows remembered that the young man was nursed back to health and that Lou was tender and devoted. One of his arms was amputated and one shoulder hopelessly shattered, but Lou remained loyal, and according to her code, faithful. Charlie also remembered that when a girl child was born, the patrons of the Standard raised a purse to send her and Don Seviers back to the States where it would be possible for the child to grow up never knowing of her mother's red dress and banjo.

Thus Mabel finished her story of the Yukon girl whom Taylor left in Alaska. "How much of it all," I asked her, "is really true?"

"I have spent many hours with Will Taylor," Mabel replied, "trying to learn to know him. He understood me perfectly--understood, I mean to say, why I wanted to talk of the early days when the first of his women played their parts in building his character and shaping his moods. He never avoided my prying for details of his life with, and his life near, the music-hall girl. All that I have told is true. In his treatment of her I saw the mask lifted from his secret self--and that was why I could never bring myself to marry him."

"You thought," I observed, "that there would always be another woman--

one in the background while you occupied your season in his affections?"

While Mabel sought for just the right reply to this probing question, I remembered the frieze of autographed photographs around the walls of the bungalow room in which the director's body was found.

Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge and Kathlyn Williams, foremost of the stars of the day, were in that border of faces. Each had written her regard for the director in her own hand. But the row of photographs contained other faces, other autographs with names not so well known.

"Do you remember that mine was the only face in Hollywood that wasn't found among the others on his living-room wall?"

I did remember! Mary Miles Minter, and Neva Gerber, and Edna Purviance was there, and Edna Purviance was then Mabel's closest woman friend. But Mabel was not tacked on the wall with the others.

"But you were framed in silver on his desk," I reminded her. "And you were framed in a gold locket that he wore on a gold chain."

"Yes," she said, softly. "I was. But so far I had managed to be kept separate--not with the others. How long would I remain in the locket, I wondered? How long before my picture would come out of the silver frame and take its place in the row on the wall?"

In building her story that reveals the murderer of the director and answers at last the most baffling of all murder mysteries, Mabel jumped from Alaska to Hollywood. She bridged the years with the swift gesture of the true dramatist.

And these years amounted to more than twenty. The "Cunningham Deane," who spent a winter in the snow-bound cabin outside of Nome, and who really was William Deane-Tanner of Dublin, had become William Desmond Taylor of Hollywood. None of his associates knew of his life before his arrival in Hollywood in 1912. There were rumors that he had been married; and he had been. He had married in New York, a Florodora girl, while Lou was nursing her Don Seviers onto his feet.

From this wife he went out, one evening, on a domestic errand for his

household, which included a little daughter. He never returned. He entered Hollywood, years after that, as penniless as when he came in with Lou from the Alaska snow. But he rose rapidly after his first job in the studios. Rose, until at last he was the foremost of all screen directors, save only D. W. Griffith.

The death that finally caught up with Taylor (she continued) really began to stalk him that day when he took the boat for Seattle on his flight from the North. It began to draw close, and to cast its shadows of the tragic day to come, when the director chose his extras for the crowd scenes in a picture of the Klondike in which Dustin Farnum was the star.

The director himself chose his "crowds." One man he chose was an odd little fellow, with thin, pointed face, a small mouth and deep, restless eyes. Perhaps the little man reminded him of the Don Seviers he had shot down on the stage of the Standard Music Hall, for the type was quite identical.

The Dustin Farnum production was completed; but Edward Sands, the new "extra," remained on the studio payroll. Taylor found other work for him to do. No foreshadow of the day when the world would accuse the little fellow of his murder touched Taylor then. And certainly, the new "crowd type" could have felt no premonition of what Fate had in store for him.

The famous director's personal interest in him astonished him. A bright, intelligent fellow, he was not so foolish as to believe he had shown any unusual screen abilities. He was too slow, however, to take full advantage of those recurring moments when the director, so austere and unapproachable as a rule, stopped to speak to him, to question him.

But Sands impressed himself upon the director's thoughts. He made it a habit to be always handy for the rendering of some slight service. He managed that the director should know that he had held responsible positions in the East--had been a bookkeeper and a rich man's personal attendant.

Taylor was one of the first of the screen directors to engage for himself a "confidential secretary." They all have them now, as well as press agents, valets, business and income-tax advisers. But at that a "private secretary" was a curiosity. It was young Sands he chose for the post.

Sands, triumphant in the sudden good fortune that had descended upon him out of the clear California skies, took up his residence in Taylor's house.

And, also, Death moved into the Taylor bungalow!

Part III

Now read this concluding chapter in Mabel's own words.

"Sands, of the eager, restless eyes, studied his master. He learned to know his moods and whims, and his weaknesses.

"Among the private secretary's treasures there was but a single photograph. Like all of those on his master's wall, this was autographed in a stiff, girlish handwriting. But while Mary Pickford had written, 'To the nicest director of all,' and Anna Q. Nilsson had inscribed, 'To the best among men,' the girl of Sands' photograph had put down simply, 'To my friend.' Sands had wished there had been more heart in that description, and planned that some day Noma Trent should be far closer than a 'friend.' It was this wish that had brought him from St. Louis to California seeking new fields, new opportunities.

"It was one of Sands' first plans, while he watched golden fortunes being made by those who could hold the director's favor, to bring Noma Trent to Hollywood. He wrote her glowingly of his own new fortunes and of the power he could wield. Like almost any other girl, Noma had dreamed of 'the pictures.' But she had been sensible enough to know that there would be little chance of such dreams coming true. Sands wrote her that the time would soon come when she might bring her dreams to Hollywood.

"But Sands did not send as quickly for Noma Trent as he at first planned that he would! From his post of vantage he saw too many tragedies in the army of young women from the East who came so eagerly to Hollywood to end up in the restaurants or in that sad regiment that patrols the pavements. Noma Trent would not be grateful to him if he roused hopes that should turn into despair.

"Like many another of Hollywood's later 'private secretaries,' Sands

sought diligently for profits to himself out of his confidential post.

"In the bungalow basement were boxes and trunks that were nailed or locked. Sands spent every possible hour rummaging through these personal effects of his master. He came at last to a yellowed, crumbling sheaf of Alaskan newspapers. Among these were play bills illustrated with crude woodcuts. The illustrations pictured the theatrical stock company of the Standard Music Hall, and in many of them was the face of Cunningham Deane, the stage manager, which Sands recognized as the William Desmond Taylor who was his master!

"The private secretary read the old newspapers assiduously. There were frayed letters from Taylor's brother in which were references to the 'banjo girl.' And in the time-stained and crudely printed newspaper sheet that bore the latest date was the account of the shooting of Don Seviers on the stage of the Standard Music Hall.

"In his own room Sands sat in deep thought, now glancing at his photograph of Noma Trent, now at the paper which told of the scene that had taken place behind the stage curtains.

"Then he sent for Noma.

"She came, from St. Louis. Sands had hoped she would come alone, but her mother accompanied her. A quiet, dark-eyed woman who seldom smiled. Noma, who was twenty, smiled often, with the ready enthusiasms of youth.

"She was happy and hopeful, but puzzled. Sands' letter had been mysterious. He had written surely, confidently. He had discovered something. A thing he would not reveal to her now, but that she would know when she had become a star.

"Noma was too excited to probe deep into the assurances of the man who had become so important to her dreams. But her mother watched him from out of dark, brooding eyes, and made her appraisals. With Noma out of hearing she asked her question sharply, directly:

"'Who will she have to pay for this success and how?'

"Sands was reassuring. 'I shall watch over her. I will protect her. Have I not said, many times, that I want her some day to acknowledge that she has

learned to love me?'

"All thought of love, however, had flown from the private secretary's mind, after he learned that his employer had been Cunningham Deane, of Alaska. Noma had taken on a new significance. In her lay hopes of better fortunes for himself.

"So Noma Trent came to Hollywood. And Taylor moved farther into the shadow of death!

"There were preliminary weeks during which she became familiar with the studios and 'the pictures.' The private secretary of the powerful director had, as he had boasted to Noma, a certain influence of his own. In those days the studios had not been purged of their heinous elements. Backers of the evil 'drug ring' had their representatives within the gates, often close to executive desks. With these Sands had long before made a secret pact.

"Taylor was the enemy of the growing narcotic pestilence. He strove valiantly, and often single-handed, to save thoughtless girls and weak men who had careers ahead of them, from the spreading drug habit.

"And his most trusted servant was a dangerous traitor in his own household. In his master's confidence, and always watching his every action, Sands learned the names of young women whose supply of the menacing drug Taylor had managed to cut off. These names he sold to the drug sellers, and now, to these drug sellers, who could sway a potent influence among their victims, he turned in Noma Trent's behalf.

"While other newcomers haunted the studio gates until their courage was broken, Noma was taken in by directors themselves. From the ranks of the 'extra girls' she was rapidly promoted to lesser parts which brought her into more prominence.

"And as little Noma progressed, and earned roles more and more important, something of a lost glow crept into the tired dark eyes of her mother, and she smiled oftener. She was almost as excited as her young daughter when Noma burst in upon her to announce that the most powerful of all the studio directors, William Desmond Taylor, had deigned to notice her!

"Noma suspected, and frankly said so, that Sands had been instrumental

in that meeting.

"'Barbara La Marr spoke to me only yesterday,' Noma ran on in her eagerness. 'She chose me of all the other girls in her picture as the one to be kind to. And today, when Mr. Taylor was passing, she went over to him, taking me with her. Mr. Taylor asked who I was, and Barbara left us together--oh! for many minutes. He talked to me!'

"What influence Sands had with the popular Barbara La Marr will never be known. Perhaps only the promise that he would intercede for her with his master if she would do a kindness for the beginner he wanted to favor. Barbara might even have granted such a request from Sands without a bargain. She was a lovable, gentle soul.

"'And I am to have lunch with him, in Hollywood!' Noma Trent confided to her mother. 'If he should like me and my work on the screen, my future is made!'

"The infatuation of the director, who was at the threshold of middle-age, for a little newcomer into the screen world was whispered about and wondered at in the boudoirs and dressing rooms of Hollywood.

"And some of us felt a little sorry for the girl who had gone so blithely into the most fickle arms in studio-land. We watched her little airs, her new poise, her new confidence, and because we liked her, we shook our heads.

"And Sands watched. Skillfully, he wore the aspect of the wounded, betrayed suitor. Noma avoided him, or tried to avoid him. But what a hopeless effort that was! It was Sands, in whose face reproach was lined, to opened the bungalow door to her ring. It was Sands, whom she had jilted when he had brought about her screen enthronement, who lifted her wrap from her gleaming bare shoulders when she appeared in the foyer, to be called to from within the house by the welcoming voice of his master.

"It was Sands who, now and again, drove her home in the dawn hours in his master's car.

"The situation became unbearable to the poor girl. Across Taylor's shoulder when he held and kissed her she could see the 'suffering' private

secretary, watching from the background. And then came realization, one day, that a worse and more dreadful secret was shared by her 'betrayed' admirer.

"On one of those early morning drives to her home, where her mother waited, supposing her to be on a 'late call' at the studio, Sands reached for her purse and quietly opening it before she could object, brought out her morphine needle!

"The girl's terror was lest Sands reveal her double fall to her mother. Cruelly, he fed this terror. Noma proffered him all that a girl could lay at his feet.

"She would go away with Sands. She would marry him, if he still wanted her. She would sacrifice her film career, give up her lover. Or she would strive to purify herself and be worthy of the man who had done so much for her, if he would wait and trust her.

"It was none of these things Sands wanted. He looked ahead, not to Noma's return to him, but to a share of the money earnings he planned should mount until even a portion of them would be, to him, a moderate fortune.

"Noma was happy and relieved when he proposed that she repay him by an arrangement, legalized, that would give him a fixed percentage of her future salary. He pointed out that all the stars had paid in cash for the promotion of their careers. Noma agreed enthusiastically that Sands should have a third of all she earned from that time on.

"Noma's mother had not seen William Desmond Taylor. Noma had managed, possibly unconsciously, to keep her mother from the studios. But the mother, who sensed the unwonted brilliance in her daughter's eyes, on those mornings when she came in before dawn, was harried by uneasy premonitions.

"'Tell me,' she asked unexpectedly, 'something of the man who has taken such an interest in you.'

"'But what shall I tell, darling,' Noma countered, 'save that he is very wonderful and that--he likes me?'

"Noma soon was asleep, wearily relaxed under the Marie Antoinette hangings over her white bed. But her mother stole in to stand over her, stand silently, her dark eyes brooding and mutely questioning.

"In her sheer, web-like pajamas, Noma was a little pink pool in the silken white. Her hair, a brown swirl on the pillow. Her lips, their make-up still vivid, a tired red flower. The mother stood there at the bedside, looking down, motionless until shafts of sun crept through the drawn curtains. Then she went out. Not to find her own bed, but to hurry in a taxi to the Vine Street gates of the Famous Players studio.

"The great director, William Desmond Taylor, she had been told by Noma, was always on the set or in his studio office early in the mornings. Noma's mother pushed to the forefront of the early group of 'extra people' waiting outside the gates for their hoped-for summons inside, and asked the gate man if he would point Taylor out to her when his automobile arrived.

"Taylor, intent upon a morning paper, sat beside his chauffeur. The gates swung open for him, a buzz of recognition swept through the hangers-on, and then the gates closed behind him.

"That night, and many other nights, Noma's mother went into Alvarado Street and walked through the neighborhood of William Desmond Taylor's bungalow. Once, when she had seen her daughter arrive, she went to the bungalow door. Douglas MacLean and his wife on one side, Edna Purviance on the other, Myrtle Stedman across the court--any of these might have seen her, or if Sands had come to the door he might have found her.

"Perhaps she would have returned again to the bungalow's front door, at a time when Noma wasn't beyond it, but a change came suddenly over the girl that held the mother. Taylor's interest was waning! Noma went out, 'to the studio,' one evening, and returned within the hour.

"She would have stolen quietly into her own room, but her mother met her.

"'The call was cancelled. We are not working tonight,' Noma said, but now her eyes were turned away. Her voice was tremulous. Her mother understood.

"'His door didn't open to you? At last you were turned away. Isn't that it?'

"Noma crumpled at her mother's feet, a sad little heap. Her mother knelt

beside her and took her into arms that knew how to be inexpressibly tender.

"Downstairs Noma's gold mesh bag lay on the floor where it had fallen. Her mother recovered it--and looked inside.

"Tiny glint of steel rested in her palm, and before that mute symbol of Noma's sinister secret, horror closed her dark eyes.

"When Noma awakened the morning after, she was lost in delirium. She screamed for the surcease the needle would give her. Through long weeks she fought bravely under the skillful care of a famous Los Angeles specialist who had saved others before her. Noma's mother fought with her, and if ever she smiled again, after she left the studio gate that day when she way Taylor pass through, it must have been when Noma proved that her body and soul had been rescued.

"We talked, Taylor and I, on that last evening of his life, of many things during the hour I spent in the bungalow. Among them, we talked of little Noma. I recalled her when Taylor asked me, as he had been asking so regularly, when I would become his wife.

"'The others I could forgive, and forget,' I said. 'But little Noma always troubles me. She was lovely, and sweet, and trusting. She believed in you--and wanted your arms more, I am sure, than she wanted the fame you might have given her.'

"So we talked of Noma, and wondered if she still were in Hollywood. She had dropped out of the studio completely. When I left him it was with his warning that first I must forget her before he and I could talk seriously of our being married. He was unperturbed. He was certain he would win me in the end.

"But the kiss through the window of my car was to be our last.

"He went back to the bungalow after a cheery wave from under its palms. He shut himself in, alone, as he thought.

"Taylor had dropped to a chair before his table and spread his check books before him for a session with their figures. He looked up at a sound and sprang to his feet.

"The figure that confronted him was strangely masked, but its face was

free--its face and two fiercely burning dark eyes.

"Taylor cried a single syllable:

"'Lou!'

"'Noma's mother!"

"'Noma's mother!' he echoed in unbelief. 'Noma Trent?'

"'Noma Seviers--who took mine and her step-father's name!'

"Taylor must have felt the shadow bearing down. Lou's voice was low and steady, an ominous monotone. Her eyes so fascinated him that he stood speechless, helpless, when she moved--and came close.

"'You were not content to hurt the mother. You must do worse to the daughter. The mother was tainted, but the daughter was unstained.'

"Again Taylor cried out, a cry that was heard by Mrs. Douglas MacLean, next door, but muffled in a deadlier sound.

"'Good God, Lou!'

"When the police came, next morning, in response to the alarm given by the house boy who found the director's body, Mrs. MacLean remembered that after the sound, she looked into the court and saw a short, slender man who had just left her neighbor's door. The man walked curiously, Mrs. MacLean said, and wore a cumbersome plaid cap.

"When the police told me of this man I remembered the plaid cap. Noma Trent had worn a plaid cap as part of her costume in a Western picture. It had been a cumbersome cap, voluminous that it might conceal her hair.

"And when the police were puzzled by the foot-prints in the court, small, pointed foot-prints that were surely a woman's, I remembered that Taylor often had recalled gay scenes in the old Standard Music Hall when the banjo girl would doff her red skirt and dance between the tables, trim and graceful in trousers and jacket borrowed from some conspiring youth.

"Around the world flashed the police conviction that a woman had masked herself and punctuated her accusations with the shot that sent Taylor to the floor. But no one in Hollywood remembered that Noma Trent had worn that plaid cap! In the faces of some of my friends--who had been Taylor's also, and little Noma's, I saw that memory--but it remained mute in answer to the plea

in my eyes--a plea I never had to voice. To the absent Sands the police gave much thought. They found the Alaskan papers and identified Taylor as Cunningham Deane. They did not know how Sands had identified Noma Trent whose history he knew as Noma Seviers.

"So those of us who knew, those of us who after a little while, sat with Lou and talked with her, never two of us at a time, have watched while the tragic night fades away into unsolved mystery. No one must--no one shall!--pay for William Desmond Taylor's death. Other judgment than ours must be passed upon the banjo girl.

"Sometime, when Lou is gone--and safe--perhaps my 'screen play' can be done for the public to see, and for the world to know who it was in the Hollywood bungalow that night. But not while Lou is with us."

And it is only now--when Lou has gone--that Mabel's amazing story can be told!

The End

NOTES:

[1] See WDT:DOSSIER, pp. 370,380-1

[2] See note 16 to TAYLOROLOGY #16.

[3] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 9, 1922).

[4] See Taylor's probate file.

[5] See TAYLOROLOGY #16 and KING OF COMEDY, p. 243.

[6] See LOS ANGELES RECORD (February 2, 1922).

[7] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 5, 1922).

[8] See OMAHA WORLD-HERALD (February 26, 1922).

[9] See LOS ANGELES EXPRESS (February 14, 1922).

[10] See LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 3, 1922).

[11] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 3, 1922).

[12] See LOS ANGELES RECORD (February 4, 1922).

[13] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 8, 1922).

[14] See KING OF COMEDY, p. 243.

[15] See LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 7, 1922).

[16] See LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 7, 1922).

[17] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 15, 1922).

[18] See LOS ANGELES TIMES (February 3, 1922).

[19] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 3, 1922).

[20] See LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (February 5, 1922).

[21] For details of Mabel Normand's visit with Taylor, see WDT:DOSSIER, pp. 263-270.

[22] This entire tale appears to be press fabrication, originating in Los Angeles newspapers. The local newspaper in Ventura was unable to confirm the story or locate any of the purported Ventura "witnesses."

[23] Mabel Normand.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 22 -- October 1994 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

The 1937 Grand Jury Investigation

In May 1937, the Los Angeles County Grand Jury investigated the Taylor murder. No indictments were handed down, and all testimony was eventually

destroyed. (There is nothing conspiratorial here; it is standard procedure to destroy all grand jury testimony if no indictments are handed down.) Despite the fact that the official records are not extant, it is possible to reconstruct some of the proceedings, based on newspaper reports, the Sanderson letter, and public testimony presented elsewhere.

The spark that triggered the investigation was the April 3, 1937 testimony of Margaret Shelby Fillmore, given at a deposition for a civil lawsuit she had filed against her mother, Charlotte Shelby. Margaret testified that "I protected her [Charlotte] against the Taylor murder case." [1] She also testified that Mary Miles Minter had "two diaries that were so diabolical and so pathetic that they made Mary Astor's diaries look like a postscript." (There had recently been a lot of publicity about actress Mary Astor's diaries.)

Shortly after that testimony was given, the following letter was sent from Charlotte Shelby's Attorney, Clyde Murphy, to Los Angeles County District Attorney Buron Fitts:

"I am attorney of record for the defendant, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, in a certain civil action entitled 'Margaret Fillmore, also known as Alma M. Fillmore, plaintiff vs. Pearl Miles Reilly, also known as Charlotte Shelby, defendant' in the Superior Court.

"On Saturday, April 3, 1937, I took a deposition (which has not yet been transcribed, corrected and signed) of Margaret Fillmore under the provisions of Sections 2021 and 2055 of the Code of Civil Procedure. Mrs. Fillmore, during the course of the deposition, testified in effect that her mother, in the year 1923, agreed to give her all the proceeds of the sale of a certain piece of real estate in Laughlin Park over and above the amount paid by Mrs. Shelby for the property when she (Mrs. Shelby) purchased it. I asked Mrs. Fillmore what she had given to her mother in return for this agreement on her mother's part, and she testified as follows:

" 'I protected her against the Taylor murder case.'

"Further efforts on my part to get an explanation of this testimony were

met by objections from her attorney, Mr. Richard Cantillon, to whom, I believe, the testimony was as surprising as it was to me. This testimony in my judgment is unusual enough to warrant an investigation on your part.

"My client, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, was not present when the deposition was taken. When I advised her of the testimony given by her daughter, she instructed me instantly to lay the matter before you and request an immediate investigation if you deem an investigation advisable. This request I most respectfully make of you.

"If there is any assistance which either Mrs. Shelby or I may render your office, please feel perfectly free in requesting it of us.

"Yours very truly,

"Clyde F. Murphy"

"I have requested my attorney, Clyde F. Murphy, to write the foregoing letter, and I join most heartily in the request made by him.

"Charlotte Shelby" [2]

On May 6, 1937, District Attorney Buron Fitts made the following statement:

"I have ordered Mrs. Shelby and her two daughters, Miss Minter and Mrs. Fillmore, to be before the grand jury today. Subpenas were served on them last night. Two diaries, believed at first to contain highly important facts and so-called 'clues' in respect to the Taylor murder, were seized by my officers and have been examined.

"It had been previously reported to my office that these diaries held the secret of the Taylor killing. On perusal, we find them to be of utterly no value in this case. They contain no information of any sort that would aid the officers in this inquiry. Both diaries were filled with routine, intimate details of a day-to-day life, and I do not feel free to allow their contents to be made public at this time. However, I feel it is my duty to present such information to the grand jury, and therefore I am doing so." [3]

MARGARET SHELBY FILLMORE

The first witness to testify before the grand jury was Margaret Fillmore. She made no statements to reporters concerning the specific details of her testimony. However, on May 5 she made a statement to the official investigators in the district attorney's office, and that statement was summarized in Sanderson's 1941 letter. [4] It is reasonable to assume that Margaret's grand jury testimony was essentially similar to her statement made on the previous day. Margaret stated:

1. On the night of the murder Charlotte Shelby was not at home and she feared that Mary was going to run away with Taylor.

2. On the day of the murder Mary Miles Minter left early in the evening and return later in tears.

3. Mary stated to her that she thought her mother killed Taylor or was present when he was killed.

4. During August 1922, Julia Miles (Charlotte Shelby's mother) took Shelby's gun to Louisiana and disposed of it.

5. For many years after the murder, Charlotte Shelby was afraid that Mary would implicate her in the Taylor murder.

6. In 1916, Mary's director, James Kirkwood, took Mary into the woods and performed a "mock marriage ceremony", declaring that they were married in the eyes of God. Sexual relations followed, Mary became pregnant, and Charlotte Shelby arranged for an abortion.

7. Letters written from Kirkwood to Mary were intercepted by Charlotte Shelby and held for many years.

MARY MILES MINTER

The second witness to testify before the grand jury was Mary Miles Minter. It was reported:

"In her appearance before the grand jury Thursday Miss Minter read into the record a letter written by her attorney, Eugene Marcus, and sent to Fitts, declaring she considered the diaries seized from 'her own personal

property.' She warned the District Attorney that any use of them for 'purposes other than that of a legitimate investigation' would be considered by her an invasion of her personal rights." [5]

Mary talked a great deal with reporters before entering the grand jury room, but not afterwards. She was undoubtedly asked details of her romance with Kirkwood and the abortion. "When Miss Minter left the grand jury room she was asked by reporters if she told the jurors about the romance with Kirkwood. Her reply, also dramatic, was: 'Wouldn't you like to know.' " [6] (In the newspaper reports of the time, there was no mention whatsoever of the abortion.)

"Concerning this romance, Attorney Eugene Marcus, representing Miss Minter, said: 'It is true that there was an unfortunate affair with Mr. Kirkwood when Mary Minter was only 14 or 15 years old. There was a motor trip to Santa Barbara and a sort of marriage ceremony while she stood on a rock in a field of wild flowers and he knelt at her feet." [7]

Minter was undoubtedly asked whether she thought her mother killed Taylor, and she undoubtedly replied that in her opinion, Charlotte Shelby was completely innocent of Taylor's murder and had nothing whatsoever to do with it. (That is what she said to reporters at the time and later.)

CHARLOTTE SHELBY

Charlotte Shelby was the final witness called before the grand jury. Prior to entering the grand jury room, she spoke with reporters and gave a prepared statement:

"I am delighted that Mr. Fitts responded so quickly to my request to reopen the investigation of the Taylor murder case. For the past fifteen years there have been many rumors circulated, innumerable threats used against me and now practically a formal charge by my own daughter, Mrs. Margaret Shelby Fillmore, to the effect that I withheld important facts and she assisted me in withholding them from the authorities.

"If she or any other person has any facts concerning the murder of

William Desmond Taylor I demand that they be disclosed immediately.

"Unfortunately, my daughter, Mrs. Fillmore, is very bitter toward me because circumstances last summer forced me to take rather drastic steps for my daughter's own good." [8] (A reference to Margaret's commitment to a sanitarium for alcoholism.)

After her appearance before the grand jury, Charlotte Shelby spoke with reporters, who wrote: "in answer to questions whether she had been asked if she killed Taylor or knew who did: 'I said "No," to both questions. They didn't even question me about what Margaret told them, whatever that was.' " [9]

" 'They asked me if I had a gun in 1920 or thereabouts and I testified that about that time Harry Eaves, a Santa Barbara jeweler, from whom I had purchased many expensive gifts for Mary and others, gave me a pearl-handled gun. I did not know whether it was an automatic or a revolver. I fired this gun once out in the woods and do not know what became of it." [10]

"She said she had the gun when Taylor was slain and also said she once had gone to his home in search of Miss Minter, whose return home from a film studio was overdue." [11]

WRAP-UP

After the three women testified, grand jury foreman John Bauer made the following statement: "The jury was satisfied with the demeanor of the witnesses, all of whom appeared cooperative. The grand jury has no knowledge of anyone to call for more data at this time. However, the investigation is pending." [12] No further action was taken by the grand jury.

Several days later, Charlotte Shelby made public the following written statement:

"For more than ten years malicious innuendoes and rumors against me have been circulated in the William Desmond Taylor murder case.

"Even in the grand jury hearing last week, I was asked whether I knew that these statements that I had killed William Desmond Taylor were being

made.

"Recently, my daughter, Margaret Shelby Fillmore, in a civil suit, which she has filed against me, made a statement in a deposition to the effect that she had 'protected' me in the Taylor murder case. When my attorney, Clyde F. Murphy, advised me of this statement by my daughter, I notified District Attorney Buron Fitts immediately and requested the investigation which is now in progress.

"I have been questioned about my ownership of a gun. The person who gave me the gun has been questioned. There is a story that I hired Sands, Mr. Taylor's butler, to kill him. Another story is that I procured his murder by hiring some professional murderer to do the job.

"I demand a complete exoneration in this case or an indictment for the murder of William Desmond Taylor, which I will regard as an opportunity to exonerate myself in the public mind.

"I did not kill William Desmond Taylor. I do not know the person who did kill him. I do not know any person who would have the slightest reason or motive to kill him. I know that no member of my family or anyone in close relationship to me killed him or had a reason or motive to kill him.

"I have my own life to live. One of the worst tortures for any person, particularly to a woman, to endure is, to go through life with a cloud of malicious innuendo constantly hovering over her like a spectre.

"Why must William Desmond Taylor's murder follow me through the years? I want to live the rest of my life in happiness and peace, if I may be permitted to do so.

"Charlotte Shelby" [13]

Statements by Carl Stockdale

June 10, 1937

LOS ANGELES NEWS

It was divulged that Carl Stockdale, veteran character actor and close friend of Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mary Miles Minter, screen star who collapsed at news of Taylor's death, had admitted that he was in the company of Mrs. Shelby at the time Taylor is believed to have been murdered.

Stockdale, interviewed at his home, 6325 Fountain Avenue, chuckled when asked for his own conclusions on the long unsolved murder.

"So Fitts thinks I killed William Desmond Taylor," he remarked. "I'll tell you this, I was never in Bill Taylor's home. I met him at a big party thrown by Mrs. Shelby."

Pressed for his own suspicions of the killer's identity, Stockdale promptly answered, "Sands." He referred to Taylor's one-time chauffeur [sic], Edward Sands, whose mysterious disappearance immediately after the murder and before authorities could question him, has caused his name to be listed among those "wanted for questioning" by police.

The veteran actor, now 63, declared he was with Mrs. Charlotte Shelby at her home the night Taylor was murdered February 1, 1922. He fixed the time of his visit from 7 to 9 p.m. Police have set the hour of the shooting at 7:45 p.m.

"I told my brother, Frank," Stockdale said, "that I was droppin' in on Mrs. Shelby that night."

Stockdale said he first met Mrs. Shelby in Santa Barbara at the time when her daughter, Mary Miles Minter was working for the old American Film Company.

* *

June 10, 1937

LOS ANGELES TIMES

While authorities deferred definite action yesterday in the investigation into the fifteen-year-old murder of William Desmond Taylor, a 63-year-old film character actor stepped forward to make the most important statement to be added recently to the mazes of California's most famous murder mystery.

The new figure in the case is Carl Stockdale, for years well known as an actor in Hollywood and who now lives at 6325 Fountain Avenue.

Disclosing that he had been a close friend of Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, mother of Mary Miles Minter, the latter, who admitted she was in love with Taylor at the time of his slaying, Stockdale had this to say yesterday:

"I have expected the authorities to question me for some time and have made no effort to evade such interrogation despite the fact that no one welcomes publicity of the sort.

"I was with Mrs. Shelby on the night that Taylor was murdered at about the time fixed by the authorities that the fatal bullet was fired. That may be considered of importance to the authorities and is information I am quite willing to give."

Stockdale indicated that he is in complete sympathy with a statement recently issued by Mrs. Shelby in which she declared that, sick of the innuendoes which have followed in the wake of the Taylor murder, she wanted action to clear up the case once and for all.

Although apparently unwilling to move at once, the District Attorney's office yesterday stated that Stockdale is scheduled to be questioned before the present investigation is concluded.

"I am willing to tell all I know to the District Attorney or anyone else," commented the actor. "I have known Mrs. Shelby and her family for approximately twenty years. I was living on Winona Boulevard with my brother Frank, and my mother and father on the day of the shooting of Taylor.

"In the evening I left my home and went to pay a visit to Mrs. Shelby in the new house she had purchased at Seventh street and New Hampshire avenue. I arrived shortly before 7 o'clock in the evening and left about 9 o'clock."

Taylor, as near as authorities could fix the time, was shot about 7:45 p.m. on February 1, 1922. Several persons in the neighborhood of his bungalow at 404-B South Alvarado street reported hearing a shot at that time.

"I was the first person," went on Stockdale, "to inform Mrs. Shelby that Taylor had been killed. That was about 9 o'clock the next morning. I had gone to the studio where I was working on a picture with Mabel Normand and some

one told me that Taylor had been found dead. I telephoned Mrs. Shelby at once because I knew that he had been Mary's director and that the whole family knew him well."

* *

August 26, 1937

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

When a bullet snuffed out the life of William Desmond Taylor, noted picture director, in 1922, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby was at home.

Carl Stockdale, veteran actor and friend of Mrs. Shelby, so testified in Superior Judge Parker Wood's court yesterday.

He appeared as a defense witness in trial of the civil suit by which Margaret Shelby Fillmore, Mrs. Shelby's daughter, is seeking to regain $48,750 in bonds, which she contends her mother removed from a joint safety deposit box.

"I was with Mrs. Shelby from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. in her apartment at Seventh street and New Hampshire avenue the night of the murder," Stockdale stated.

"I did not know of the tragedy until the following morning when I arrived for work at the Mack Sennett Studios.

"I immediately called Mrs. Shelby and told her to prepare herself for a shock. Then I told her Mr. Taylor had been slain.

"She screamed: 'Impossible!' "

The actor's testimony, while perhaps not strictly pertinent to the present suit, was introduced to answer certain pointed intimations made during its trial, attorneys explained.

Mary Miles Minter and the late Mabel Normand frequently were mentioned in gossip concerning the Taylor mystery, Stockdale said. But at no time had he heard rumors that Mrs. Shelby might be involved as a suspect, he added.

The actor also testified that he had seen Mrs. Fillmore under the influence of liquor four times between 1925 and 1931.

* *

August 26, 1937

LOS ANGELES NEWS

...Stockdale's testimony was in the nature of a reply to that of Mrs. Fillmore two days ago when she said she did not know her mother's whereabouts at the hour of the murder.

Cross-examined as to whether he had ever heard that Mrs. Shelby was a suspect in the murder, the veteran actor replied, "I did not hear any such rumors, but I did hear rumors that Mary (Miss Minter) and Mabel Normand were suspected of the murder."

Where was Adolph Zukor on February 2, 1922?

Adolph Zukor was the head of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation (Paramount Pictures). Some later recaps of the Taylor case stated that on February 2, 1922, soon after Taylor's body was found, Adolph Zukor was at Taylor's bungalow, destroying evidence and burning compromising papers in Taylor's fireplace. In truth, Taylor's home had no fireplace.

But was Zukor even there that morning? There are no contemporary press reports or official records which indicated his presence at the scene. Still, could he possibly have been there?

No, it was not possible.

The executive headquarters of Famous Players-Lasky was in New York City; that was where Zukor's office was located. Zukor was interviewed in New York by Louella Parsons on February 1, 1922. [14] Two days later, on February 3, Cecil B. DeMille returned from Europe and press reports indicated that he was met at the New York pier by Adolph Zukor. [15]

So at the time of the Taylor murder, and on the morning the body was discovered, Zukor was in New York. He was nowhere near the Los Angeles murder scene.

The scandal caused by the Taylor murder did indeed bring Zukor to Los Angeles, but he did not arrive until 11 days after the murder, as reported in the LOS ANGELES EXAMINER on February 13, 1922:

"Adolph Zukor, president of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, by whom Taylor was employed, arrived in Los Angeles yesterday afternoon [February 12, 1922]. Zukor immediately went into seclusion and refused to be interviewed on any subject yesterday."

Zukor was en route back to New York on February 24. [16]

Interviews with Julia Crawford Ivers

Julia Crawford Ivers was closely associated with Taylor for over six years and wrote the scenarios for most of his Paramount films. After Taylor's murder, her career soon faded.

When Mary Miles Minter was interrogated by Deputy District Attorney William Doran, on February 7, 1922, Minter recalled a conversation with Marshall Neilan in which Minter stated that the only person she could think of who might have killed Taylor was Julia Crawford Ivers. But Ivers was never seriously considered a suspect.

Reticent and shy of personal publicity, she gave very few interviews throughout her career. [17] The following are some isolated exceptions:

October 16, 1920

Giebler

MOVING PICTURE WORLD

I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Julia Crawford Ivers, of the scenario department, a lady who occupies a large and closely written page in the "Who's Who and Why, and What and When, and Where, and How Come" of Filmland.

Miss Ivers says she has done almost everything around a studio but sweep the floor. She was six years at the Morosco studio before coming to the Lasky plant, where she held every position from film cutter and editor to superintendent of the plant. [Ivers also directed several films.]

Miss Ivers has a large number of original stories and adaptations to her

credit, including Tom Sawyer, Huck and Tom, The Furnace, The Soul of Youth, two stories as yet unnamed to be produced by Mary Miles Minter, and The Witching Hour, now being made by William D. Taylor; and in addition to this, she has published stories and articles in many of the leading magazines.

She is a person of decided opinions as to the writer and his relation to the finished film.

"The writer is only a helper," she says, "and sometimes very poor help. More stories have been spoiled than made by writers who tried to put them in picture form, and if many of the writers who are yelping for credit on the screen should be debited with the lack of imagination and lack of vision they display, they would have no more to say."

* *

February 7, 1922

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Julia Crawford Ivers, scenarist for the late William D. Taylor, yesterday gave out the following statement:

"Today the friends of William D. Taylor, and they are legion, will gather to pay the last tribute to the man they love, to one who as man, director and friend measured 100 per cent.

"I have worked side by side with this man for seven years. We have solved many difficult problems together, sometimes pleasant, sometimes unpleasant: always hard, trying nerve-wracking. And during all these years of close association I have never known him to do one unkind, one ungenerous act, but I have known hundreds of instances of open-handed generosity and in most cases the beneficiary never knew whom to thank.

"This man whose loyalty and honor were without question, who takes with him the undying gratitude of the thousands to whom he has lent a helping hand--this man who stood for everything that was fine and clean in pictures, who is known to have declared that if it were necessary to his success to produce unclean pictures he would go back to the white, clean snows of Alaska and dig his living out of the ground--this man was shot in the back by a

cowardly assassin. He was given no opportunity to defend himself and William D. Taylor would have defended himself, for he did not know the meaning of the word fear. And more cowardly than the assassin's bullet, lodged in the heart of this dear man, is the tongue of scandal, which safely sheltered behind his dead body, is striking at his reputation--more cowardly for he is powerless to defend himself.

"His friends know that when it is all over the character of Mr. Taylor will stand, as it always has stood, for everything that is fine and worth while.

"The good book says, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first stone.' And it is recorded that no stones were cast."

* *

April 29, 1922

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

Scenario Writer is Seeking Material from Old Hawaiian Legends

Hawaii may really find favor in the big motion picture studios and its wealth of legendary lore form the subject of a play or two to be presented to millions of movie fans under the name of Jesse Lasky, providing Miss Julia Crawford Ivers, his foremost scenario writer, find the legends and myths appropriate for filming.

Miss Ivers arrived on the Matsonia from Los Angeles, accompanied by her secretary, Miss Aldrich, and although here but three days, she is already delving deep into legends and also the history of Hawaii, particularly that relating to old feudal Hawaii.

Whether her readings, her conversations with Island folk acquainted with legends, and her observations, will lead her into the path that will eventually open out into the appropriate theme, she does not know, but she has hopes.

To further acquaint herself with the Islands and to absorb the atmosphere of old and new Hawaii, she will visit Kauai next week, leaving here Monday or Tuesday night and remaining a few days on the Garden Island.

The following week she will go to Hilo, taking her car, and will motor over to Kalapana, all through Puna, thence to the Volcano, and then around to Kona, where she will learn all she can of Kealakekua Bay, the scene of Captain Cook's discovery and tragedy; the city of refuge at Honaunau and may possibly go into Kohala, which abounds in historic wealth.

Miss Ivers says she has been a scenario writer with the Lasky interest for about eight years and during seven years of that time was closely associated in motion picture production with William D. Taylor, whose tragic death caused a temporary suspension of much work planned.

"Mr. Taylor was a splendid picture director," said Miss Ivers. "He was a man of fine attainments. He was sympathetic and those who worked with and under his direction regarded him as one with whom it was a pleasure to be associated.

"My own work as a scenario writer was pleasurable from the fact that there was co-operation. He wanted the best and we desired to give him only the best. He was a credit to the motion picture service and will be a loss to it, for he was of a constructive type, doing the best with the highest class of material."

It was partly because of his death that Miss Ivers dropped her own activities for a time, superinduced by a cold, resulting in the end in a determination to visit Hawaii, with Mr. Lasky's injunction that she delve into Hawaiian legends and find whether any of them can be filmed.

Miss Ivers is at the Seaside hotel. She makes no promises, but is reading much about Hawaii. She is dictating morning and afternoon. She is going here and there where details of Hawaiian life may be learned.

If such a motion picture play is to be written it may not deal entirely with legends, but legends may be woven into a modern type of play.

The story of the Goddess Pele, who dwells in Kilauea volcano, has attracted much of her attention and her own visit to the volcano in a week or so will have that much more interest for her. There is a dramatic, tragic, firey element in Pele which may be converted to the screen, in her opinion.

Much of Miss Ivers' work at the studio in Los Angeles is associated

directly with literary folk, writers of books whose names are known throughout the reading world--Sir Gilbert Parker, Sydney [sic] Maugham, Elinor Glyn and many others. It is Miss Ivers who takes their books and prepares or directs the preparation of scenarios for the director.

It is this contact between the scenario writer and the authors that counts for success or failure in the motion picture product. If the scenario writer is sympathetic and endeavors to get the soul of the author's intent, there are exceptional possibilities. If not, there is more likely to be a failure in the interpretation.

Many books to be screened must be ripped to pieces. As the story is written it can seldom be filmed. The change is the task of the scenario writer.

Life must have been lived by scenario writers to really interpret a story for the screen for the eyes of the millions of theater patrons. Phases of life that are near the raw edge of actuality and realism may not be interpreted by the old maid who has not seen life and whose first impulse, and probably her last, is to eliminate that particular phase. A man of sensual thought may regard that particular phase as one to work into a maudlin interpretation which would be offensive.

Between these two extremes there is the middle course and that path must be taken by the writer who understands life and understands the multiplicity of types and characters that patronize the theaters.

Miss Ivers is a hard worker. She maintains high ideals as to picture production. Hers is a constant study of human nature. Philosophy and psychology are tangible factors with her, for both play important parts in decisions as to the worth of stories and the filmed product.

"I must necessarily write in dashes where authors employ sentences and paragraphs," said Miss Ivers discussing her method of writing. "I cull and cut, where book writers must enlarge and pad."

* *

October 3, 1922

HONOLULU STAR-BULLETIN

A dramatic love story with all the gripping beauty of the Hawaiian islands as a background is what Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers, scenario writer and director for the Lasky corporation, has come to Honolulu to film.

The beaches, mountains, gardens and palm trees of Oahu and Hawaii are to provide the setting for the story, which Mrs. Ivers says could be produced nowhere else in the world. "I wrote the scenario here," she told a representative of the Star-Bulletin at the Moana today, "and this is the only spot in the universe where it can be filmed as it should be. It is imbued with the breath of the islands. When I returned to Los Angeles after my visit here last spring, at which time I gathered material for the scenario, Mr. Lasky asked me if the picture could not be produced on the mainland. 'I'll read you the story,' I replied, and I did. He had nothing more to say, and here we are ready to work.

While the picture was not planned with the specific idea of giving publicity to the islands, it still will be of tremendous benefit in portraying to mainland people the marvels of this section of the globe. It will be a true mirror in which those of the outer world may see life as it is lived in the Paradise of the Pacific.

"I wrote the story," Mrs. Ivers said, "with a genuine love and affection for the islands, and I will produce it in the same way. No 'roughneck' of a director will have a chance to squeeze the fragrance out of the plot, for I am going to direct the action myself. It is some time since I did that sort of work, but I have chosen my cast and staff myself. I know something of the atmosphere of Hawaii and I wrote the story myself. I am just sure that if we can get things into film as we see them here the island will owe us a very great deal of gratitude.

"One scene will be taken showing the departure of a steamer and including that lovable custom of giving leis, which is to me most touching. When I left Honolulu last spring returning to Los Angeles I cried as the boat pulled away from the dock. I was not leaving a host of friends either, but there is something about the strains of 'Aloha Oe' which brings the moisture to the

eyes and a catch to the throat. This atmosphere is what we hope to catch in our picture, and we hope that when it comes back to Honolulu as a finished product the people will think that we have done full justice to our theme."

Mrs. Ivers is a pioneer in the moving picture profession, having been identified with it in every sort of a capacity for the last nine years. She knows the game from A to Z. "I will have no one to blame if I fail to get a good picture," she says. "Mr. Lasky permitted me to select my own cast and to choose my technical force, camera man, art director and all. I am in full charge and I have every confidence in my company. There is not a person in it who will not go the limit to do as he or she is told. I know they will all give their very best to make the picture a success."

Mrs. Ivers believes she is especially fortunate in her choice of her art director, George Hopkins. "He is really very superior," she said, "and has done some wonderful work on interiors. He has a weird touch which makes his work stand out."

While a number of locations have been chosen, Mrs. Ivers said that they may not be used. "You see," she said, "the art director, the camera man, and electrician always inspect a location before we begin to 'shoot.' If any one of them has a fault to find I simply give up the location and seek something else that will be suitable. The art director and the camera man have to produce the artistic part of the film. I have my company in the center of the location and I am often called upon to move the actors to one side or another in order that the camera may register striking features that may be at one side or the other of those of the cast. It would never do to have the film unbalanced."

The very newest in motion picture cameras will be used by the company here. The "Mitchell," a machine which combines all of the good points of all other cameras with none of their bad points, is included in the equipment brought from the mainland. There also are two other older style cameras to be used.

It is possible that work of filming may start before Friday, Mrs. Ivers said.

Who was the Drug-Addicted Scenario Writer?

In the aftermath of the Taylor murder, there were several press reports concerning an unnamed "drug-addicted scenario writer" who was wanted for questioning in connection with the Taylor murder. Who was this individual?

* *

February 13, 1922

LOS ANGELES RECORD

...Unavailing search was made Monday for a scenario writer and his wife, wanted in connection with the Taylor murder...

Search of the studios failed to reveal the whereabouts of a scenarist, a writer of "gags" for movie comedies.

This man, formerly a well-known song writer, is sought, together with his wife, because they are believed to know the whereabouts of a certain dope peddler who may be able to explain the slaying...

The husband and wife, who are both scenario writers, are known to most of the prominent figures in the Los Angeles movie colony. Nobody, however, was able to tell where they now live.

At the house where the couple was formerly made their home it was said their present address was unknown.

The husband is a writer of "gags," as the funny situations in slapstick comedies are called. He has worked for nearly all of the leading film comedians, including Charlie Chaplin and "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Deputy Sheriff Frank Dewar, who dug up the clue involving the dope ring, was systematically combing the studios Monday in search of someone who might tell him where the scenarists might be found.

* *

February 13, 1922

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS

The angle on which Deputy Sheriff Dewar is working is considered one of the most important since the probe was opened. The former song writer and scenarist, whose name is known to the Express, but is withheld at the request of the sheriff's office, is alleged to have been active in the operations of the narcotic ring in question, and is asserted to have certain knowledge in his possession which would prove of material value to the investigation.

This man is known to have been extremely friendly with a well known actress whose name has already been mentioned in connection with the case.

Dewar expected today to interview the song writer, if his alleged hiding place was located. An arrest may follow, it is said.

* *

February 13, 1922

SEATTLE-UNION RECORD

(Los Angeles)...The search for the couple was actuated by a belief that they could give information concerning a gang of "dope" peddlers who, it was suspected, may have plotted against the murdered director...

"The scenarist whom we have been watching was formerly a song writer in New York," Deputy Sheriff Dewar said further. "Some time ago he went to Hollywood where he obtained work as a writer of humorous movie sketches. We believe he knows more about the sale of 'dope' to narcotic fiends than possibly anyone outside of the peddlers themselves."

* *

February 14, 1922

SHREVEPORT TIMES

(Los Angeles)--...Deputy Sheriff Dewar is working on the drug ring angle. He has positive information, he says, that the man he is seeking was intimate with members of the film colony, and has acted as agent for the narcotic ring. One person to whom he is alleged to have delivered a quantity

of a certain drug is said to be a star. Both the man and his wife are alleged addicts to narcotics.

...The fact that Captain Adams reiterated his statement that an arrest was imminent led to the belief that this man was the missing link in the chain which will bind beyond doubt evidence warranting the arrest.

* *

February 14, 1922

LOS ANGELES RECORD

The scene of one phase of importance shifted to Santa Barbara today. The prominent scenario writer and his wife, wanted because they are believed to have known the identity of a missing dope peddler who may have slain Taylor, are sought in the seaside city.

They are reported to have gone to Santa Barbara, where the husband expected to work at some of the new studios opening there.

Tuesday's developments in the still unsolved murder drew a well-known movie actress closer into the net being spread by county detectives.

"She is not telling all she knows about the murder," was the statement of one deputy sheriff who has been active on this angle of the investigation.

"This actress is known to have been an intimate of the scenario writer and his wife. The three would take long trips together."

Since the desired information is not forthcoming from the movie actress, the sheriff's office hopes to get it if the scenarist and his wife can be found.

* *

February 14, 1922

LOS ANGELES EXPRESS

Search for a missing former song writer well known in moving picture circles extended north of Los Angeles today on a "tip" that the man wanted for what he may known of the Taylor murder mystery has been seen passing through Santa Barbara.

The sudden disappearance of the man has redoubled the interest of the police in his story, and steps have been taken to have him picked up at the earliest moment. The man's description and characteristics are such, according to the police, that it will be impossible for him to conceal himself for any length of time.

Strengthening the suspicion that the man has information vital to the solution of the murder mystery, it was learned today that the man suddenly dropped from sight, leaving no trace of his whereabouts.

Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz and Deputy Sheriff Frank Dewar, working under the personal direction of Sheriff William I. Traeger, have been busy for several days attempting to trace this man. According to their report he has changed his address several times during the past few months and it has been impossible to locate him.

The last effort to find him was made by Biscailuz and Dewar on a secret tip giving them a Hollywood address. On their arrival it was found that he had disappeared some days previous.

As a result a widespread search was instituted by the sheriff's office today. It is alleged that if the man is found the activities of a large narcotic ring, alleged to have plotted Taylor's death, will come to light and that eventually still another man suspected of the crime will be apprehended.

* *

February 15, 1922

NEW YORK JOURNAL

(Los Angeles) ...Search was continued today for the scenarist and his wife, reported to be connected with a drug ring, who disappeared several days ago. The man was in Los Angeles for two or three days following the murder, and then left town. He has been traced to Santa Barbara. He was questioned briefly before his departure, and it was assumed knew nothing about the case.

But a more recent inquiry into his life and habits has revealed that he is a drug addict, and the suspicion is strong that he has connections with dope peddlers. Although Taylor was not an addict, it was known that a number

of his close friends, including two or three very well known women, were patrons of dope peddlers.

* *

February 24, 1922

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION

(Los Angeles) ...One of the most tangible proofs of the connection of the drug peddlers with the crime is their almost complete desertion of Los Angeles. Characters known to the police as dope peddling suspects, have dropped out of sight, from the cheap "alley" peddlers to the pair, one an actress formerly employed by the Lasky corporation and the other a song writer, who are alleged to have made a small fortune from their opium den and "snow" traffic.

They have fled this city like rats from a sinking ship. All of them could not have been involved in the murder, the police know, but they all knew of the crime and their disappearance is regarded as significant.

* *

April 1922

THE SINS OF HOLLYWOOD

A once noted song writer, now a movie scribbler, spends the greater part of his income for drugs.

* *

So who was this individual? It is reasonable to conclude that he was Harry Williams, who died just a few months after the murder. [NOTE: THIS CONCLUSION HAS BEEN RETRACTED! See TAYLOROLOGY 69!]

May 17, 1922

SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

Telegrams of condolence from artists, actors and musicians in all parts of the country poured in yesterday when funeral services were held at Oakland

for Harry H. Williams, perhaps America's best known writer of popular songs, composer of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "I'm Afraid to Go Home in the Dark, " "Mickey" and other numbers.

Williams died at Merritt hospital, Oakland, Monday, at the age of 46, and was buried yesterday afternoon at a quiet ceremony attended by relatives and the few friends he knew in this part of the state. He was taken ill with influenza in New York, but appeared convalescent. On the way to the coast he suffered a relapse and upon arrival in Oakland developed pneumonia, which caused his death. [The obituary in the NEW YORK CLIPPER (May 24, 1922) stated that Williams had been in ill health and suffering from tuberculosis for some time.]

...Williams wrote 600 songs, in addition to many light operas and plays which were highly successful. "The Broken Idol" ran six months in New York and "The Belle of Avenue A" was a great musical comedy success.

Several years ago he moved to Los Angeles, where the motion pictures engaged much of his attention. He directed comedies for Mack Sennett, handling such stars as Buster Keaton, Fatty Arbuckle, Mack Swain and others. However, he never abandoned the writing of songs.

* *

The following were some of the statements reportedly describing the "drug-addicted scenario writer," followed by the applicability to Harry Williams:

* He was a noted song writer.

Williams wrote "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree", "Mickey" and several other popular songs.

* He was formerly from New York.

Williams was formerly from New York and was a member of the Lambs Club.

* He was a "gag" writer for movie comedies.

Williams was usually described as a comedy director. However he was

initially hired by Keystone as a "gag" writer and an item published in the LOS ANGELES HERALD on September 1, 1919, indicates he was doing "gag" writing for Arbuckle at that time.

* He wrote for Chaplin and Arbuckle.

Williams wrote for Keystone while Arbuckle was there (it is uncertain whether Chaplin had departed Keystone prior to Williams' arrival), and Williams also wrote for Arbuckle producing independently.

* He was friends with Mabel Normand.

Williams worked for Keystone at the same time as Mabel Normand, and wrote the highly-popular song for her most successful film, "Mickey." So they were certainly acquaintances, and probably friends.

* It was reported that "The man's description and characteristics are such, according to the police, that it will be impossible for him to conceal himself for any length of time."

Williams was reportedly suffering from tuberculosis; possibly this was a reference to his physical symptoms and need for continuing medical treatment.

* He was married.

Williams was survived by his wife, Caroline.

* He was a drug addict.

Since Williams was reportedly suffering from tuberculosis, it is possible that he had originally turned to drugs for pain relief. The fact that Mabel Normand also had tuberculosis, and also had reportedly turned to drugs for pain relief, would possibly be a common bond between them.

Conclusion: Harry Williams was the individual referred to by the press as the "drug-addicted scenario writer."

Williams was also one of three Taylor case suspects or witnesses who were dead within four months after the murder (the other two were Earl Tiffany and Walter Kirby).

Note: The following item, published a few months earlier in the aftermath of the Arbuckle scandal, may or may not pertain to Harry Williams, but is worth mentioning in light of the material presented above. Certainly there were several dozen other members of the Lambs Club who were in the Los Angeles movie colony, so there is no confirmation of identity here:

* *

September 23, 1921

VARIETY

The use of narcotics in the profession is the subject of an investigation in Los Angeles at present...

There is a week-end [drug] orgy establishment in Beverly Hills, the most exclusive residential section of Hollywood. The place is maintained by a former well-known member of the Lambs in New York who married on the coast. Here the parties last from Friday to Monday with usually all of the guests "charged up" during that period...

* *

(Other Hollywood members of the Lambs Club include Cecil B. and William DeMille, Dustin and William Farnum, Douglas Fairbanks, William S. Hart, James Kirkwood, Antonio Moreno, Fred Niblo, and Milton Sills. See LOS ANGELES HERALD, March 26, 1919.)

What was the Real Name of Mary Miles Minter?

Mary Miles Minter. Juliet Shelby. Juliet Reilly. Mary M. Reilly. What WAS her true name?

The actress known as Mary Miles Minter began using that name of a dead

relative in order to legally appear older than she was; several states had laws prohibiting children under 16 from appearing on stage. She continued using the name of Mary Miles Minter when she began her big silent movie career.

The early fan magazine stories stated that Minter's real name was Juliet Shelby, which she had initially used as her stage name when her stage career began.

Most serious film historians have reported that her real name was Juliet Reilly, and that she was born on April 1, 1902 in Shreveport, Louisiana. [18]

But in 1985, an article appeared stating that the birth certificate on file with the State of Louisiana has her name as Mary M. Reilly, with the date of birth listed as April 25, 1902. [19]

Sure enough, that is what the Louisiana birth certificate says: Mary M. Reilly. So her real name, therefore, was Mary M. Reilly? After all, how could the State birth certificate possibly be wrong?

The problem is, that the State of Louisiana did not begin maintaining birth records until 1914. Prior to that time, the individual parishes (counties) maintained their own birth records. The State birth certificate was reconstructed at some later date from the parish records. Indeed, it is stated on the upper right hand corner of the birth certificate: "Taken from Caddo Records, Book A Page 97."

So the State birth certificate is only second-hand information. The real question is: what do the Caddo Records state?

We have examined a photocopy of the offical Caddo Records. The page of the Caddo parish records containing her birth entry indicates that originally no first name was listed for the child and the last name was misspelled; then the record was changed. Indeed, the word "corrected" has been written in the margin and two items have been altered, as follows:

original entry: Name of Child: "J. H. Riley's Child"
"corrected" entry Name of Child: "Mary M. Reilly"

original entry: Name of Father: "J. H. Riley"
"corrected" entry Name of Father: "J. Homer Reilly"

When were these changes made? If they were made a few days after the original entry, then the corrections are probably correct, and her name would indeed be Mary M. Reilly.

But the changes were NOT made a few days, or months, or even a few years after the original entry. It can be firmly proven that the record was still uncorrected two decades after the original entry.

In August 1923 there was a public verbal battle between Mary Miles Minter and Charlotte Shelby (see TAYLOROLOGY #11). During that time, a false report surfaced regarding Minter's age. Reporters went looking for the original Caddo parish birth record, and the following was reported:

* *

August 16, 1923

SHREVEPORT TIMES

...According to the birth certificate, her father was J. H. Riley and her mother was Pearl Miles Riley. The birth record shows no name for the girl, merely stating the fact of the birth of a girl baby to the Riley family.

* *

August 17, 1923

LOS ANGELES HERALD

...The Shreveport birth record may add an element of mystery to the whole question because of one notation on that document. According to advices from the Louisiana city, in the blank reserved for the name of the baby is merely the information, "J. H. Riley's child."

* *

So, clearly, 21 years after her birth the record was still uncorrected; no first name had yet been entered and the last name was still misspelled as "Riley."

It is uncertain when the "corrections" were later made. Possibly shortly after those items were published, since the fact that no name was entered had just been brought to the attention of the record keeper. Or possibly not until the individual State birth certificate was reconstructed years later from the parish records. If the change was indeed made at that time, the "correction" may have been done by a clerk who needed a first name to put on the State birth certificate and who remembered that she had become a famous actress named Mary Miles Minter.

In any event, there is no contemporary indication that her name was truly Mary M. Reilly.

On the other hand, Minter was involved in many legal battles. Her true legal name was always given as Juliet Reilly (see, for example, TAYLOROLOGY #9).

Based on all the information at hand, it is reasonable to conclude that the birth certificate on file with the State of Louisiana indicating "Mary M. Reilly" is incorrect. Mary Miles Minter's true and correct legal name was Juliet Reilly.

The Path of the Fatal Bullet

The strange path of the bullet must be accounted for, somehow. (Neither Kirkpatrick nor Giroux even attempt to account for it.) The fatal shot was fired at close range; the powder burns on the coat indicated the gun was only a few inches away when fired. The bullet entered Taylor's left side, about where his elbow would be if he were standing naturally, and the bullet angled steeply upward, ending up at the right side of the base of his neck. (The bullet did not strike any bones, so it was not deflected.) The holes in his jacket and vest would only align if his left arm was raised somewhat.

The following were mentioned in the press as possible explanations by the detectives:

1. Taylor was sitting at his desk, working on his taxes, his left arm on the desk, leaning forward slightly. The killer approached from behind, brought the gun close to Taylor's left side, and fired.

Analysis: By this scenario, the killer must have been left-handed. But why bring the gun around to Taylor's left side and fire upward? Why not simply fire directly into the center of his back, or his head? Although this scenario is possible, it is awkward. And when the body was found, why was the chair--which was not the chair he was sitting on--astride his leg?

2. The killer was crouched low behind Taylor's door. When Taylor walked in, the killer stuck the gun in his side and fired upwards.

Analysis: By this scenario, the killer was probably right-handed. In support of this scenario is the fact that the chair found astride his leg is the chair which was next to the door--not the chair at the desk. This seems to be the most probable scenario (it was favored by Detective Cline), but if true it would virtually eliminate Shelby as the suspect--would she have crouched down like that? She doesn't appear to have been that agile.

3. The killer was embracing Taylor in a "kiss of death," brought the gun close to Taylor's side and fired upward, aiming toward Taylor's heart.

Analysis: By this scenario, the killer must have been right-handed. The path of the bullet and Taylor's raised arm (in the embrace) would seem very natural in this position. Indeed, it is the only scenario which does not require the killer to be in an awkward position. It could also account for the blonde hairs reportedly found on Taylor's collar.

In addition to these theories, I would suggest the following possibility:

4. The killer hid himself until Taylor returned. Then the killer revealed himself and ordered Taylor to stand still. Perhaps the killer walked over to the door and closed it. (Taylor's door was normally open. Would the killer have wanted to fire with the door open? Wouldn't it be better to close the door so the sound of the shot would not travel so far? Yet under scenarios #1 and #2 above, Taylor's door was certainly open.) Then the killer told Taylor to turn around so that Taylor's back was towards the killer. The killer was now standing close to Taylor's back. Perhaps there were some words spoken at this point. Suddenly Taylor half-turned to his left and grabbed at the gun with his left hand. The gun discharged upward into Taylor's side.

Any other plausible scenarios would be welcome!

Wallace Smith: February 20, 1922

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 20, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

In the dusty back room of a jewelry shop this afternoon an expert watchmaker bent over the frail mechanism of a fine-jeweled timepiece.

At his side detectives stood anxiously waiting the words that would come from the man who hummed a tuneless little song as he peered through his microscope into the delicate workings of the watch.

For upon his words depended the fate and fortune of one of screenland's reigning queens, confessedly the "very dear friend" of William Desmond Taylor, who was named as his murderess by Henry Peavey, houseman for the slain film

director.

The watch -- it was the one Taylor carried when he was shot to death -- was seized by detectives and rushed to the jeweler's as Peavey's sensational charge became public through the dispatches of the Chicago Evening American.

At the same time, Under Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz announced that the watchmaker's verdict, if it bore out this theory, would result in the immediate arrest of the woman named by Peavey, the one person beside Taylor himself who knew best the life lived in the house in Alvarado St.

Under Sheriff Biscailuz declared her arrest would make petty incidents of the scandals which already have developed in the mysterious slaying.

Much depended on the mute testimony of the watch.

It was the thin modeled one that Taylor carried in his breast pocked. At the other end of the platinum chain was the golden locket bearing the picture of Mabel Normand and the inscription "to my dearest."

Taylor always carried this watch, although he had a wrist watch as well.

The watch was not running when his body was found. It had stopped at a fateful hour. It might be unfair to the actress to reveal this hour but it is known, and has been since the start, that she was in Taylor's study at this time.

The theory of Under Sheriff Biscailuz, who has always clung to the theory that a woman did the crime and that jealousy pressed the trigger that wiped out Taylor's eccentric life, is that the watch was stopped by the impact when Taylor's body fell.

That was what the expert watchmaker was called upon to decide.

That was the secret for which he probed the superfine anatomy of the watch. It was of such delicate construction it was stated that the hit of Taylor's fall certainly must have stopped it.

The defensive theory advanced by some of the officials -- and many of them surprisingly enough, seem to be acting on the defensive in this amazing case, is that the watch ran down.

To them the reply was made that it was not likely a man of Taylor's methodical habits would allow a watch of such value, both intrinsically and

sentimentally to go without attention. Also that the watch, if it did run down, chose a remarkably significant hour for the purpose.

And the investigation awaited the verdict of the expert in the jeweler's back room, the man who hummed a tuneless little song and saw before him only a very fine watch -- and not the tremendous mystery that has tangled a dozen lives in tragedy.

The name of the actress involved by Henry Peavey's story may not be made public. It would be more unfair perhaps than revealing the time the watch stopped.

But it may be conservatively stated that her name is familiar wherever the projecting machine throws its flickering shaft of light and that she has been under suspicion by the sheriff's office since Peavey found the body of his employer.

The detailed story told by Peavey, as it was told first to the police, then to the prosecutor and again to the sheriff, has been hidden under the screen of mystery that has been thrown about the investigation by Los Angeles officials.

But it must be recalled that for six months Peavey had been about Taylor's house daily, and had been the sort of petted servant who was permitted to exchange pleasantries with guests. He was the custodian of the Taylor cellar, too, and mixed drinks for his "boss" and the frequent women visitors.

He served them as he served Taylor and Mabel Normand when she called at Taylor's home the night of the murder. Gin and orange juice and vermouth it was that night.

He knew to whom Taylor telephoned and from whom calls were received. He may not have eavesdropped intentionally, but it is rather difficult in the ordinary tiny Los Angeles bungalow to avoid a whisper in the next room. Taylor may have been no hero to his valet, Edward F. Sands, but to Peavey he was quite a fellow.

He permitted Peavey to use his guest room upstairs as a sewing room. Oh, yes, Henry Peavey does the neatest crochet work and embroidery. They do say

his Irish crochet --

But to get on. It must be remembered, too, that Henry Peavey was the man who told the police where to find the dainty night gown of peach-hued silk -- the night dress that since has disappeared. He told the police, too, about how Taylor took from a hiding place a woman's handkerchief and pressed it to his lips.

Quite a good deal Henry Peavey knows about what was going on in Taylor's home in Alvarado St. for six months before the tragedy that shocked the nation.

It was Peavey who would come to work just before 8 a.m. to arouse Taylor as he came the morning he found Taylor's body and ran gibbering into the street. There were mornings, it was said, when he found Taylor not alone. There were mornings when strange, nocturnal visitors had glided swiftly through the shadows of graceful palms in Alvarado St.

Peavey was a good servant. He went right along with his work and his sewing.

When they first questioned this man there was an inclination to belittle his testimony. At the inquest, where Henry became quite hysterical, they were satisfied merely to ask about details of finding the body and pass on to witnesses whose names were known -- Miss Normand among them.

Not until Peavey had been called in for a second time did the discreet detectives fling a real question at him and get in reply a swift answer -- the name of the woman Peavey is certain murdered Taylor.

The name was one mentioned form the beginning -- from the time the finding of the body led to the exposure of Taylor's mysterious past, a past he had himself draped with fanciful yarns.

But the officials did not even breathe a suspicion. It is known that she was questioned secretly. She is a woman who wields considerable power and who has many mighty friends.

That is, no official permitted the falling of a suspicious shadow until the sheriff began his investigation. It went straight to the one target in sight, one that must be convincing to the unbiased layman's eye in reviewing

what little is known of the killing itself. [20]

Extra strength was given to the theory of the sheriff's office and the accusation of Peavey when District Attorney Woolwine, generally accepted as chief of the campaign of investigation, declared that he was not convinced that the man seen slipping from Taylor's home was any one but Taylor's chauffeur.

That chauffeur, Howard Fellows, had stated to the district attorney that he called shortly after 8 o'clock that night to see if Taylor wanted him to drive any more. Taylor did not answer his knock, and he left, he has stated.

Mrs. Douglas MacLean, wife of a screen actor, was the witness who told of seeing the mysterious exit from the premises after hearing what she thought was a shot. But she admitted that her view of the man was most brief and her impression quite vague.

It was known, too, that Peavey had been ordered to remain in the jurisdiction of the Los Angeles County authorities. The houseman, carrying his knitting and apparently quite broken by the tragic end of his employer, had asked permission to go elsewhere.

Undersheriff Biscailuz, in announcing the vital test to be made today, left no doubt of the importance he placed in it.

"But it can't go wrong," he stated. "If it discloses what I expect, we will have a clue that will be as near perfect as we could expect. It will at once involve the woman we have been watching for some time and she will be arrested at once.

"It will bring about a scandal that will make all the other stories growing out of this murder appear tame by comparison. It will take only a step or two more, once we have the result of this scientific test, to bring out the motives of jealousy.

"What I expect it to show is that there was a woman in the house when the shot was fired. Either she fired the shot herself or she knows who did it and perhaps helped that person in the killing. [21]

"Waiting for some such clue as we now believe may be in our hands in a few hours, we have checked up this actress' career and we will be ready to

handle her."

The woman known to be under suspicion is one who has carried on one of the wildest careers that ever streaked across the firmament of filmland. They talk about these escapades even in the gayer set of Hollywood, where such distinction is not lightly won.

It was considered probable that William Davis, chauffeur for Miss Normand, would be brought into the district attorney's office for questioning. Several times he has been questioned and each time, it was reported, he had corroborated Miss Normand's story of the ride to Taylor's home, and her departure after the director had escorted her to her car.

Davis, it was reported, was at Miss Normand's place of seclusion in Altadena, near Pasadena. It was said that he drove Miss Normand to the place when she fled from Hollywood and the scandals that have been revealed since Taylor's slaying. She was suffering, too, her manager announced, from the shock of Taylor's death and a very serious case of grippe.

NOTES:

[1] See Taylorology #17.

[2] This letter was reprinted in LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 7, 1937).

[3] LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXPRESS (May 6, 1937).

[4] See WDT:DOSSIER, p. 324-5.

[5] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 9, 1937).

[6] LOS ANGELES TIMES (May 7, 1937).

[7] LOS ANGELES HERALD-EXPRESS (May 7, 1937).

[8] LOS ANGELES TIMES (May 7, 1937).

[9] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 7, 1937).

[10] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 8, 1937).

[11] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 7, 1937).

[12] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 7, 1937).

[13] LOS ANGELES EXAMINER (May 11, 1937).

[14] See NEW YORK TELEGRAPH (February 5, 1922). Although the interview was published on the 5th (in the Sunday paper), she reports that the interview

took place on the previous Wednesday, which was the 1st.

[15] See NEW YORK TELEGRAPH (February 4, 1922).

[16] See DESERET NEWS (February 24, 1922).

[17]See WDT:DOSSIER, pp. 73-75, 257-258, for two other interviews with Julia Crawford Ivers.

[18]See, for example, Aydelott Ames, "Mary Miles Minter," in FILMS IN REVIEW (October 1969), pp. 473+.

[19]See Ken DuMain, "Correcting Mis-Information about Miss Mary Miles Minter," in FILMS IN REVIEW (May 1985), pp. 271+.

[20]The woman suspected by Peavey is Mabel Normand. See TAYLOROLOGY #6. Peavey's suspicions became public after his abduction by Hearst reporters.

[21]Taylor's watch stopped at 7:20. If it could be shown that the watch stopped due to impact (when Taylor fell after being shot) then it would indicate that Mabel Normand must have been present at the time, since she was admittedly present between 7:05-7:45. However, the tests on the watch reportedly did not indicate it had stopped due to impact.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 23 -- November 1994 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

"The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life"
Wallace Smith: February 21, 1922

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

A new book, "Dateline Hollywood: Sins and Scandals of Yesterday and Today," has been just been published by Friedman/Fairfax, written by Mark Drop. It includes a short recap of the Taylor case that is woefully error-filled (the author even misspells "Shelby" as "Selby" throughout). The author appears to be totally unaware of the books by Kirkpatrick, Giroux and Long, published within the last decade. The section on the Taylor case is worthless.

"The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life"

In the immediate aftermath of the Taylor murder, MOVIE WEEKLY commissioned Hollywood writer Truman B. Handy to write a biography of Taylor's life, which was serialized over five issues of the magazine. The articles were based on some fragments of biographical material which had appeared in the newspapers following Taylor's murder. Handy's imagination filled in the rest. The result is padded, highly fanciful and of limited value, containing many errors and transposed events. [1] (For more substantial information on Taylor's pre-Hollywood years, see A DEED OF DEATH; for information on his Hollywood years, see WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER.)

But Handy's flawed series of articles--a "biography" without any dates--was still the most substantial biography of Taylor published in the first half of this century, and presently it is rather difficult to obtain copies. Thus it is reprinted below.

March 18/April 15, 1922
Truman B. Handy
MOVIE WEEKLY

The Colorful and Romantic Story of Wm. D. Taylor's Remarkable Life

Part I

One of the most colorful, romantic careers in the motion picture colony--a life as redolent with "atmosphere," brilliance and adventure as that of any novelistic hero--was cut short when an assassin's bullet ended the life of William Desmond Taylor, the director.

Irish student, actor, engineer, Kansas ranchman, Klondike miner, art store proprietor, sportsman, director of photoplays and soldier in the World War was he.

He dared the deepest, fullest experiences of life. Profound in its

searchings, broad and sweeping in its range, courageous in its intimate contacts, his life history recounts the free, glorious adventures of a crusader in quest of an ideal--romance.

And yet, while Taylor lived, he remained a grey man who subdued the brilliant color of his career into the most somber of hues. He was not a so-called man of mystery, yet even his friends cannot remember having heard him sing of the glories of the past.

For he lived quietly, without affectation; steeped in the study of books; engrossed in the art of his work at the film studio. His desire to bury the dim shadows of his early life seemed paramount.

He had even changed his name. And, taking no one into his fullest confidence, he lived in semi-reclusion.

Yet he stands as romantic a character as either D'Artagnan or Napoleon, although when he lived he was a second John Ferguson--a man of dignity, integrity and careful self-repression.

Even Taylor's childhood was surrounded with romance, although at such a time he was not known as Taylor. It was a pseudonym that he adopted some years later--his stage name. He was born a Deane-Tanner.

The Deane-Tanner family is famous in Ireland. And, over it the hand of Fate seems to have hung heavily for generations. Records show that tragedy, violence, mystery followed the Deane-Tanners with peculiar uncanniness and marked each of the sons indelibly.

The Los Angeles director--murdered in his bachelor apartment--was the son of Major William Deane-Tanner, of County Cork. In the father there was the same gallantry, the same desire for adventure that epitomized the life of the son. He was a constant, strong opponent of Irish home-rule--an old-line aristocrat--and many were the speeches he made from Unionist platforms.

Yet, while his father was an aristocrat, Taylor--or William Cunningham Deane-Tanner, as he was then known--was temperamentally a democrat.

As a child he was severely reprimanded by his father once for advocating democracy among the employees of Maj. Tanner's estate at Mallow, and when the stern parent once imposed a hardship upon young William's personal groom the

youth surprised his family by announcing that hereafter he would attend to the full care of his horse himself.

Family tradition decreed that William would study either medicine or law or engineering. The youth, on the other hand, secretly rebelled. Once he threatened to join a company of strolling players. His father's influence was brought to bear, however, and he was returned to school.

Again, when Maj. Tanner discovered that his son was sponsoring an amateur theatrical "repertoire" company which comprised a group of Mallow's humble peasantry, he threatened to disinherit William if such unwonted actions were continued.

Then, for the first time, young Deane-Tanner tried to enlist in the British Army. He was not exactly robust, however. The surgeons returned him to his home and told him he had a bad heart, and he secretly rebelled again and determined to live his own life as he chose.

For some months thereafter he lived separate from his family in a small caretaker's house on the Tanner estate where he alternately studied and wrote and completed a play which, however, never saw the light of production.

It is traditional for sons of upper-class England to be educated at the classical colleges, therefore the lad was sent to Clifton College for preparatory work in engineering.

"But I don't wish to be an engineer!" he kept protesting. "I would rather--"

He was never allowed to utter the word. It galled his family to think that he should look forward to the stage as a career. His mother was afraid he would marry an actress; his father revolted at the thought that anyone of his heritage should wear grease paint and crepe hair.

In accordance with the utmost wishes of his parents William enrolled in college--but not under the family name.

"I have changed my name," he wrote his mother, "because I do not wish to be shown any favoritism on account of my family. I want to rely on myself--my own exploits--the same as any other man who does not happen to be backed by family."

It was then that he assumed the name of William Desmond Taylor. And, strange to say, the family did not register objections, recognizing for the first time this manifestation of his indomitable spirit.

At college Taylor conducted himself very much after the fashion of Tom Brown at Oxford. During his first year he was a "fag" for a coterie of the older students, to whose whims he catered faithfully. [2] His second year, however, showed him to be a champion of his under-classmates, and his democratic utterances on various occasions caused a sensation in the school.

"I hate this life," he wrote to his family. "It is one of prudery--silly snobbery and mawkish sophistry."

Even the rigid routine of Clifton failed to kill his ambitions for theatricals. He became acquainted with various actors. Their life appealed to him. Not being a rampant idealist he did not particularly believe in the so-called "romance" of the theatre, for to him it was a business-like venture in which he found himself tremendously interested.

Between his courses at Clifton he sojourned on the Continent. For a time he was a resident of the student quarter of Paris, the life of which, however, did not particularly appeal to him.

"I am not a good Bohemian," Mr. Taylor reminisced, one evening shortly before his death, "I'm too practical."

And to change his venue, he crossed the border into Germany, wandered for a time through the Teuton cities of Munich, Leipzig and Berlin--and finally settled himself for a term in Heidelberg with his studies.

Shortly after his eighteenth birthday he was again in Manchester, working on an engineering project. Maj. Tanner, his father, urged him to join the engineering forces of His Majesty's army. And again came the examiners' report that, physically, he was unfit.

To please his family and to satisfy himself that he could master a vocation even though it were unpleasant for him, the young Taylor continued engineering. One evening, at a supper party, an actor friend of his suggested that Taylor accompany him to a performance of "The Private Secretary," a popular stage success in which the English star, Sir Charles Hawtrey, was en

tour.

Between the acts, his friend took Taylor back stage. It was his first time "in the wings" of a really first-rate company. He was interested in everything he saw, and finally, when he was presented to Sir Charles, he asked for employment in the company.

He was inexperienced, vastly verdant, in the ways of the theatre. Yet he had the appearance and mannerisms of a born actor. Hawtrey subjected him to a somewhat critical test and made him read lines from a play he had never seen before.

When he had finished, however, the star complimented him--and agreed to take him to London with the company. After a series of arduous rehearsals, Taylor finally stepped onto the stage of the Avenue Theatre in his makeup. He played two parts. In the first act he was an old man and wore a heavy, grey beard. During the second act, however, he had a romantic, juvenile role--a mere bit.

This London engagement was almost a success. It would have been if Taylor had not relinquished his first act beard. After the performance one night visitors to his dressing room were announced--friends of his family. He had qualms, for he realized what their discovery meant.

He entertained them. They promised to say nothing to his father about his stage appearance. In another week, however, Maj. Tanner himself arrived at the theatre, violently angry. When he asked for his son, William Cunningham Deane-Tanner--a member of the company--the door-keeper shook his head and refused him admittance because, he said, there was no such actor in the cast.

"But he's my son!" roared the irate parent, "and you'll let me see him or I'll have the King's army blow this place to pieces!"

A merry scene took place, with the doorkeeper holding the stage entrance reverently. For once in his life Maj. Tanner found himself successfully opposed. Presently the stage door opened and Taylor emerged.

Part II

For a week Taylor entertained his father with the lore of the theatre; had him meet a number of the leading actors in London at that time--and conclusively proved that he was neither already married to an actress nor had any intention of being married to anyone "in the profession."

Admittedly, Maj. Tanner liked the life behind the scenes. He even went so far as to say that he could understand how his son happened to like it. Yet, in the next breath, he begged William to leave the footlights, to return to the quiet, paternal acres near Mallow--to "settle down and make a man of himself."

The young actor did not wish to oppose his father when he saw that there were tears in the elder man's eyes, but at the same time, his fascination for the stage had grown into a love for it.

It was the turning point of his career.

He begged his father's indulgence for the time being--until Hawtrey, at least, could rehearse another man in his part, but Maj. Tanner remained obdurate--parentally unreasonable--and spoke glowingly about the family honor and all that.

Such talk failed to convince Taylor, and he spoke of going on tour with the Hawtrey company.

"Leave the stage--for your mother's sake," at length pleaded the father. "Since she heard the news that you are playing in the theatre she is heartbroken. She can think of nothing else, and the worry is injuring her health."

This reference to his mother moved the young actor where other arguments had failed. With sadness in his heart he handed in his resignation to Hawtrey and departed from London with his father.

The quietude of the old peat-bogs, the lazy, unprogressive life of the Mallow citizenry palled on Taylor soon after he returned to the homestead estate. He became restless and hinted that he was going to depart again for distant parts.

There was constant fear in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners that their

scion would again play on the hated stage. Letters to Taylor from Hawtrey and other actors confirmed their suspicions that his theatrical desires were by no means dead.

News had reached England that a colony for remittance men--the impecunious sons of leading families--had been successfully established in American at Harper, Kansas. Maj. Tanner invested in acreage there, and offered it to his son.

There was a reason, however, why young Taylor did not then want to leave Mallow for America. It was unexpressed by him at that time--but when his father discovered it he became all the more determined that his son should do nothing unconventional to blot the family escutcheon.

As far as the father of William D. Taylor was concerned, everything stood in readiness for the departure of his son from the Deane-Tanner homestead at Mallow, Ireland, to America and the remittance-men's colony at Harper, Kansas.

But Major Deane-Tanner had not reckoned with the will and desires of the son who had so singularly "disgraced" his family by wanting to act on the stage, nor had he considered that, possibly, Taylor might be in love.

It was, therefore, a considerable surprise to the stoic army officer when his son refused to accept evacuation orders from him.

In those days, as in the later hours of his life, Taylor customarily gave his confidence to no one. During the time that he lived separate from his family in his caretaker's hut he saw little of his relatives during his reculsion from them. However, it did not necessarily mean that he completely isolated himself entirely from the rest of the world, nor that he would prohibit himself the society of the gentler sex.

On the other hand, he turned romantic eyes in the direction of one of Mallow's "younger set," the daughter of a family of townspeople whose obscurity naturally precluded the possibility of their association with the aristocratic members of the Deane-Tanner clan.

For generations old-time feudal spirit reigned in the hearts of the Deane-Tanners. In fact, some of Taylor's uncles had been known to have fought

heroically for the hand and honor of some fair maiden, and, while Taylor belonged to a later and more modern generation, he was none the less chivalrous.

When he returned to Mallow from his short sojourn on the stage with Hawtrey there was naturally a certain amount of discussion anent his "adventure" rampant among the townspeople, and several feminine hearts commenced to beat faster, and various traps were set to ensnare the attentions of the handsome young actor.

On a pilgrimage into town there occurred the meeting that was destined to leave its deep impress on young Taylor's heart. Its circumstances were quite unconvential--yet quite as harmless as other circumstances of his life. And they proved conclusively that Sir Walter Raleigh's w.k. gallantry toward the fair Elizabeth was none the more gallant than Taylor's exploit with a humble village girl.

One lazy afternoon, when the sun hung warm over Ireland and the odor of the peat bogs filled the air, Taylor set out from his hut for a walk into town. He had been at work on his play, and, as is frequently the case with authors, had come to a stumbling-block in the construction of its plot. His heroine was in danger! Her hero knew it and had started to help her--but Taylor, the author, could think of no way in which to get the young woman out of the difficulty, and his mind was reaching into practically every possible cavern of thought. He was in a brown study, a mental complex, and his steps toward town were mechanical, absent-minded.

Suddenly, however, he perceived that he was crossing a stream through which he would have to wade to continue his journey. And, unromantically enough, he removed his brogans and socks, and proceeded to step into the cool water. He had hardly entered it when he observed, a few feet ahead of him, the distressing sight of a pretty girl marooned mid-stream in a cart one of whose wheels had broken. She was frightened herself and yet trying to calm her equally-frightened mule, and, between the antics of the mule and the broken cartwheel, she was having considerable difficulty in keeping the conveyance from tipping her bodily into the splashing brook.

Taylor quickly realized the situation, and making a dash to the side of the cart, lifted the young lady bodily from it and carried her in his arms across the stream.

His heroism had its impress. Also be it known that the colleen was traditionally pretty, and that after she had walked with her rescuer into the village she had cast a romantic spell over him.

Form then on, through days and weeks the romance flourished and grew. Taylor spoke of marriage, but his words were never taken seriously. All through the spring and summer the two remained sweethearts, and the youth, who was then in his early twenties, spoke to the girl of taking her to Canada and of there making his fortune.

His romance he kept secret from his parents for he knew the attitude they would take toward a member of their family who would consort with one of the peasantry. But, to Taylor, the village girl represented his ideal, and, furthermore, at heart he was a democrat.

To get money with which to marry and take his bride safely to Canada he resolved once again to try enlistment in the British army. This latter fact he told his father, who arranged for him to be sent to the recruiting station at Sandhurst. Both the physical and mental tests were then extremely rigid and for some reason he again failed to pass.

While he was away at the army school, his father got wind of his romance. It infuriated him beyond words and he made a resolve to break it up. His first step was to visit the girl and her family and to forbid her to see Taylor again. The second step was to go to see his son at Sandhurst.

But before he could get to the recruiting school, Taylor, disconsolate, dejected, returned to Mallow with the news that he had failed to pass the examination. With his father already in a surly mood his homecoming was unfortunate. Maj. Tanner met him with a scowl, and mocked him for his weakness.

"You are dishonorable in love," he railed, "a disgrace to your family and all that, but you aren't man enough to get into His Majesty's service. You couldn't be a man--and yet you are a Deane-Tanner!"

The insinuation stung Taylor. He could see, from the attitude of his family, that he was in disgrace among them. Even his mother's demeanor had changed, and he felt that he was merely being tolerated.

He determined to seek consolation in his sweetheart and went to the village to see her. When he got there, however, he found that her family had moved and left no whereabouts--and he later learned that this was an act of his father's, for Maj. Tanner had paid them to move to another village many miles distant.

His spirit broken, his honor as a man impugned, Taylor returned to his home. Maj. Tanner was still irreconcilable and hinted that it would be better, perhaps, if William were to take up his abode for a time in London--out of sight of his mother and sisters.

It was impossible for Taylor to again live among his former friends with a stigma upon him, however. Not that he was necessarily ostracised from his family--his father's wish that he live in London was a more or less temporary solution of the "problem," rather than an actual banishment of his son--but Taylor felt, nevertheless, that it might be well for him to take advantage of his father's former offer to send him to the newly-founded colony in America.

When he left England it was with a resolve never again to return to the heart of his family, nor, in fact, would he permit his family to bid him adieu at the sailing of his boat from Liverpool.

Other sons of British families were en route to America with him. Two of the chaps and Taylor formed a friendly triumvirate, each bearing in mind a certain formula of ideals relative to what he would do in Kansas.

The idea of being a farmer--of tilling his own soil--from the first was somewhat odious to Taylor. He had been reared a gentleman, and, while a democrat in spirit, the prospect of manual labor as a means of livelihood did not appeal strongly to him.

One of his shipboard acquaintances intended seeking his fortune in New York, being of the opinion that America's streets were paved with dollars, easy for the picking. He urged Taylor to enter into a land-selling venture with him.

"When I first came to America," the late director once told me, "I fully believed that everywhere we would see Indians, baseball players and multi-millionaires. It was, therefore, a shock to me when I first discovered New York to be as busy a place as London--also when I realized that an English pound bought far less articles than at home."

In New York he lived in a small boarding house that housed a group of actors. Gradually he came to know them.

"We used to eat at the same table," he said, "where everyone had to reach and struggle for food. If anybody were late to meals he stood little chance of getting anything to eat. It was a case of the survival of the fittest and I soon got so that I could grab equally as well as my table companions."

All because of a plate of potatoes he "fell in" with the actors. The manager of the troupe had come in late to dinner one evening, and when he sat at the table he found that all he could get to eat would be dessert. In his calm, courteous manner Taylor offered the man part of his own dinner, consisting largely of potatoes. The man accepted and a friendship sprung up, and Taylor was invited to the theatre to watch the company from the wings.

One evening he was visiting, when it was discovered that the stage "heavy" had been taken ill. No one in the company could fill his part. Taylor had, it happened, been reading the play only the night before. When consternation reigned among the players, when it seemed as if the evening's performance were ruined, he offered his services. They were accepted and he went on that evening. Part of the time he was prompted from the wings--but he managed to get through the performance creditably, with the result that the show's manager offered him a permanent berth with the company, which was scheduled to go on tour through the provinces.

This offer, however, he did not accept, for he was offered a salary so small that, even in the late '90's, it was impossible as a living wage. It was indeed fortunate for Taylor that he did not undertake the engagement, for the company failed hopelessly the fourth day out and its members came sneaking back into New York to seek other and perhaps more lucrative work.

Instead, Taylor started for Kansas. When he got there he was hopelessly disappointed in the Englishmen's colony at Harper. The town itself was small and unattractive. A number of the remittance men--all well-born and well-bred, but incapable of actually supporting themselves by their own efforts--were living in comparative poverty. All were discouraged and longed to get back to Britain, but Taylor did not permit this fully to discourage him.

His acreage, bought for him by his father, was unimproved. He ordered lumber and started the work of building himself a house.. When he had finished this he set about planting a small kitchen garden. Many nights he went to bed with blistered hands and aching, tired muscles--but after several weeks, the garden was finally planted and Taylor settled down to note its growth.

The extensive knowledge that he had of literature, of art, of culture in general, stood him in good stead. He found that he could augment his allowance from home by making speeches and delivering lectures, and finally he began to enjoy the society of the Harperites, meager as it was.

Just as he was on the verge of harvesting his first season's crop, however, something happened which came as a decided set-back. He had already arranged for the disposal of the greater portion of his garden produce and would shortly make a delivery. Came a drought, however, and he was forced to sit by--together with other unfortunate farmers--and watch his produce shrivel and dry, but he took the matter philosophically and started in once again to replant his acreage. Other Englishmen, his neighbors, were becoming discouraged. Several returned to their native hearths. Others drifted away and were not heard of again.

Perhaps, in his heart, Taylor wished that he, likewise, could leave Harper never to return, but his bank account was small and he determined not to write home for more money. He was sowing his crop and waiting to harvest it, not knowing whether or not his slender finances would pull him through until the harvest time. It looked as if they would not, and he was commencing to worry.

His entire life has been marked, it seems, by the hand of Fate. Whenever

he did not apparently know where to turn for help it would invariably come. And when he needed it most during those dreary days in Kansas, it was on his way to him.

But again it was the stage, and although he did not realize the fact, he was destined again to return to the boards, for, in the Fanny Davenport company there was a vacant berth which his talents fitted Taylor to fill.

Part III

Ranch life in Kansas--eighteen months of it in an Englishmen's remittance colony--however alluring to native-born sons of the soil, singularly failed to appeal to the more sophisticated sensibilities of William D. Taylor.

He was not anxious to play again in theatricals, yet there was that inherent histrionic instinct in him that made life away from the footlights miserable for him. Perhaps it was the lack of adventure, of romance, that the prosaic farm-life in Kansas afforded, but...

Fanny Davenport, the famous American actress of more than a decade ago, was on tour with her repertoire company. Perchance she ventured into the mists of Harper, the small town of which Taylor and his English associates were residents. Her advent there was like a light in the clearing, for first-class theatrical attractions were almost unknown in the Middle West a few years ago.

And Taylor was enthralled. On her first night appearance he viewed her from a first-row seat as she played "La Tosca." Even though her stage scenery was somewhat worn by time and travel; even though Taylor could clearly see the makeup on the actors' faces; even though he knew that, in reality, the play was merely a play--he felt himself gripped by a strange, unconquerable longing--the same desire to express himself that he had felt a few months before when he stood in the wings and asked Sir Charles Hawtrey for a chance to play on the stage.

After the performance a reception was held in Miss Davenport's honor,

and Taylor, being one of Harper's more prominent citizens, was, of course, invited. He met the lovely star face-to-face and talked with her. And, of course, expressed his appreciation of her performance.

"It was terrible!" she replied, looking a bit troubled. "We've just lost one of our actors and, as you know, it's hard to find another out here in Kansas."

Taylor was electrified. Again, the hand of Fate! Here was a chance for him, perhaps, to get back into theatricals.

Yet, could he openly defy his father's wishes? Could he rightfully re-enter a profession upon which his entire family looked with such utter condemnation?

For the moment he kept turning the question over and over in his mind. He was perplexed--because he wanted to ask Miss Davenport to give him a trial. Precisely what he did.

"I felt at the time," he told some Los Angeles friends shortly before his death, "that Fate decreed I should re-enter the show business. I knew my family would be displeased--but, after all, was I not separated from them by an ocean and several thousand miles? And hadn't they wished for that separation?"

It was this process of reasoning that prompted him to apply to Miss Davenport in the hopes of filling the missing actor's place.

"Can you play Mario in my 'Tosca'?" she inquired sweetly, and added, "I believe you can. I believe you could do anything you really wanted to do!"

"Thanks," he answered. He was too dumbfounded to say more.

The star then wrote something on a card and handed it to him. This would assure him of her sincerity. And would he kindly come to rehearsal the next morning? For it would be necessary for him to play that night in "Gismonda."

When he arrived, more or less excited, at the theatre, he found that Fanny Davenport herself had attended to the matter of his stage costumes. However, Taylor's predecessor was a man of medium stature, portly and altogether in physical contradistinction to him, for Taylor was tall, robust and inclined to be thin.

And the "Gismonda" costumes, originally tailored to the lines of their former wearer, reached not quite to his knees! The farther the rehearsal progressed, the more ridiculous Taylor looked in his skin-tight wardrobe. Something would have to be done--and yet Taylor would have to take the entire time for the remainder of the day to study his role even though it was not a vastly important one.

Their sojourn in America, in a portion of the country where conveniences were considered as luxuries, had taught a number of the English residents of Harper to perform innumerable useful tasks that formerly would have seemed ambiguous. One of Taylor's friends, in addition to farming, had learned the art of tailoring as an avocation. It was to him that Taylor went--and while the man lengthened here, padded there, and shortened another portion of the costumes, Taylor studied his part for the night's performance. Half the time he was standing, modeling, for his costume fitting while, at the same time his script in hand, he learned his lines and cues.

When other members of the company, tired by travel, became discouraged, Taylor invariably cheered them or sympathized with them. When the character woman had trouble with her husband--a stage hand with the company--and threatened to divorce him, it was Taylor who played the role of mediator and got the couple to settle their differences.

But at the same time, there were various instances of levity experienced as well as of gravity. For instance, in a small Pacific Coast town where the company were presenting "Fedora," "Cheopatra" and "Joan of Arc" in one-night succession, three hotel associates of Taylor's invited him to sit in with them on a card game. They had hardly commenced to play, the money pot had hardly commenced to boil, when a visitor rapped on the door.

The person proved to be a middle-aged, nervous woman whose appearance was disheveled.

"I came," she faltered, "to borrow your drinking-water glass."

"Certainly!" said Taylor, postponing the game for a moment to get it for her.

A few moments later she rapped again and was admitted. She wanted more

water. A third and a fourth time she came and went, and finally knocked a fifth time. By this time the men's curiosity was thoroughly aroused.

"What," inquired Taylor, "did you want all those glassfuls of water for?"

For a moment she seemed reluctant to tell.

"Well, you see, I'm living up on the fourth floor where we ain't got no water, and bein' as my lace curtains took fire, I thought I'd just borry you gentleman's water glass to put it out with."

The tour was a long one, from one end of the continent to the other. Taylor's acting experiences were always progressive and he became a popular favorite with both his audiences and his public. In the theatre he was a diplomat and a statesman. Outside of it, however, he indulged in none of the customary pastimes of the average traveling actor, but, instead, he occupied himself with a serious study of books and art.

While in Portland, Oregon, he heard a group of men discussing the newly-opened Alaskan gold fields. Here was a new type of adventure! New worlds to conquer! New riches! And, after all, romance! The men, it seemed were making up an expedition into the Klondike. Taylor watched their preparations, listened to their conversations--heard them tell of wonderful, ice-covered bonanzas--and longed to be with them. One of the men offered him a berth, but his theatrical contract withheld him.

In Boston Taylor closed his engagement with the Davenport company, having been with the organization some three years. He was offered an engagement with a stock company in Chicago, and started for there. But, however, his finances were low, and when he arrived in St. Paul in company with a man who was desirous of opening a lunch counter, he accepted the proposition and stepped into a new character.

The restaurant venture proved a bugbear. Just at a time when it commenced to be a paying proposition, his partner decamped with the profits and, again, he was thrown out of funds. His spirit now seemed almost broken, and St. Paul, to him, was a nightmare. Whereupon he departed from the twin city and arrived, practically penniless, in Chicago.

A friend there noted his plight, but this man, too, was in straits. Together they secured a position canvassing in country towns--selling one of those pneumatic "household necessities" that every housewife wants. The Chicago agent was a kindly soul and gave them four dollars advance.

It happened that both Taylor and his companion were good gamblers. Not that that time-honored profession had been anything more to Taylor hitherto than a mere pastime. Yet, however, its ancient mesmerism has helped many a man out of the gravest debt.

And so, with their four dollars in their pockets, Taylor and his friend went into one of Chicago's Loop gambling halls. A crap game was in progress and both entered themselves and their money. When the stakes were counted it was discovered that each had won considerable--enough to buy them the necessities they both needed. Again the hand of Fate!

Both Taylor and his friend had pawned their overcoats. It was bitter cold, an incentive for the men to awaken the pawnbrokers. This they did, and with overcoats again on their backs, they set out to feed themselves.

Just as he was not destined to be a farmer, Taylor found that canvassing small towns for "household necessities" was not his forte.

He had been born with a bent for sketching and drawing, and, before in his life, he had made crayon portraits of his friends. It occurred to him to try to capitalize on this talent, when he found that it was impossible for him to locate successfully with a theatrical company in Chicago.

He rented a studio, bought a few dollars' worth of drawing material and started out to make his fortune. One of his ordinary drawings cost him forty-five cents to produce. On its completion, he would set out to sell it. Some days he made large sums of money, and, inside of two months, he had made enough to go to Milwaukee and there to become the owner of an art store.

In Milwaukee the dapper, continental-looking young man soon became a town personality, for he dressed like a Beau Brummel and had all the mannerisms of a European courtier. But the art business in Milwaukee was not good, and he left once again for New York to open his shop on fashionable Fifth Avenue.

There was one song which expresses Taylor's philosophy, and as follows, it is one which he customarily sang whenever he felt particularly ebullient. During his days in the New York art colony he sang it often, for his sojourn in Gotham was a happy one. It reads:

Oh, my name is Pat O'Leary,
From a spot called Tipperary;
The heart of all the girls I am a thorn in.
But before the break of morn,
Faith 'tis they will be all forlorn.
For I am off for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS
With me bundle on me shoulder,
Faith there's no man could be boulder.
For I am leaving dear old Ireland, without warning;
For I have lately took the notion,
For to cross the briny ocean.
And I'm off for Philadelphia in the morning.

There's a girl called Kate Malone,
Whom I hope to call my own,
And to see one little cabin place adorning;
But me heart is sad and weary,
How can she be "Mrs." Leary,
If I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

When they tould me I should lave the place,
I tried to have a cheerful face.
For to show me hearts deep sorrow I was scorning.

But the tears will surely blind me
For the friends I lave behind me,
When I start for Philadelphia in the morning.

CHORUS

For though me bundle's on me shoulder,
And though no one could be boulder,
I am leaving now the spot that I was born in.
Yet some day I'll take the notion
To come back across the ocean
To me home in dear old Ireland, in the morning.
--Words and music by Robert Martin.

His art shop netted him sufficient royalties for him to indulge in society and sportsmanship. He became a member of the yacht club at Larchmont, and his week-ends would be spent there and on cruises. A number of New York's wealthiest men were there, and, at one time, a party, including Taylor, planned a cruise around the world.

Once, F. Augustus Heinze, the copper magnate, hurried into the club announcing that he had bought a new ocean-going yacht, and inviting various of his friends, among them Taylor, to accompany him on a cruise to the Mediterranean. His invitation was accepted, and his guests began making plans, but, at the last minute, Mr. Heinze was informed by his chief steward that the vessel's bunkers would hold only coal enough for a trip of 300 miles! This was an experience that Taylor would traditionally recite--and in several instances he applied it to film personages whom he was directing, when they would affect the so-called actorial "temperament."

It was while he was a prominent luminary in the New York art and sport circles that he became acquainted with the girl who was later to become his wife.

He had seen her in the original "Floradora" company, met her and wooed

her. For some reason Taylor and the girl, Miss Ethel May Harrison, chose to be married secretly. No one except the bride's mother was to be admitted into confidence until they should have sailed on their honeymoon trip to Dublin. But the news of the marriage became known, and when its principals were on the verge of departing they were surprised by a ceremony.

His wife was known in New York as a very accomplished young woman who had been brilliantly educated by her father before her entrance into theatricals. Taylor was handsome, gallant, popular. Hence, the match was one of note.

The couple traveled to some extent, and finally to them was born a daughter, Miss Ethel Daisy Deane-Tanner, who now remains as her father's heir and is a student in a fashionable young ladies' finishing school on the Hudson.

For some reason, which Taylor carried untold with him to his grave, his marriage was not a success. A few months after the birth of his daughter he commenced to drink heavily. Business cares seemingly did not trouble him. He was entertained lavishly in society and his prominence in art and sport circles continued.

But, however, he became known as a "heavy drinker." It was noted at one of the Vanderbilt Cup Races which he attended that he was a bit inebriated. For several days thereafter he disappeared and nothing was heard from until he telephoned his office from a hotel asking that $600 be sent to him immediately.

For what silent purpose he desired that money, which was at once delivered to him, he never divulged. But, having received it, he removed his effects from the hotel, gave no further address, and departed.

A search for him was instituted. Nowhere could he be found--and some of his friends suspected foul play. But the fact remained that he had gone, and for many months there was no word received from him.

In a room of a far downtown New York hotel, a worn, anxious man showing the aftereffects of intoxication, paced the floor nervously. He would walk to the window ever so often and look out. He seemed to be expecting someone.

A knock on the door...he is nervous, yet cheered. It is a messenger...and William D. Taylor, the expectant, seems gladdened.

The messenger brought him what, a short while before, he had telephoned to his office for--six hundred dollars. The money, in greenbacks, he pocketed eagerly, and he could hardly wait for the messenger to depart before he took his hat and also departed.

For blocks he walked--down through crowded business streets, small by-ways where sidewalk peddlers hawked their wares, narrow alleys where tenements flanked the sidewalks and children played noisily, dirtily, in the streets. At length he reached the waterfront--and it was there, among the dross, that he intended to seek solace for the time being from his inner woes.

Taylor was worried. For several days past he had been drinking rather heavily. Trouble with his wife, certain of his friends asserted. But this pilgrimage of his into the slums was not necessarily a new thing for him, for, frequently in those days, he would relieve his mind of its varied cares by participating in the life the "other half" of society lives.

On numerous other occasions--on other pilgrimages--he had thus communed with his less fortunate brothers. Throughout his entire life, however, he never regarded wayward humanity as beneath notice. Other artists, at other times, have communed likewise--and, like him--have returned to their uptown habitations mentally refreshed and spiritually enlivened for their contact with the other half's suffering.

There were wharvesmen on the Battery who used to call Taylor "Bill." And, in tiny Washington Square, there was even a gin-sotted old woman who referred to the handsome art connoisseur as "her son," for he befriended her at a moment when a policeman was on the verge of arresting her as a vagrant.

With the shades of early evening falling, with the lights of boats in the river twinkling on the water, Taylor sought refuge in a "joint" wherein

corned beef and cabbage formed a questionably delectable menu for the lower strata of New York's humanity. He was seated at a table eating and drinking; various acquaintances, knowing that he would have money to "stand treat," joined him--and a good-natured revelry ensued wherein Taylor was host to as varied an aggregation of types as could be possibly found. Some were already in their cups, and he was the merry toastmaster, singing his "Pat O'Leary" song and getting them to join in the chorus.

And the party continued until late. He arose to go and paid for his "feed," and when he walked out of the establishment two dark-visaged men who had been standing by, watching him--men who had not joined in his merry-making--followed.

Up dark streets he picked his way, headed for the more happy section of New York that was his home. Around a corner...into an alley...a short cut...hurried, muffled steps behind him...a sudden blow...and Taylor fell to the sidewalk, stunned...two men going through his pockets.

Having robbed him of his remaining greenbacks, the thugs picked him up and carried him back up the alley, through other alleys--and eventually to a wharf where a wind-beaten schooner lay with the muddy waters of the East River lapping its sides. They took him into a darkened hole below decks and left him to revive--and when he came to, he could hear the pounding of waters on wooden ship walls, and could realize that he had been--shanghaied.

The trip was a long one, months in the making. The ship, a "tramp," sailed at random into many ports on many seas. Africa, the Canary Islands and the Mediterranean were included in its itinerary, and Taylor had become used to the seaman's hard labor lot to which he had unwittingly fallen.

At an African port he had an opportunity to leave the ship, but the life appealed to him and he stuck to its standards. There were other landings made and other seas sailed--and, finally, one day, the weather-scarred "tramp" put into the harbor at Portland, Ore.

With money in his pockets, new life in his body, Taylor set about rehabilitating himself according to his precepts of a gentleman. He heard of a repertoire company forming to play in Eastern cities, and, by virtue of his

past experience with Fanny Davenport, was able to qualify as one of its actors.

But, on arriving in Montreal, he found that the fortunes of the company were not altogether lucrative. The actors fought among themselves, and discord reigned generally.

A group of men were making plans for a trip into the Klondike, where gold offered alluring enticements--sufficient reward for the hardships that an Alaskan expedition would surely bring forth.

But Taylor was used to hardships. In his heart was the continual desire for adventure, and he felt that no hardships that he would experience on a gold-hunting expedition could in any way compare with those he had rather recently undergone as a seaman on the tramp schooner.

He set out from Montreal via the famous "long route" across Canada. Eventually he found himself crossing the Canadian Rockies--and still he and his fellow voyagers kept on.

History tells of the rough-and-tumble assortment of characters that went into the Klondike in those boom days. There were the dregs of humanity and the dross of civilization gone "north of 53" to seek their fortune, but Taylor was undaunted. He had met rough people before in his life; in fact, he enjoyed the freshness of their viewpoint, the primitive quality of their inherent conventions.

At first he worked with other prospectors in the ice-clad Alaskan fields. Later, however, he found it to his advantage to keep a store for miners, and this proved to be a bonanza for him. In Nome he fell ill with typhus fever and nearly died, and, weakened, he began to yearn once again for his home in the States. With a small fortune in his pockets he returned, and finally made his way to Boston, where he was a member of the famous Castle Garden theatre company.

But at that time of his life--when he was merging from youth into the fullest of manhood--when he had found his ideals alternately strengthened and shaken, shaken and strengthened--he could not control his desire to see the land of the midnight sun. Alaska seemed to be in his blood.

And, beside, he was embittered, made sorrowful by the outcome of his marriage, for he learned that his wife had divorced him.

Again he set out for the frozen north; and again do we find him fighting in the eternal struggle of mankind for his stake. The scratching of the earth for its gold did not directly appeal to him and, in Dawson, a town that had sprung up mushroom-like and comprised only the most basic fundamentals of civilization, Taylor soon came to be known as "the man who could play a banjo."

But he had both ability and ambition. Merely playing a banjo--even though its metallic tones brought him ready money from the amusement-hungry denizens of the north country--failed to satisfy him. The proprietor of a small theatre, wherein a company of stock actors labored, unceasingly, recognized, in Taylor, a man who could carry on the work successfully.

He was engaged as producer and stage director. Often he would act--and, frequently, he would paint the scenery to suit his requirements.

None of the old sourdoughs who are now scattered throughout the country, living on the wealth they amassed in those days, are impressed by a name so imposing as William Desmond Taylor. But they all remember him as "Bill," who produced what they considered very high-class plays at "Arizona Charley's" popular house. Some recall him as Jimmy Taylor--and, to others, he was known as 'Gene.

But, according to an old miner acquaintance of Taylor's, the carefully-groomed, reserved, quiet Englishman harbored a secret sorrow, which, with him, was deep and everlasting.

And it was apparent to his two housemates, a prospector and a poet, both of whom had gone north to recoup lost wealth and fortunes. He would work at his theatre until late at night and frequently, on arriving home, would be steeped in deep thought.

But he never divulged the reason for that sorrow--and persons who knew him could only sense what he was suffering by the deep sighs that occasionally made themselves heard, much against his wishes.

For Taylor's was "a grief that you can't control," to use the phrase of

a poet.

The money Taylor made in the north he invested unwisely in the United States. Came a letter to him one day telling him that his presence was needed in San Francisco. As silently as he had slipped into Alaska, he slipped out of it. Perhaps, he kept thinking, he could live quietly in the States on his earnings--perhaps...!

But, as the hand of tragedy has pointed so poignantly in his direction all through his life, so does it point again toward him. For, in San Francisco, his solicitors informed him that he had lost his savings.

He was penniless!

Again there was that heart-rending search for work--something, anything, to do to keep food in his mouth and a roof over his head. And yet even though his talents were many, he suffered horrible privations for days, for work was scarce.

Finally he met Harry Corson Clarke, the globetrotting actor, who was preparing to take his company on tour to the Hawaiian Islands. He offered the down-and-out man a chance, once again, to return to the stage, and Taylor took it. Nevertheless, his craving for the money-fields of Alaska had not been stilled. He told his employer tales of the northern Eldorado--of the chances a man had to rehabilitate himself in the graces of his God and his fellow men. And further, he would say that he had a claim "up there" that he wanted money to work--a claim that would make him fabulously rich if he could but get sufficient backing to open it.

Always with this ambition of getting fabulously rich in mind, he set sail for Honolulu with the Clarke aggregation. Rehearsals were in progress while the boat journey was being made, and by the time the company reached their mid-Pacific destination, the show was ready to go on.

For a month Taylor acted in the play. And then, one day, he learned that carpenters were needed to help build a new theatre which was in course of construction.

Alaska! His dream of getting money to work his claim.

Once again did his mind revert to these musings. And, to earn more money-

-or, as he afterward said, to "bring Alaska some months nearer"--he got work as a carpenter.

It was a trying ordeal, this working by day with hammer and saw and acting in the theatre at night, but Taylor did it for the remaining two months that Clarke played in Honolulu.

His one thought--his sole ambition--was then to make a success of his mining claim in far-off Alaska. But, even though he had worked unceasingly for three months, he had worked only for three months, and his earnings were insufficiently great to enable him more than to make a start at getting his bonanza started.

He was in San Francisco, again casting about for lucrative employment--again beginning to yearn for the ice-fields--and again setting out to conquer new worlds. In New York he had been friendly with the family of an actress, and Fate would have it that that same family should then have been in San Francisco.

And Taylor--the dapper, polished man who once had been one of the leading members of the fashionable Larchmont Yacht Club, who had been known in Gotham's art circles as a scholarly beau brummel, who had won and lost a small fortune, and who was finally more or less a bit of driftwood on the California Coast--set about making the details of his misfortunes wholly unknown.

He gave gay parties for his New York friends. It was a bit of his old self that came to light again. Apparently he had forgotten the tragedy that seared his heart--the one thing that had induced his previous disappearance from New York's society and had kept him from trying to resume his old-time social intercourse in his former haunts.

He was living like a gentleman, at a fashionable hotel, although he realized that his savings were dwindling and that each dollar spent kept him farther from his mining claim.

And it began to look as if he would have to start all over again--as if he were not, after all, to be able to reap the benefits of his mining discovery in the Klondike. His bank-book told him he could not be lying--yet

there it was before him, its columnar pages proclaiming the fact that he had only a few dollars standing between him and utter starvation.

And, as he looked and pondered--and wondered, perhaps, how the hand of Fate would again strike him--he found himself seized once more with that same melancholy that, before, had nearly broken his life.

For he was practically a pauper--and he could not summon courage to apprise his friends of the situation. Yet he could not possibly continue his gentlemanly existence among them.

What would he do?

Part V

Bank books have a peculiar potentiality of blasting people's hopes.

And it was the question of approaching poverty that again confronted William D. Taylor in San Francisco--a few short weeks after he had returned from the Hawaiian Islands and was, seemingly, on the road once more to prosperity.

He had been living like a gentleman. Former New York friends of his were in the Bay City. He was entertaining them, and being entertained by them, lavishly.

And then one day, the bank book that he prized so highly, warned him of impending poverty. He commenced to lapse into that former melancholy state of his.

What, he asked himself, would be the use for him again to try to "make his stake?"

Was not Fate constantly against him? Had not the handwriting on the wall invariably made its appearance to him?

Again he sought solace by communing with the "other half" of humanity. This time found him near 'Frisco's famous waterfront. He failed to return to his hotel for several days. But, had he returned, he would have found his problem solved for him.

The San Francisco agents of a certain influential mining corporation

with interests in Alaska had been looking for him. Yet, he could not be found.

Several days elapsed and, finally, early one morning Taylor returned. There were lines of care, of worriment, in his face. He seemed to have grown suddenly older. The clerk handed him a letter, which he took lackadaisically and hardly bothered to read. Nor would he, perhaps, have read it had he not been interested by the name of the solicitors' firm in the corner of the envelope.

Its contents were a surprise, and, as he read, his spirits began to rise, for the letter informed him that there was a purchaser waiting to buy his Alaskan properties.

The price offered was generous. Once more would Taylor be on comparative easy street. Again with money in the bank, with his own self-estimation heartily increased by the advent of good fortune, Taylor commenced casting about for new lines of progress. For the time being he had no reason to go to Alaska. And the thought of his own sorrow in New York precluded his desire to go there.

It was his San Francisco friends who offered the suggestion that he try his hand at making moving pictures in Los Angeles.

"They're paying a lot of money," someone said to Taylor. "And the work is very easy. We have a friend there who..."

And thereupon was propounded the story of how a new bonanza lay in the manufacture of what were then extremely infantile attempts at entertainment.

Throughout Taylor's entire life one finds that the pioneering spirit actuated many of his movements. Pioneering on a farm in Kansas, at restaurant-keeping in Milwaukee, in art-dealing in New York, in prospecting in Alaska. And, again, his interest in motion pictures became intrigued.

A number of actors from the legitimate stage were commencing to change their views toward the silent drama, and were entering it. Far-sighted persons were beginning to visualize in films a great art rather than a mere fancy.

Thomas H. Ince, for instance, had built a veritable city of motion

picture "sets" on a stretch of land along the ocean front near Santa Monica, Cal. Western Alaska, frontier and out-of-door dramas found their locale in the sage-covered hills that surrounded the film village. New recruits, from every walk of life, were applying at the Inceville gates for admission to the studio--asking for work, for anything that would give them an opportunity to make their mark in the great infant industry.

And, several miles inland, in Los Angeles, studios were being built and the landscape about them began to take on an active production atmosphere, for activity had commenced to buzz on the canvas-covered stages that were springing up like mushrooms.

And Taylor went, one day, to the old-time Kay-Bee studios, to cast his lot with the film folk. He told officials there of his past experience on the stage with Fanny Davenport, of his experiences with Harry Corson Clarke. And an actor there, while he was talking in the office, recognized him as having been a former associate on the stage in New York and augmented his briefly related story.

The result was that Taylor found himself engaged to play before the motion picture camera in a picture called "The Iconoclast."

"Rehearsal at what time?" he inquired--and discovered his remark to be met with a glance of blank amazement.

"Rehearsal--in pictures?" came the reply. "We rehearse first and shoot the film afterward, all at once."

It was a life different from anything to which Taylor had ever been accustomed.

"I used to marvel," he recounted once, not long before his tragic death, "at the free and easy air of everyone in the studio. Everything seemed to depend on the sun. If it would shine we would have a full day; but, at times when Old Sol was contrary, we would sit around the studio swapping yarns until he finally decided to make his appearance."

This, of course, was characteristic only of the early days, for now film work is made at all times possible by the use of high-powered lights which equals, if not surpasses, natural sunlight. And it is a factor which has made

picture production a business venture and has created actual working hours at a studio.

Taylor--the man with a colorful background, the cultured gentleman--was, from the time of his entrance into pictures, a distinctive figure in them. When the sun would keep his company waiting for "shooting time," he would not customarily engage in the various varieties of small talk that so many of the actors practised, but one would see him studying, reading, or watching some phase of the work being done that had seemingly griped his entire attention.

"The Iconoclast" was finished, and he found himself cast for another role. But the powers-that-be at the studio could visualize in him, in his experience something more than a mere actor, and offered him the chance to direct.

In those days it was uncommon for a director to be able to act in his own plays. Taylor could do it and occasionally did. But it was something that he did not entirely care to do.

"I have wanted either to direct or to act," he often remarked. "But I wanted to do one or the other. A combination of work is not a good thing. Too many cooks spoil the soup."

The former American company was setting out to dazzle the eyes of the screen world with a stupendous thirty-episode serial, "The Diamond From the Sky." It was an epoch, for serials hitherto had been more or less fugitive things of disconnected continuity and wild-eyed thrills. Taylor was requested to direct it, and for a year was occupied in making it.

And it was this picture that established him as one of the true artists of the film industry. His method of reserve in handling actors, in keeping his company in harmony, in getting a dollar's best efforts for a dollar's pay, became known to the various Los Angeles producers, and his name, when mentioned, was spoken of with that same reverence that characterized it a few years hence, when its possessor was a member of high standing in the exclusive Larchmont Yacht Club.

His home, an unpretentious place, well-appointed with regard to Taylor's concepts of art, had an atmosphere of color and refinement. Books everywhere,

and objects of art made the Taylor home a center of culture. There was none of the flamboyance evident such as characterized the home of various made newly-rich through their motion picture successes, and the persons accustomed to gather there represented the more cultured, the more artistic class of film devotees.

To Taylor, his venture into the serial field was an education, and he used the play largely as an experimental laboratory to try effects.

"We had autos going over cliffs," he has said, "people falling from balloons, train accidents and all sorts of trained animals from an octopus to an elephant."

When Fox started in producing "The Tale of Two Cities," once more there came to Taylor the hankering for greasepaint. He was offered a role in the play of which William Farnum was the star, and he took it gladly. And in it he was an invaluable aid to the director, for his knowledge of literature and of art made many of his suggestions worthy of deepest consideration.

One of the slain director's chief characteristics was his love for children. In "The Tale of Two Cities," for instance, in scenes where numerous youngsters would take part, he could be found in ardent conversation with them, sharing their joys and sympathizing with them in their sorrows.

Some months later this very attribute of his proved a valuable business asset as well. He had become a director of the Famous Players-Lasky forces--had directed Dustin Farnum, George Beban, Kathlyn Williams, Constance Talmadge and other stars with aplomb, and finally was asked to create, for the screen, versions of both Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn.

An unsympathetic man would not have been able to visualize either of Mark Twain's famous boy characters had he not understood their psychology. To Jack Pickford fell the role of Tom Sawyer, and Robert Gordon, then an almost unknown young actor, was to play Huck Finn.

Months later had these two actors been available, Taylor's perhaps greatest work would not have been accomplished. But, as Fate would have it, when he set about making a production of "Huckleberry Finn" for Lasky, there was no boy actor obtainable for the title role. And Taylor set about to find

someone suitable to the role.

From a number of boys who had reported at the studio he selected Lewis Sargent. The chap's very boyishness, his air of unspoiled youth, were what interested the director, and although young Sargent knew practically nothing about the art of acting, Taylor took him in hand and worked unceasingly with him.

It happens that Mark Twain created Huck to be a boy of many freckles, and these are a facial quality that are difficult to show on the screen. In order for Sargent to have his film freckles properly adjusted to his makeup, Taylor would daily paint them on the lad's face with an iodine brush, and, so that he could readily visualize the true Mark Twain character, Taylor for hours would tell his juvenile star stories that would stimulate his youthful imagination.

And, as the result of Taylor's careful training, Lewis Sargent blossomed from a natural, untrained boy into a trained, capable actor who readily starred in both "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Soul of Youth," and who could take his place in the annals of film history as a truly talented portrayer of types.

When Taylor was directing his actors he continually maintained an attitude of cultured reserve that could not be broken down. To certain boorishly-inclined persons it was a definite barrier between themselves and Taylor, the man. To others, however, it signified dignity and capability. And, many a time, it prevented actors from showing anger of "temperament," so-called, when they were acting in front of the Taylor camera.

His age, for he was in the early forties during his screen career, placed the director in a more or less fatherly attitude toward the younger actors who would work with him. Mary Miles Minter regarded him with all the love that any young girl customarily shows for a male parent. To Ethel Clayton, whom he directed in such productions as "Beyond" and "Wealth," he seemed more like an uncle, and one of his most broken-hearted mourners, at the time of his death, was Betty Compson, whom he directed in "The Green Temptation."

To the young women he directed he was counselor, sympathizer and sharer alike in joys and sorrows. Mabel Normand, for instance, would ask his opinion of all her scenarios before she would commence their production, and, on the fatal evening of his death, she had gone to his home to receive an armful of books that he had selected for her at his bookseller's.

Men--and bachelors--usually have a set of particular cronies--men friends of their own age who receive their confidences and jointly share in the varied joys of a middle-aged man's life. Such a group of men there was at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, of which Taylor was a member.

But, even though this coterie could consider themselves as the film director's intimate friends, there was none in the crowd who received his fullest confidence, particularly in the matter of his erstwhile marriage some years ago in New York.

But these men--all of them in their late thirties and early forties--remember the day, during the war, when Taylor entered their midst announcing that he had enlisted in the Canadian forces.

It was the war that offered the supreme test of Taylor's physical and moral calibre. He, being well over the age limit, had every claim to exemption. Instead, however, he maintained a specified contempt for various younger men who were frantically trying to dodge service, and it was, hence, not a great surprise to his friends when he announced his enlistment as a private.

But there was one of his associates, a kindly, motherly woman, Mrs. Julia Crawford Ivers his scenarist for years, who could offer a plausible reason why he should not undertake the hardships of war. Woman-like, Mrs. Ivers for months had been ministering to Taylor's stomach trouble, from which he had been a sufferer for years. At the studio she had a miniature kitchenette installed in her office, and would daily prepare the director's lunch for him and give him a menu of viands that he could eat digestibly.

And it was because she feared a return of the stomach affliction that she did not want him to go to war, but he went and suffered agonizingly.

The war--his last great adventure--left its impress upon him. He was sufficiently mature to realize the full significance of its heart-crushing suffering. Yet he was young enough to be an optimist after it was over. And, in the eternal struggle, he had progresses as singularly as he had progressed as a private citizen, for while the beginning had seen him as a "buck" private with the British Fusileers, the armistice saw him ranked as a lieutenant.

And it was not until after the war that Taylor really accomplished his best work on the screen. "The Furnace," "The Witching Hour," "The Soul of Youth," stand out as being truly great pictures and proclaim their producer as being not merely a man with a megaphone, but as an inspired figure in the midst of a great art.

And it was because the film industry knew Taylor and respected him--because they readily epitomized his life and his success--that the mourners at his bier were legion. There is no one in the motion picture industry who will speak unkindly of his memory, and his name stands respected and beloved as that of a gentleman, a friend, a scholar--and a true artist.

The End

Wallace Smith: February 21, 1922

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 21, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

Love scenes of a moving picture director and a famous film star -- the real life drama acted by William Desmond Taylor and his last love in screenland -- today became a vital sensation in the hunt for Taylor's

mysterious assassin, a hunt that may end with the arrest of the actress.

They were love scenes as done by experts away from the screen -- by the man who had directed from Mary Pickford down in similar scenes of the screen and by the woman who has acted a hundred such incidents under the eye of the camera.

They may not have been quite up to the screen article, but, recited by the man who witnessed them, they made a background fitting the theory of Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz that this actress was the one who killed Taylor.

Taylor's love scenes in life were narrated today by Henry Peavey, Taylor's houseman, whose charge that this same actress murdered his employer -- told in these dispatches yesterday -- did seismographic things to this section of the continent.

Not that it jarred some of the officials, who seem to show a strange indifference to developments in the case. Because of Henry Peavey's position in life they chose to disregard what he said, despite the fact that he knows more than any living person -- save one -- of what had been going on in the Alvarado St. home.

But even those disinterested ones were forced to take notice today when Peavey again put aside his crochet work and made startling disclosures of Taylor's affairs. Among them were the love scenes.

The actress may not be named, but it is known that she was questioned by the police. Peavey's story contradicted her own account of her relations with Taylor and it gives the lie to her statement that, although she visited Taylor the night of the murder, she had never been there alone before. [3]

"But she was," said Peavey, "she was there just the night before Mr. Taylor was killed. And just a little before that she was there and she took down some of her pictures from the wall and cut them up with a scissors. And I've seen him take her in his arms and kiss her. He was very much in love with her and I've seen nights when he couldn't read but would put down his book and just keep looking at her picture and sighing.

"I know she was at the house the night before because that night I made

a custard. Mr. Taylor didn't come home for dinner that night and the custard stayed there. When he came home I asked was there anything I could do. He said no, except to squeeze out some oranges and lemons for cocktails with gin. Then I went home.

"Next day the custard pan was empty and the cocktail glasses stood by the sink. And I saw her the next day and she told me she had eaten most of the custard. I remember especially because she said it was pudding and it wasn't at all -- but custard.

"Sometime ago I guess they had a quarrel or something. She came in one night, tore down two or three of her pictures off the wall and sat down on the floor with a scissors and began cutting the pictures into bits. Mr. Taylor said something to her and she said she guessed she could cut up her own pictures if she wanted and he said he guessed she could, too.

"But they made up again, I reckon. Because after that I saw him take her in his arms and hug her and kiss her. They kissed like that when they were in his study, the night before Mr. Taylor was killed. She was kissing him as hard as he was kissing her.

"He sure was in love with her. I'd see him many a night start to smoke a cigarette and read a book. After a while he'd put the book down and get one of her pictures and prop it up against a jar or something where he could see it right handy.

"Then he'd try to read again. But he couldn't read long. He'd have to keep looking at this picture, through the cigarette smoke. It was just like you see sometimes in the movies.

"He was always wondering if there wasn't something she wanted around her house. When she was away in the East he had me go to her house and ask the maid if there wasn't something he could get for her. That's the way he was.

"And he'd send her telegrams every night when she was away. I don't know what was in those telegrams, of course it wouldn't do for me to read them. Anyway, I can't read. But it got so that when I'd come in the girl at the telegraph office would say, 'Hello, did I have another message from Bill

to ----?' calling her by her first name.

"Oh, yes he was in love with her all right. And I am sure she is the one who killed him."

Peavey's story was told on the twenty-first day that has passed since the slaying and all of the leaders of the various investigations admit that they have been baffled. They do not admit as yet that they have blundered.

But there seems to have been at least one more blunder since the first two hours after the finding of the body, during which it was insisted that Taylor had "come to his death of natural causes."

That was the heavy-handed elimination of Taylor's favorite watch as a clew.

Much had been expected of the watch when it was found that its delicate mechanism had been stopped, apparently by some sudden impact. The sheriff's theory was that the fall of Taylor's body had stopped the watch. This made the time registered by the watch of vital importance, inasmuch as it was known that the woman under suspicion had been in Taylor's study at the fateful hour mutely spoken by the watch.

It was seized yesterday by detectives and rushed to a jeweler's shop. There an expert -- as these dispatches narrated -- scientifically tested the timepiece to find out what had caused it to cease ticking. He was puzzled. Finally he asked questions and the detectives went back to Public Administrator Bryson.

"Why, that watch has been handled by twenty men since it was brought her," said Bryson. "They wound it and struck it and generally fussed around with it."

The expert shrugged his shoulders. "No wonder I can't tell exactly what happened," he said, "it has been handled too much."

Thus vanished another clue -- as the mysterious nightdress of peach color disappeared and the handkerchief initialed "S" and perhaps, the clues that the slayer left behind.

It is even rumored in this city of rumors that certain influences are working black magic with such clues.

It was even reported that a prominent moving picture producer had hired a Los Angeles detective to work on the mystery -- not to solve it but to clog the trail as much as possible. The detective is said to have admitted that he is in the producer's hire. [4]

Considerable importance was attached to this connection because of the fact that the producer in question had conducted a notorious affair with an actress whose name has been linked with that of Taylor.

Although the heart affair was considered at an end some time since, it is known that the producer still is interested professionally in the young woman involved in the slaying.

The theory of blackmail, present since the day the body was found, seemed strengthened with the finding of a secret bank account said to have been maintained by Taylor in New York since the Fall of 1919. The bank was said to be the Fifth Ave. branch of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York and the sum deposited there was over $7,800.

The public administrator was informed today that only $18.96 of this amount remains to Taylor's credit and there are no canceled checks or any bit of writing among Taylor's effects to account for the vast difference. [5]

Other banks with which he dealt, it has been learned, cashed checks frequently for $700 and $800 and one of $4,000.

According to Taylor's intimates it was unlike him to handle his affairs in this slipshod manner. In these mysterious withdrawals the detectives see the possibility that Taylor had for years paid large sums to blackmailers who knew the secret of his life.

And, according to one theory. Taylor was killed by this gang when he finally made a stand and refused further to bow to their demands for blood money.

Another possibility seemed to have been exploded when the district attorney's men released from custody one Daniel McShea, a taxicab driver, after questioning him for two hours. McShea was reported missing by a woman claiming to be his wife. Unfortunately he chose as the time for his disappearance approximately the hour arbitrarily set by the police as the

hour of the assassination. He was said to have presented a complete alibi and to have persuaded the operatives that he knew nothing of the murder.

In the Altadena foothills, where Mabel Normand, once reported engaged to Taylor, is recuperating from the shock of her friend's death, came word that her manager hopes she soon will be able to complete the picture interrupted by the tragedy.

Until then the star seems to crave seclusion. Four guards were found today pacing the snow powdered estate where Miss Normand is resting. They met the visitor long before he reached the range of the house and quite firmly informed him that Miss Normand could not be seen.

NOTES:

[1] Some of the major errors: the Deane-Tanner family home was at Carlow, not Mallow; in Kansas he was a rancher, not a farmer; he worked as a canvasser and in a restaurant prior to joining Fanny Davenport (not afterwards); he was never "shanghaied"; he enlisted in the British (not Canadian) army.

[2] Needless to say, the slang term had a different meaning at this time.

[3] Peavey is clearly referring to Mabel Normand.

[4] Charles Jones was reportedly working for Mack Sennett.

[5] Much ado about nothing. Taylor was making "Anne of Green Gables" in the East at this time, which took several months to film. The local bank account (hardly a "secret" one) was undoubtedly for the deposit of his paychecks. When he returned to Los Angeles he then had the funds transferred to his Los Angeles bank, leaving only a small amount in the New York bank to keep the account open, in case he should need to use a New York bank again.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 24 -- December 1994 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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Contemporary Reviews of Films Directed by William Desmond Taylor
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What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Contemporary Reviews of Films Directed by William Desmond Taylor

The following is a sampling of contemporary reviews of Taylor's films, spanning his career as film director. Some of the reviews have been edited to remove lengthy plot summaries, cast listings, etc.

The Judge's Wife

October 23, 1914

VARIETY

A White Star three-reeler sent out through the Box Office Attractions Co.

The film features Neva Gerber. It is devoid of much action, and runs slowly because of that. The two principal scenes are the lover (with a mustache) rescuing his fiancee from an attempted abduction, and also the same lover's discovery of the judge's wife robbing the safe in her own home. She wanted money to pay her debts. The judge was about three times her age, very wealthy, but shy on handing out coin to the family. His young and second wife was a rapid shopper. She bought half a department store from appearances, before the engine of the auto could cool off while it stood outside. But the thing that seemed to bother wifie most was $197 she lost at bridge whist one afternoon. Shortly after the game was over, one of the judge's real estate agents called to hand him "several thousands of dollars," collected after banking hours. The judge accepted the money as though it were a cigar, and jammed it in the safe. When the house was dark, the wife returned to the parlor, and unlocked the safe (although the manner in which the knob pointed showed the safe had not been locked). The mustached lover heard her descend the staircase, followed, threw on the lights, saw his employer's wife, but she turned the tables by grabbing his revolver and holding him at bay, after he had taken the money from her. Then the wife screamed for help, proclaiming the lover (the judge's secretary as well) as the thief. He stood for it, and went up stairs to pack. The wife repented, confessed, and everything was lovely. Probably also the judge loosened up when he heard of that one-ninety-seven. A couple of other mustaches were in this three reeler. It would seem that the White Star, with the exception of Miss Gerber and one or two others of the principals, needs a new stock company, for appearances, if nothing else. "The Judge's Wife," as a feature, wasn't worth while, on its scenario, in the first place.

The Last Chapter

February 19, 1915

VARIETY

"The Last Chapter" was written by Richard Harding Davis and produced in film form by the Favorite Players with Carlyle Blackwell in the leading

role...It is a good production with a capable cast.

He Fell In Love With His Wife

February 19, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"He Fell in Love with His Wife" has been read by hundreds of thousands in book form, and has entertained theatregoers for several years as a spoken drama. While the Pallas picturization leaves a lot to be desired on the whole it contains more than sufficient merit, dramatically and photographically, to fulfill its mission as a feature film of class...Direction--Very good at times; could be improved in spots.

March 10, 1916

VARIETY

The Pallas-Paramount release under the above title carries Florence Rockwell in the principal role, the feature being an adaptation of the original novel of similar title credited to Harry Sheldon. The theme deals with the life story of a woman who innocently marries a bigamist...The various interiors are particularly well taken and appointed and the exteriors show a tone of naturalness. Miss Rockwell fills all the requirements of the principal role and in addition gave the story some weight with her good work. Her support was wholly good without exception and a measure of credit belongs to the producer and director for their efforts. It makes a good program feature, away from the usual run and because of this novelty.

Ben Blair

March 3, 1916

VARIETY

Five part Pallas (Paramount) feature, starring Dustin Farnum, directed by William D. Taylor...The wild western life is admirably picturized, including

desperate gun fights and cowboy riding. While a good picture in many respects, it is hardly up to the Paramount standard.

April 1, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"Ben Blair" is away below the usual Pallas-Dustin Farnum standard, and at best can only be rated as a second class feature. Direction--The story did not permit of anything startling in this relation. On the whole the director did well enough, considering the drawbacks of the plot.

Pasquale

May 26, 1916

VARIETY

George Beban and Lawrence McCloskey are the authors of "Pasquale," a five-reel Paramount feature produced at the Morosco studios, that has Beban as the star. The feature is filled to the brim with heart interest and contains much sob material, not of the usual flamboyant type, but of the kind that is brought about so naturally and logically that before one knows it there is a contraction in one's throat and a tear in the eye as the scenes of the photo drama pass in revue...From a production standpoint there is nothing to be desired, for lightings, settings, direction and acting are at once adequate and perfect. "Pasquale" is a mighty good feature.

May 27, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

..There is plenty of genuinely appealing human interest embodied in the tale unfolded, and numerous little incidents of every day life occur here and there, which give the desired effect of naturalness. "Pasquale" not only is blessed with a clever star in the person of Beban, but has other unusual attributes to recommend it as a feature play of more than passing interest. The story is good, well acted, finely produced and embellished with several

realistic battle scenes, not to mention some impressive storm effects and superior lighting throughout. The cast is exceptionally competent. No one overplays, and there is an ensemble effect in the acting worthy of mention...On the whole a classy production from every standpoint...Direction--By W. D. Taylor. Couldn't be better. Beautiful and impressive storm effects as well as flashes of war evidence director's technique.

August 1916

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

Among the very few pieces of the past month which have any worth at all, Morosco's "Pasquale" sticks out like a sore thumb on a pianist.

It's fairly wonderful, when you come to think of it, that no one before Mr. George Beban and his collaborator dreamed of applying the war-problems of foreign born American citizens to purposes of dramatic plot.

Here we have a perfectly lifelike Italian grocer and a perfectly lifelike Italian banker, both moved by a great love for the fatherland--and both setting the match to incipient domestic tragedies by their departures. Had Mr. Beban found a way out of his five-fathom suspense other than through the death of his unwanted people, "Pasquale" would have been a complete masterpiece. As it is, its humdrum, conventional ending doesn't spoil the taste of a lot of superb characterization which goes before.

Not the least virtue of this effort is that it isn't a star play for anyone. Mr. Beban as the grocer, Nigel de Brullier as the banker, Helen Eddy as Margarita and Myrtle Stedman as the banker's wife all have equal roles.

The American Beauty

July 7, 1916

VARIETY

"The American Beauty" is a Paramount and runs for about 1,500 feet before there is really any way that one can find out what the story is all about.

Then the things begin to straighten themselves in one's mind the yarn goes along for another two reels before the love interest becomes apparent, and there are really about 1,500 feet left in which to carry out the story to the satisfaction of the usual movie audience. The story in itself is one that has been used in various forms all too often in feature pictures and this naturally detracts from the value of the picture as a first-class feature. It is the old story of an artist and his model. Only in this case the fifteen hundred feet used up at the opening of the picture was to plant the fact that the girl came of so-called "good" parentage and therefore, when later in the picture the artist falls in love with her after she has posed for his masterpiece, there is no reason why he shouldn't marry her without the danger of being ostracized socially. "The American Beauty" is but a fair example of a feature, although those who go for the finer details will find much to praise in the interior settings of the studios and the art gallery that are employed as the locale for the telling of the story.

July 15, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"The American Beauty" is a high class feature. The photography is beautiful, and real achievements have been attained in the way of artistic and unusual light effects. Technically the production is excellent. Director Wm. D. Taylor having turned out a picture he may be well proud of...First class program feature. Should draw well in any class of house.

Davy Crockett

July 29, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"Davy Crockett" is a "costume" play. Costumes in question being of the period of the early eighteenth century. There is a wealth of romantic interest and a fine spirit of adventure woven throughout the narrative. Dustin Farnum heads a dandy cast, and on the whole "Davy Crockett" should appeal to the better and middle class houses as a first class attraction...Very fine

production.

August 4, 1916
VARIETY

Davy Crockett is famed as a huntsman. In the Pallas (Paramount) picture of that title, Davy with Dustin Farnum starred in the title role, is more the lover. And as a lover he is made heroic, as he might have been had the Pallas, with Crockett in films, used the scope the opera gave to the subject... Crockett in name alone conjures up all outdoors, a big brave mountaineer, ready at any time for anything that could come on the ground or through the air. Mr. Farnum suits the role. There could not have been a better selection for it, and he did his two or three heroic tricks in approved style, but that was all in his favor, or the story's. For the rest he was mushy, the tale was mushy, and a side story consumed too much space in the telling...The side story drags the film, the picture does not live up to the expectations of the American youth, from the title, and although it picks up toward the finish, this "Davy Crockett" is not an A1 output. A couple of holes in direction are large enough to push the projection machine through them...The scenic surroundings were well worth looking at and were it not for the drawn-out and padded story, this "Davy Crockett" could have been a corker. With Farnum as Crockett the possibilities are there for another of the same title, and the Pallas should go after it, along more active lines.

October 1916
Julian Johnson
PHOTOPLAY

"Davy Crockett" has thrilled all sorts of boys, from the lad who sat on the floor and read the story by the flicker of pine knots, to Mrs. Western Union's son, humped over a dog's eared volume while burrowing through upper Manhattan in a Bronx express. "Davy Crockett," via the smile and biceps of Dustin Farnum and the appliances of the Morosco company, keeps up the good work of amusement and muscle-tingling.

The Parson of Panamint

September 9, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

Dustin Farnum is always likeable in roles such as the two-handed Parson of Panamint. Lots of good, healthy action and fine scenic qualities are two worthwhile features of this production...Direction--By Wm. D. Taylor. The producer turned out a notable picture play. Several little touches evidence Director Taylor's ability as a creator of atmosphere.

September 16, 1916

VARIETY

This is a film adaptation of a story that appeared in the Saturday Evening Post about a year ago. It is corking material for a feature picture and Dustin Farnum in the titular role portrays the fighting parson of the wild west mining camp in truly likeable manner...The camp life is realistically reproduced and the dance hall with its gambling outfit and the other attendant features is very interesting. The picture is well produced and will hold the interest of any audience. Dustin Farnum stands as the star, but "Doc" Cannon as "Chuckawalla" shares honors with him. The feature is one of the best that has been turned out by the Pallas people in some time and well worth playing.

November 1916

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

Morosco's shipping clerk nailed up two unusually good films for Eastern expressage last month.

One of these, "The Parson of Panamint," had the advantage of Peter B. Kyne's stalwart authorship. Dustin Farnum, as the fighting minister, led the exercises, while the scheme of the novel and its characterizations, were very well preserved...

The House of Lies

September 22, 1916

VARIETY

As an example of what a feature picture should not be this release of the Paramount, produced by the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Co., is a fairly good example. Originally the story must have had possibilities but in the manner in which the final screen presentation is worked out, the feature fails to hit the mark. The story is cheap melodrama of the type that has long since passed its day in popular appeal, and Edna Goodrich does not get over with sufficient punch as the star of this release. The Oliver Morosco Company has turned out better pictures than this, then again this is better than some others that the same company has released. The star has the role of a stepdaughter who is the beauty of the family. Her stepmother and her half sister decide that the beauty of the family must be sacrificed on the altar of mammon so that the family can maintain its social position. Stepmamma then plots with a theatrical producer to help her find a wealthy husband for the girl, but the latter before she will permit herself to be auctioned off, decides to destroy her beauty with acid. Finally when she meets the man she really loves she discloses the fact that the acid marks were nothing but grease paint and he receives her with open arms. It isn't much as a feature, at this late day in the picture producing field.

September 23, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"The House of Lies" tells a familiar story in interesting fashion. As far as production, sets, etc., are concerned the feature will stand comparison with the best. The story is not overstrong, but as visualized by Wm. D. Taylor, holds very well.

Her Father's Son

October 14, 1916

NEW YORK CLIPPER

"Her Father's Son" seems to have been written with a well defined object in view. Said objective being Vivian Martin's ability to wear boys clothes and appear cute in same. The picture is absolutely devoid of anything approaching real drama, and the director fell down heavily once or twice on detail. For example, a scene depicting a general's tent in Civil war time looked exceedingly like the model camping outfits which can be purchased ready to use in any sporting goods story. The soldiers and other characters, too, had a decidedly modern appearance, and did not suggest people of Civil War days...Very light story lacking in dramatic interest.

October 20, 1916

VARIETY

Here is a very good little story of the days prior to the Civil War, the scenes of which are laid in Virginia. Vivian Martin is the star of "Her Father's Son," a feature production presented by the Oliver Morosco Company on the Paramount. Pictorially it is one of the best features this company has turned out in some time, and from an acting standpoint the production is excellent..."Her Father's Son" is a very charming picture that will please almost any type of an audience, there being a little dash of adventure in the war scenes, which take their place naturally in the sequence of the story.

January 1917

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

"Her Father's Son" is the best poor picture I have ever enjoyed.

This statement concerns the sunplay of that name put out by the Morosco studio, featuring Vivian Martin. Here we have a perfectly impossible make-believe, in that a young girl daughter of a Secesh Northerner who dies under a falling tree, goes to the home of her relative, a redoubtable Union Southerner, and there whoops it up for the stars and bars against the stars

and stripes in boy's clothes, and until the proper moment for sweetheart revelations not even her fair cousin suspects that she's a soprano.

One William Taylor directed this picture. If Mr. Taylor had been born in France it would have been, doubtless, upon Montmartre, for he is an artist who reveals such a feeling for group and line, pastel shadow and tremendous contrast, that he will carve an entirely individual niche in the directoral cliff if he sustains this pace. Believe the story or laugh at it, if you have a taste for anything beyond circus billing the mere depiction of this inconsistent tale will hold you spellbound. Miss Martin herself is a bit of Delftish color, and Herbert Standing and Helen Eddy do some excellent acting.

The Happiness of Three Women

February 23, 1917

VARIETY

"A Picture in the Dark" could have been another title for this Morosco (Paramount) feature named "The Happiness of Three Women," with House Peters and Myrtle Stedman starred. There are many dark scenes in it where freak photography has been tried for. These effects have been fairly successful, as far as the effect tried for was obtained, but they leave the film as a whole so much in the dark that where there is a full lighted bit of photography it looks dim, and some of the early bright scenes really are dim. In a large house the picture would be confusing to many in the rear of the auditorium. And speaking of deep theatres, don't the caption writers or the insert fellows ever think there is anybody back of the third row in the orchestra who might want to read a flash? It's so supinely idiotic to flash a telegraph message with the words magnified only for the musicians, without a chance of anyone back of the tenth row being able to read it, or to show a long hand written letter that even the musicians in the pit have trouble in deciphering. Pictures come and pictures go, but some of the faults remain forever. The big spectacular effect in this feature is a bolt of lightning that strikes a tree and tangles up the plot. It resembled a lightning bolt about as much as Troy

does a city. The explosion looked to be exactly that of a hut blow up in the woods...The night scenes of the automobiles on the road with their searchlights looked well, but that's about all. The picture runs along, always just missing a punch, and the players in the same fix. All played well enough, no one, not even the stars, surpassing any of the others, excepting one of the women did some cutey stuff she didn't look. A few of the close-ups of the women also proved they looked much better at a distance. An average weekly release for a service program.

Out of the Wreck

April 20, 1917

VARIETY

...as a whole the production may be classed as good program material, to be liked greatly by those who enjoy being unhappy.

June 1917

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

"Out of the Wreck" compels Kathlyn Williams to swim through as heavy a tide of melodrama as we have seen, even in Foxy evenings. Our verdict on this piece is that it is a well done thing not worth doing at all.

The World Apart

May 30, 1917

NEW YORK CLIPPER

The action is gripping. An excellent picture with an appealing human interest.

June 2, 1917

EXHIBITOR'S TRADE REVIEW

...Inconsequential to the point of being thoroughly insipid...but an

amount of color has been created by the settings.

August 1917
Julian Johnson
PHOTOPLAY

"The World Apart" is the meaningless title of a pretty good Western play featuring Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman, and enhanced, as well, by the unfeatured work of John W. Burton and Eugene Pallette.

Big Timber

June 22, 1917
VARIETY

From a pictorial standpoint "Big Timber," a Morosco-Paramount production, is a corker; the same can be said for the greater part of the production, with the exception of one final touch, the rainstorm. That is the one flaw, but in view of what has preceded it one is quite ready to forgive this slip...All of his timberland is burning up, due to fires set by the villain who has lost out, and as husband and wife clasp each other the rain comes pouring down, saving the day. This is the one weak touch, and brings a laugh from most audiences. But the picture is a corking feature that will pull audiences.

September 1917
Julian Johnson
PHOTOPLAY

"Big Timber" is the best vehicle Kathlyn Williams has had in a year. It is an honest, virile story of men and women in the lumbercamps; has real suspense, and a triangular interest where justifications are left up in the air until the crises arrive. Miss Williams has the fine support of Alfred Paget and of Wallace Reid, and if you would know how very, very much one little scant moustache can change a man's personality, try to find Reid under his. The picture is convincing until its final moment--that absurd, author-

sent rain, nickoftimey as ye old-fashioned reprieve.

The Varmint

August 10, 1917
VARIETY

It was a relief to find that the fine spirit of Owen Johnson's Lawrenceville school story had been so well maintained in "The Varmint." Gardner Hunting, in the scenario, and William D. Taylor as director, gave evidence of a knowledge of school-boy tradition that put the stamp of excellence on the picture at once...The Varmint's doings are all good picture stuff, but the way they are bound together into a logical, cumulative story is especially worthy of note. A director, scenarioist and star whose boarding school traditions were defined by the life of Public School No. 63 would have made a hash of "The Varmint." The Lasky people have made a success of it, a picture of the widest appeal...Jack Pickford again puts it over as the Varmint. He is the fresh young kid to the life, and he registers a gradual development of character that is truly artistically done. Louise Huff, the only female in the piece, looks pretty enough to send the whole school daffy. Theodore Roberts contributes another splendid characterization as the Roman. The schoolboy parts are handled most effectively. Scenes show a famous Western college campus that is a close resemblance to the Eastern schools' exteriors. All in all, a worthy picture for the Pickford-Huff bow under the new Paramount booking policy. Those who have read the story will like the picture immensely. Those who haven't will like it immensely, too.

August 15, 1917
NEW YORK CLIPPER

With Owen Johnson's novel to work on, Gardner Hunting has turned out a thoroughly interesting picture...It is the very fact that in the scenes of "The Varmint" college student pranks are carried to the extremes of absurdity that gives the picture a realism and interest that is well nigh

irresistible...

August 18, 1917

EXHIBITOR'S TRADE REVIEW

...Brimming over with human interest. Clean, wholesome and entertaining...

North of Fifty-Three

December 1917

Randolph Bartlett

PHOTOPLAY

Time was when, if you had told Dustin Farnum that his acting reminded you of his brother Bill, he might have thought you were very complimentary to Bill. Those days have passed. The highest compliment that can be paid to "North of Fifty-three" is that Dustin Farnum therein reminds one of his more famous--pictorially speaking--brother. Thus does the screen transpose values that the stage establishes. The title comes from the line--quoting from memory--"There's never a law of God or man runs north of fifty-three." However it may be with laws, they appear to have a plentiful supply of lip-sticks up there, as Miss Kingston's mouth was a perfect cupid's bow....There are many knotholes and extraneous incidents in this plot, but if you like romances of the snowfields, you won't mind.

Jack and Jill

November 23, 1917

VARIETY

Jack and Louise do something a little different in their latest Paramount offering "Jack and Jill." Say what you will about this pair there's something about their youth and charm that gets an audience where the "getting" is good...Every attention has been paid to the staging and filming of the

picture, and the direction is above par. A photoplay with action, humor, love interest, suspense, and a plot worked out excellently by two engaging youngsters and a director whose artistic ideals are not limited by any stinginess on the part of his producing company.

February 1918
Randolph Bartlett
PHOTOPLAY

"Jack and Jill" are Jack Pickford and Jill Huff, pugilist and vendor of chewing gum respectively. It has the comedy of the New York East Side and of the Mexican border, with a finale of melodrama in the latter vicinity. Its weakness is that the two stars are not quite in sympathy with the slum-grown characters they portray. But why the title?

Tom Sawyer

December 7, 1917
VARIETY

There are very few of us who haven't read of the mischievous adventures of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, hence the screen adaptation of Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" should be of great value as a feature attraction not only for its intrinsic value, but as a title to conjure with...One's first observation would be that so simple a tale would be insufficient entertainment to the patrons of such a house as the New York Strand, and when the picture first starts you become fearful it won't hold up for five reels. As it progresses, however, the comedy grows apace until it winds up in a blaze of glory...All very trivial to be sure, but it is class, wholesome amusement, and try to be as dignifiedly grown up as you can, you will enjoy it. Jack Pickford is the star, and looked and acted in a sufficiently youthful manner to admirably visualize the hero. The young men portraying Huck Finn and Joe Harper were equally effective in their respective roles. "Becky" was a sweet little thing, and the entire company aided in creating the proper pictures. William D.

Taylor, as director, fulfilled his mission. This Morosco (Paramount) production will never grow old. It can be repeated at regular intervals by exhibitors for generations.

March 1918
Randolph Bartlett
PHOTOPLAY

Nearly two decades removed from my last previous reading of Mark Twain's classic of American boy life, "Tom Sawyer," the Jack Pickford-Paramount reintroduction of this 100 per cent boy was a happiness not easily described. The incident of the whitewashing of the fence, the love affair with the new girl in town, the fight with the "model boy," the clandestine friendship with Huck Finn the disreputable, the first smoke, the pirate adventure, the attendance at his own funeral--to mention the incidents alone is to revive memories of pleasures that come once in a lifetime. If Hood had been blessed with the privilege of seeing such a picture, he might not have written his plaint that he was farther from heaven than when he was a boy, because he had learned that the tops of the fir trees did not touch the sky. The tops of my fir trees touched the sky again as I watched this picture. Boys and girls will enjoy it, but only men and women will truly understand.

February 1918
Frederick James Smith
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Remember how Tom Sawyer, as "the Black Avenger of the Spanish Main," ran away with Huck Finn and Joe Harper? How they floated down the Mississippi on a raft, and returned in time to upset their own funeral services and startle the inhabitants of their village? This forms a big part of "Tom Sawyer," Paramount's adaptation of Mark Twain's immortal romance of boy life. Happily, the adapter has not tried to pad, condense or adulterate...Jack Pickford isn't wholly our idea of Tom, by any means. But he is boyish, untheatrical and thoroughly likeable. Robert Gordon presents a real harum-scarum Huck Finn, who

spits thru his teeth with such accuracy and skill. It will be a long time before we forget Mr. Gordon's Huck. The direction is admirable, catching the spirit and atmosphere of Twain. All in all, "Tom Sawyer" is a screenic joy.

The Spirit of '17

January 25, 1917

VARIETY

With a good cast, able direction by William Taylor, scenario by Julia Ivers, story by Judge Willis Brown, Jack Pickford's newest picture, "The Spirit of '17," is a Paramount production of timeliness and calculated to arouse any latent patriotism that may exist in the breast of the youth of America. While there is plenty of action, it is so divided throughout the five reels and the story so disjointedly and disconnectedly "told," that one has more or less difficulty in gathering a clear idea of what it is all about. The main plot isn't absolutely planted until practically the end of the fourth reel, and when finally it is set, it is the sort of tale usually devoured by 12-year-old boys anxious to accomplish heroic deeds...There are half a dozen subsidiary plots, all equally elemental, and while such things may be entertaining to the immature mind, it is doubtful if any but the most undeveloped mentality can see more than elemental suspensive interest in it for a feature film. A genuine working mine has been utilized for locations and the acting throughout is in the hands of competent people. The star has been very happily cast for the romantic role of the boy scout who is fortunate enough to be the direct medium for the exposing of an alien plot. It is exactly in his line, that of a winsome youth fired with the spirit of patriotism. When he affects that far-away expression he resembles more than at any time his famous sister.

April 1918

Randolph Bartlett

PHOTOPLAY

Boy Scouts and G.A.R. men are the heroes of a patriotic story called "The Spirit of '17," in which Jack Pickford unearths and foils a German spy plot. The spirit in question is that none too old and none too young to serve his country, even if not qualified for enlistment. The story lacks distinction and the romance is rather calf-like; yet there is a certain nimble quality about this boy Pickford that keeps the fable from descending to a commonplace level. His agility is not merely physical, but of a sort that bespeaks a lively mind as well. His heroics would be a little banal, if there were not in them something of the eternal boy that he represented in Tom Sawyer. A large but rather ordinary cast surrounds the star. Helen Eddy, in the thankless role of a girl with a grouch against the world in general, wins the sole distinction in her small but effective bit.

Huck and Tom

March 8, 1918

VARIETY

Director William D. Taylor has added another acceptable Paramount visualization of the immortal Tom Sawyer stories to the screen...The whole thing is very human and as it recalls one's early reading, carries with it just the proper "romance" for both the present and last generation of theatre-goers. There is no particular point upon which to dwell, other than to record the comedy registered strongly in the Paramount projection room, where it was screened for a bunch of hardened trade paper reviewers.

June 1918

Randolph Bartlett

PHOTOPLAY

"There comes a time in the life of every well-constructed boy when he is overcome by a raging desire to dig for hidden treasure." This is the kernel of "Huck and Tom," a sequel to "Tom Sawyer," made from the second of the Mark Twain books of boyhood. The story is not so fascinating, being an unbelievable

mixture of boyish fancy and Brady melodrama. Jack Pickford, Robert Gordon and Clara Horton bear the brunt of the task of making it seem real.

His Majesty Bunker Bean

April 10, 1918

NEW YORK CLIPPER

As has happened before, the conversion of a stage success into a screen drama does not come up to expectations. This comedy bubbled over with laughter when it was presented on the stage, but the film affords few and far-between laughs. The story does not preserve sufficient continuity to be re-told. It is the adventure of a conscientious stenographer, who rises to wealth and marries the daughter of his boss. The credit for the success of this picture, if it does meet with success, is due to Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, for, were it not for these two amiable little comics, the picture would have no laurels on which to rest.

April 12, 1918

VARIETY

A corking springtime comedy is the Lasky-Paramount release, "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," with Jack Pickford Starred. There is an interesting story, well told by a capable cast, the whole evolving into a feature certain to please the majority. "His Majesty, Bunker Bean" is from the play of the same title by Harry Leon Wilson, adapted for the screen by Julia Crawford Ivers, and directed by William D. Taylor. That Louise Huff supports the star also helps to carry it along. She plays a "Flapper" with wonderful assurance and creates a distinct impression. The story of the youth who needs but the power of suggestion to make him a success is pleasingly disclosed in the film version. Pickford is the boy, and he handles the title role wonderfully well..."His Majesty, Bunker Bean" is a comedy picture that gets laughs on its action as well as its titles, and it is action all the way with a real fresh love story carried along at a speedy clip. That is enough for any picture audience.

Up the Road with Sallie

June 28, 1918

VARIETY

Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road with Sallie" has a part which suits her admirably. It is, indeed, largely due to her charm and girlish animation that the story holds the interest. The plot is meager and improbable, the action slow...The direction of William D. Taylor was admirable, the photography, particularly some remarkable storm effects and studies in lighting, being very beautiful.

July 1918

Randolph Bartlett

PHOTOPLAY

Constance, the sunshine child of the Talmadge family, is rapidly acquiring that deftness which alone makes comedy. In "Up the Road with Sallie" she is a delightful mischief-maker. She kidnaps a willing aunt and finds romance for two. It is well to remember that William D. Taylor directed this picture. Mr. Taylor has the real comedy sense. Norman Kerry is pleasingly perfect.

Mile-a-Minute Kendall

May 10, 1918

VARIETY

The Pickford family is fully represented in New York this week, with Mary starred at the Strand in "M'Liss," with Brother Jack and Sister Lottie featured at the Rivoli in "Mile-a-Minute Kendall." The latter is a screen adaptation of Owen Davis' play of that name. Scenarioized by Gardner Hunting and directed by William D. Taylor for Paramount. Jack has the titular role, that of a millionaire's son with a liking for fast living and a penchant for

mechanical invention. How he gets mixed up with a chorus girl adventuress and wants to marry her, escaping only by an accident, and is saved by his little country sweetheart, who believes in him when he is cast off by his father, how he invents something worth millions and marries the bucolic female, all go to make an attractive program picture, no small part of which is the excellent photography. There are some specially fine character portrayals by members of the cast, among them a "vampire" bit by Sister Lottie, that will surprise those who have been accustomed to seeing her in more respectable roles. Somehow the idea of a sister "vamping" her own brother is not exactly palatable...

May 15, 1918

NEW YORK CLIPPER

...There is a spontaneity about Jack Pickford that is refreshing. His characterization of the wayward youth is excellent, and he plays the role of Kendall with a characteristic dash and vim...The film has been exceedingly well staged. It constitutes a highly diverting evening's entertainment.

July 1918

Randolph Bartlett

PHOTOPLAY

"Mile-a-Minute Kendall"--one of the liveliest comedy dramas of the month; Jack Pickford as a wealthy scapegrace, invents a new motor and marries Louise Huff; several clever comedy characters of bucolic origin; Lottie Pickford in one of her rare visits to the screen.

How Could You, Jean?

June 19, 1918

NEW YORK CLIPPER

Instead of asking "How Could You, Jean?" we venture to ask, "How Could You, Mary?" for in the present instance Miss Pickford has been cast for a role

that is neither alluring or appealing. Her abilities could easily find wide and better scope, for she has attained much greater heights in other pictures...The story lacks continuity and is faulty in many respects. It might prove a good vehicle for a lesser artist but much more is expected of this favorite, and her reputation demands it. The fault probably rests with the powers that be, who are certainly guilty of poor judgment in choosing this story. The acting and the scenic effects are handled in a skillful manner, but not sufficiently so to redeem the picture.

July 5, 1918
VARIETY

William D. Taylor directed "How Could You, Jean?" for Artcraft. It will probably be some time before he secures another opportunity to direct a Mary Pickford feature. The story, by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd, is weak enough, but the direction is altogether uninspired by even a touch of brilliancy or originality...The picture wobbles along to an inevitable ending, and despite the personal triumph of the star, the whole thing falls flat upon a half-way discriminating audience. But on Thursday afternoons when the cooks have their half holidays the picture should please in the popular priced picture houses.

September 1918
Randolph Bartlett
PHOTOPLAY

"How Could You, Jean?" gives us Mary Pickford in an April setting. The rather slender plot winds its way cheerfully through a background of babbling brooks, young lambs and apple blossoms. It tells the story of a society girl, posing as a farm cook, who falls in love with a millionaire, masquerading as a hired man. It would be hard to imagine anything more popular than this combination of Mary Pickford and springtime.

Johanna Enlists

September 13, 1918

VARIETY

Seen at private showing the latest Mary Pickford feature, "Johanna Enlists" (Artcraft), is as attractive, refreshing and original a picture as one would care to see...The comedy situations derived are delightful. The whole production is noteworthy, the scenario from Rupert Hughes' story, the direction of William D. Taylor and the admirable photography...It is not the plot which makes this picture interesting, but the charm of Mary Pickford, the delicate vein of comedy which runs through it all, and the excellent support form every one concerned. Outside of the principals the soldiers shown are the actual members, now gone across, of the regiment to which Miss Pickford is a godmother. Especially good are Monte Blue, Douglas MacLean and Emory Johnson, who impersonate the three soldiers most interested in Johanna. And a more attractive "kid" actor could not be found than Wesley Barry as Johanna's freckle-faced little brother.

December 1918

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

There are several components of Mary Pickford's enduring success, not the least of which is the whole-souled enthusiasm she gives every role. In "Johanna" we find her playing a miserable little country wench upon whose two-by-four amours and kitchen delights she bestows all the abandon of a tragedy queen in an all-star Shakespearean cast. This makes for success because it makes for reality. You believe in a character that evidently believes in itself; Mary Pickford doesn't play; she lives. "Johanna Enlists" will set no creeks on fire, but it is rapid, wholesome, patriotic fun.

Captain Kidd, Jr.

April 25, 1919

VARIETY

...As a whole it is rather a disappointment. The story isn't there in picture form, the production is cheap and as a feature production, with Mary Pickford as the star, it fails to stand up at anytime. The only amusing touch in the entire picture was the parrot that shrieked curses on everybody, and these were the only laughs that were forthcoming...William D. Taylor directed the production and evidently handled what material he had to the best advantage...Of course with the Pickford name the picture will do business, but it isn't a production that is going to be able to play repeats anywhere.

July 1919
Julian Johnson
PHOTOPLAY

This, the last of Mary Pickford's present Zukor enterprises, is a rollicking Frances Marion dramatization of Rida Johnson Young's play. One of the first essentials of successful comedy is that it be taken seriously by everyone concerned. If you don't think the Sennetters take their absurdities seriously you're very much mistaken. I get the impression, on viewing these reels, that le grand Mary was just as serious as ever, and just as much a good actress, but that the play suffers because its director, William D. Taylor, considered it an inconsequential trifle. While, as I have said, Miss Marion rollicks ad lib, the script is not Miss Marion at her best. If you will hark back to Mickey Neilan's "M'liss" you may recall a substance even more inconsequential than this, in which we got the very ecstasy of laughter because of the utter gravity of the performers--and the super-gravity of the director himself! The fine cast of "Captain Kidd, Jr." includes Douglas MacLean, Spottiswoode Aitken, Marcia Manon, and that too-infrequently-seen young man, Robert Gordon.

July 1919
Frederick James Smith
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

There are moments in "Captain Kidd, Jr.," (Artcraft), when you wonder if

you are watching a Mack Sennett farce. For the romance of a quest in search of buried treasure has been transposed into broad burlesque in the making by Director William D. Taylor. "Captain Kidd, Jr." even has its travesty sheriff in a trick Ford. Mary Pickford is her pleasing self as Mary MacTavish, Douglas MacLean is a likeable lover and Robert Gordon contributes a bright bit as the foppish Billie Carleton. After all, we liked Miss Pickford's treasure-hunting garb best of everything in "Captain Kidd, Jr."

Anne of Green Gables

November 14, 1919

VARIETY

This is the first picture made by Mary Miles Minter for Realart. William Desmond Taylor directed, Frances Marion devised the scenario. The whole thing is based on the book of the same name by L. M. Montgomery. All these authors, so far as the film making is concerned, labored with great difficulties and came out on the whole successfully. The trouble with the picture is that it is not drama. It is a narrative, a biography, and how to work some suspense into it must have kept Taylor up nights. While he does not get suspense, he does get sympathy. The thing drags admittedly, but there's a wholesome charm to it...Miss Minter is called on merely to be a sweet young thing. Certainly she revealed nothing approaching the Pickford standard, though some have declared she was being prepared to supplant that lady.

November 22, 1919

HARRISON'S REPORTS

..."Anne of Green Gables" is one of the cleanest, sweetest, most human pictures the screen can boast of. It is the personification of all that is pure and tender in life. It is one of those pictures that sink deep. Laughs and tears mingle in the situations, making the spectator sympathise intensely with the joys and sorrows, hopes, despairs, pleasures and afflications of the characters...

February 1920

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

Mary Miles Minter is a bit of established popularity. So are L. M. Montgomery's "Anne" books. The combination, ergo, was a well-advised one for the young star's debut on a new programme. The same advised selection proceeded in the selection of Francis Marion as the person who could best weld four tales into one string for the celluloids. The result is no drama to speak of, but a more or less biographic account of a little orphan girl who was alternately pathetic and funny; and later, alternately fiercely tragic and meltingly lovely. The high spots of the picture to me were Anne's black-and-white chicken, the feeding of imprisoned Anne by the little boy, Anne's innocent encounter with the mephitic polecat while hunting the picnic, and--later--adolescent Anne's tribulations as the disciplinarian of the village school. William D. Taylor's direction of the picture is pleasantly adequate without being in any way original, and the best work of the long cast is done by Marcia Harris, as Aunt Marilla.

February 1920

Frederick James Smith

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Mary Miles Minter's "Anne of Green Gables," (Realart), belongs to the sugar-coated Pollyanna school of realistic literature. Miss Minter portrays a young orphan who, adopted by an aged couple, softens their hearts and eventually wins her own happiness. Miss Minter is a pleasant little person, but of limited technical equipment. Hence "Anne of Green Gables," centered wholly upon her, moves along a monotonous level of conventionality.

June 1920

Hazel Simpson Naylor

MOTION PICTURE

I have read so many adverse criticisms of this picture that I cannot resist putting in my little oar and pulling the other way. Orphan stories have perhaps had an overrun and so I can see where the first of this might have benefited by a careful cutting down. But to my mind the last two reels, where Anne grows up and carries the whole burden of the household on her slender shoulders, makes the whole worthwhile sitting through. Mary Miles Minter is lovely in this episode, which augurs well for her brilliant future. She should, however, be careful to avoid any suggestion of affection in her portrayals; her very sincerity, for Miss Minter is a very sincere little girl, may have brought up this difficulty.

Huckleberry Finn

February 23, 1920

NEW YORK TIMES

William D. Taylor's "Huckleberry Finn" is at the Rivoli this week, and even that cautious critic, Huck himself, would probably find that it "told the truth mainly"--and what mere picture could do more? Mr. Taylor did not seek to use Mark Twain's book as material for a conventional movie of his own, and so escaped being shot. He did seek, with care and intelligence, to translate as much as possible of the book into moving pictures, and so has won the gratitude of the public. His translation, as far as it goes and can go, is remarkably, and most enjoyably, good...It is a delight to see all of these people and feel that they are genuine. Not one is an impostor...Some of the scenes might have been made under Mark Twain's own direction. If one misses some things, such as the steamboats, he can appreciate Mr. Taylor's inability to restore them and will be more than satisfied that he has brought back so much..."Huckleberry Finn" does tell "the truth mainly" and may easily win unqualified indorsement from those not too familiar with, or devoted to, the book. And no matter what its shortcomings may be it should be a joy to every one.

February 27, 1920

VARIETY

...The picture is one that will have a thrill for those who have read the Twain story, whether they be boys of 8 or 80...Criticism of the story is disarmed at the opening by a leader who defies anyone "to find a reason, moral or plot." The picturization is very effective with the honors going to Lewis Sargent who plays Huck.

March 1920

Burns Mantle

PHOTOPLAY

If I had a son I certainly should take him to see "Huckleberry Finn," the Famous Players-Lasky screening of the Mark Twain classic. Here, also, is a perfect picture for all the boys in the world to take their daddies to see; a wholesome boys' story of adventure as full of fun and atmosphere as the book itself. Fine Twain atmosphere, too, very slightly exaggerated and most wholesomely natural, once the main story is reached. I do not know much of William Taylor's work as a director, but I am going to know more on the strength of his fine showing in this picture. Huck himself tells the story to a finely visioned Mark Twain in the flesh, which is one thing that keeps it so nicely in the spirit of youth. The boys, too, are real boys. Huck being perfectly realized by Lewis Sargent, and Tom by Gordon Griffith. It is largely Sargent's picture, but he is most ably assisted by every member of the supporting cast. "Huckleberry Finn" is much the best boys' picture I have ever seen. The excellent scenario is the work of Julia Crawford Ivers.

May 1920

Frederick James Smith

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

William D. Taylor's screening of Mark Twain's epic of boyhood disappointed us. The scenario attempted to crowd too much of Twain into the photoplay, with the result that the film version is episodic and jumpy. There

is a sickening effort to make the freckled Huck into a sentimentalist. But, with it all, Lewis Sargent does excellent work. His Huck Finn is a spontaneous and commendable bit of playing.

Judy of Rogues' Harbor

February 13, 1920
VARIETY

...Miss Minter shows improvement with each new production, and her work in the present feature is by far the best she has done yet. The theme is not a particularly pleasing one; it's a sob story, but the kind of picture which is best suited to the star's talents...Some wonderful photography, including a number of picturesque outdoor scenes, helps the production along. The interiors are handsome when necessary and the lighting and close-ups particularly timely. "Judy of Rogues' Harbor" is a feature which will please those who are looking for human interest in pictures in which there are an abundance of tears and a lack of humor.

February 17, 1920
HARRISON'S REPORTS

I have read many a dime novel in my life, but hang it if I ever read anything to equal "Judy of Rogues' Harbor." It is about the wildest thing ever written. Imagination must have worked unrestrained to write such a conglomeration. Logic? There "hain't such an animal." Just think of it: A son is shown attempting to declare his father, Governor of a State, insane, and thus put him in an insane asylum, because the old man won't give him any money, and because he is determined to return the fortune he once stole to the rightful owners. Of course, the heroine overhears the conversation and foils the plot--as usual. That isn't all: Reds and bombs are part of the paraphernalia that have been made use of to write the story. Inconsistencies? Galore. It would take several pages to describe them. The first part of the picture is too barbarous and cruel. People will no doubt protest for showing a

picture wherein a little child, a boy of about twelve, is shown treated brutally by big men. Two big brutes nearly wring the child's arms, and try to strangle him. In one scene they nearly kill him. The picture is not clean either. One of the two brutes is shown as having taken advantage of a young woman, and then refusing to marry her. He, afterwards, has an eye on the heroine. He is not slow in declaring his intentions either. Blackmail is also one of the chief features that furnish the motive power. This picture should never have been made. At least Mary Miles Minter should never have been given this sort of story.

March 1, 1920

NEW YORK TIMES

Mary Miles Minter and an exceptionally good cast...are at the Rialto in "Judy of Rogues Harbor"...a story of the type, which, it seems, is to become the stock in trade of Miss Minter, especially as long as William D. Taylor, specialist in child and rural subjects, is her director. And a not unpleasant type it is as done by Mr. Taylor, although it indulges a bit too much in sentiment and romance, but surely it is intended primarily for schoolgirls, children and their mothers, and might be expected therefore, to be consistently pleasant and free from offense. "Judy of Rogues Harbor," however, is by no means pleasant all of the time. Some of its scenes are as ugly in what they show and suggest as the crises of a brutally realistic work might be. In such a story as "Judy of Rogues Harbor" they are decidedly objectionable.

May 1920

PHOTOPLAY

Dorothy Parker says, "It is really the sagacious writers who lavish their ink on exhortations to be glad, glad, glad; for that is the way to bring in something to be glad about." How true, how true! Apparently no writer who offers the faintest excuse for some such subtitle as "Ef yuh got love in yer heart, nothin' can hurt yuh" has the slightest chance of being turned down by

film producers, no matter how ridiculous the story. "Judy of Rogues' Harbor," by Grace Miller White, is one of those pictures calculated to fire you with the "glad" feeling. It does--it makes you glad, glad, glad to go home. Judy is a golden haired child brought up in inconceivably brutal surroundings, and yet she has remained so sweet and pure that she believes it wicked to kiss a nice boy she wants to, unless they are engaged. Daughters of our best families should be shamed by her example. The picture makes two points clear--that we must be on the lookout for Bolshevists, they being the one class of people, apparently, who do not succumb to the "love in yer heart" treatment, and that this is a small world after all. Grandfather, daughter, and grandchild have been living within a stone's throw of each other for years without knowing it. It is full of unintentional comedy, banalities and unnecessary cruelty.

Nurse Marjorie

April 3, 1920

HARRISON'S REPORTS

As an entertainment, "Nurse Marjorie" is just passable. There is hardly much human interest in any of the situations. In some parts, the story is rather silly. The sight of a big, strong man, for instance, acting like a youth, just because he is in love, is unmanly and rather disgusting. This man, hero, at times acts in the same manner as a ten year old child, patient in the same hospital...The story in places, particularly at the close, is too draggy...

May 28, 1920

VARIETY

This Realart picture is not real art...It is not a brilliant picture. Without reservation, however, it may be said that the feature qualifies heart interest solely through the screen charm and personality of its star. Elsewhere the feature is a flop because the background of London and English manners and customs is more a picture of events in America, thus misrepresenting a good deal in atmospheric values, when that quantity would

sustain it to better and efficient purpose. Directors might pay a little more attention to these minor details when filming substance with an English background. With London residences tenanted by the wealthier, and London's slums overrun with muck and filth, as are characteristically different as Fifth Avenue is from Hester and Orchard streets. Yet these scenes could not be told apart in this feature, were it not for the titles ever giving the lie to the fact...The "Nurse Marjorie" of novel repute and the picture are different in many ways, and although a comparison must be made, that comparison brands the picture as being too improbable and unreal, and that the text has been trifled with. The continuity is entirely too racy for actual fact...The picture has a great measure of comedy relief which the Rivoli audience seemed to enjoy and did not restrain its laughter as the film unfolded before them.

July 1920

PHOTOPLAY

We have never read the original of this Izrael Zangwill story, but it's safe to say the author of "The Wandering Jew" did not write it as the film people did put it out. Here is a light, very light comedy which serves principally to show that there is no more beautiful camera subject than Mary Miles Minter. Minter in a nurse's cap, Minter dressed up; Mary smiling and Mary sad--a lovely, soft, living portrait, but not exactly good drama. Clyde Fillmore is a new leading man who will have more than his share of feminine adulation when this picture is circulated. It's hard to believe that this little expose is life as it is lived in upper-class England.

Jenny Be Good

May 8, 1920

HARRISON'S REPORTS

An expensive production of a poor story,--a story which is an aggregation of unrelated material forced into relation by the will of the author.

Everything imaginable, from a woman dope fiend, through a burglary and a

woman labor strike, down to an automobile wreck in which the hero survives, has been made use of to construct the plot. Imagination runs wild in it...

July 2, 1920
VARIETY

This Realart feature was adapted for the screen by Julia Crawford Ivers from the story by Wilbur Finley Fauley. William Desmond Taylor did the direction and deserves a world of credit for saving it from becoming ridiculous at times. The story covers as much ground as a circus tent, and the efforts of the entire supporting cast to wreck little Miss Minter's life's happiness by keeping her away from her sweetheart degenerate into the mellowest of mello-drama. It would take a Nazimova to do justice to the emotional opportunities that are thrust upon the little golden-haired star, and she very wisely sticks to her well-known girlish interpretation...Miss Minter succeeds in building up a wistful appeal through sheer youth and a knowledge of her own limitations...The photography is excellent, both the interiors and exteriors following in faultless visualization. The production is elaborate, a fancy ball scene being as big a thing of its kind as the screen has witnessed in many a day. The cast was totally adequate, and Miss Margaret Shelby as Jolanda Van Mater, the drug addict, gave the popular conception of a person addicted to narcotics. The exterior scenes are particularly beautiful, and it is in this kind of a background that Miss Minter shows to particular advantage. All her outdoor work had the ring of sincerity. It was only when she was forced through the scenario to accept the artificial environment of the hothouse plant that she was wrestling with problems and emotions that had not place in her sweet girlish atmosphere.

October 1920
PHOTOPLAY

There would seem to be no reason for telling Mary Miles Minter to be good. She is anyway. We should like to see her be very bad for once, but would Realart let her? If you like Mary, you'll find this better-than-average Minter

entertainment. It's not so saccharine as some, while M. M. M. is naive and fairly natural.

The Soul of Youth

August 16, 1920

NEW YORK TIMES

Boys, dogs, cats and other semi-domestic animals are good motion picture subjects when photographed naturally, because by nature they are endowed with free and unconscious charms which the camera can catch for the screen. If they are trained to be "smart," to do things not natural to them, they lose their charm and are interesting, when not depressing, only to the extent that their tricks excite curiosity as to the methods of their trainers. One of the motion picture directors who, apparently, does not believe in training boys and dogs and cats, but prefers to have them play naturally before his camera is William Desmond Taylor, who is chiefly and most deservedly known for his picturization of the Mark Twain stories, the last and probably best of which was "Huckleberry Finn." Another of Mr. Taylor's works, "The Soul of Youth," is at the Rivoli this week, and, despite the solemn self-importance of its title and other obtruding artificialities, it is in the main a picture of boys, about boys in their natural and irresistible state, particularly about one boy and his chum and his dog, who are the life and the only--and entirely sufficient--reason for being of the story. The part of the principal boy is played by Lewis Sargent, Mr. Taylor's find for the role of Huck Finn, and it is earnestly to be hoped that he never learns to act--not until he is full-grown, anyhow. Lewis impresses one as a natural, attractively ugly "kid," who has not yet been spoiled by sophistication and to a large extent is unconscious of his effects. Like him, to some extent, is Ernest Butterworth, who plays the part of his chum, and the dog--no particular breed, just dog--seems delightfully free from proficiency in "shaking hands," "begging," and all the other tricks by which animals are deprived of their refreshing naturalness. For the most entertaining part of the picture the two boys and the dog are street

ragamuffins, snatching a living where they may, sleeping in a "home" made of two piano boxes bulled together, and thoroughly enjoying themselves until they come into conflict with the grown-up world and have to follow its ways. Into this part of the picture is brought Judge Ben Lindsey and his Juvenile Court, and there are several scenes of the Judge and his method of dealing with recalcitrant youngsters. The appearance of Judge Lindsey increases the topical interest in the picture and in itself does not detract from the interest in the boys and their dog, but a political melodrama and a movie "romance" have been loaded on the main story and seriously interfere with it. Whenever a scene of the melodrama or "romance" suddenly comes between scenes of the boys one is a bit bewildered, and inclined to ask impatiently, "How did that get in here?" The impression is that the man in the projection room has mixed up his reels and started on the wrong photoplay. Also, although much of the sentiment of the picture is sound and wholesome, at times there is a mawkishness and insincerity about it that is repellent. However, Mr. Taylor has made many excellent scenes, his subjects, for the most part, are at their natural best, and "The Soul of Youth" succeeds in overcoming the obstacles placed in its way. Except in places quickly passed over it is thoroughly enjoyable.

August 20, 1920

VARIETY

This production is the first of a series of six Realart specials that are being made under the direction of William D. Taylor. While the first picture is interesting, capably directed and cleverly acted, it is still far from being of the caliber of which special productions are made. It is, however, a picture that if properly exploited will undoubtedly have the power to draw juvenile audiences at the matinees and undoubtedly bring back some memories to the older folks...Pictorially there are some very pretty shots and the production looks as though there had been some real money spent on it in spots. But it isn't a special and it won't fool any one because it is called one and played a week on Broadway.

The Furnace

November 28, 1920

VARIETY

The final impression which William D. Taylor's production of "The Furnace" (Realart) left after a showing as the principal feature at the Rialto this week was this: The first two reels (approximately) show skill on the director's part for sustaining interest. The balance is poor judgment in cutting, imperfect continuity, unconvincing titles and a flatness. One redeeming feature is in the comedy situations interpreted by Theodore Roberts. So that no matter how much "The Furnace" glared in amber incandescents on the Rialto signs, inside it failed to command the interest of the spectator. Julia Crawford Ivers'' scenario is from the book of the same name by the anonymous "Pan," which left some supposition in the literary world after its publication as to the identity of the author. The scenario is again an example of the limitations of the novel for picture material. And thus if the fault cannot rightly be placed on the shoulders of either scenario writer or director, the point remains that the picture is padded to the limit...What is most commendable in the direction is the fact that Mr. Taylor is able to hold his audience in such a masterful degree in the opening two reels, and then the theme wanders. All of it is due, it seems, to numerous situations which do not advance the action. It appears, too, that the extravagant dance scene on which a small fortune must have been lavished is not interpolated for the story value, but to give the picture a commercial boost which producers think is necessary. The production is big in a massive and architectural sense, and in detail...The cast is uniformly good, but the characters make their appearance in more situations than is good for any of them...

The Witching Hour

March 4, 1921

VARIETY

The William D. Taylor production of Augustus Thomas' play presented by Jesse Lasky via Paramount is not an especially happy translation from stage to screen. It is current this week at the Rialto. It is a painstaking effort in adaptation and as far as it closely follows the spoken play is understandable. But when the translator tries to interpolate touches of characteristic film comedy the effect is not good. The play managed to cover up the newspaper exposure of the vengeful district attorney by Brookfield without going into details, but the screen must be very literal about it, filming the very newspaper text, headline and all. The newspaper that printed such an item as the one Mr. Taylor shows would have its editor in jail in half an hour, and the man who wrote the headline would have been fired "pronto" or sooner...More serious was the interpolated bit of having Lew Ellinger, presumably a person of some rank in the community and a white man, engage in a game of craps with a group of darky boy ragamuffins. The film people seem to be held in no restraint by any laws of probabilities. The crap incident struck someone as a comedy point and they went to it without reserve of good sense or good taste. The story doesn't lend itself to picturization anyhow. There is too much explaining to do. That was a defect in the play. It was all argument and not much action as it was played on the stage, even with all the aids of dialogue. On the screen the task of covering the abstract subject of "mental telepathy" upon which the whole tale hangs is beyond the power of printed titles, be they ever so skillfully devised...Without the illusion of living, speaking actors the screen story is not convincing, although the players who interpret the screen version are uncommonly sincere and genuine...Added to the crap game and the newspaper passages, the filming of a negro cakewalk scarcely seemed to be in the atmosphere of the story, given as it was with such strong emphasis. Here again the director was led astray in his effort to inject comedy interludes in a story which should not for a moment be permitted to relax in its tension. They had much better have stuck to the Thomas text. That at least had consistent dramatic values, whatever may be said for its plausibility, a subject that provoked wide debate when it was presented more than a decade

ago on Broadway. In a faultless stage presentation the story was not too convincing. As a silent drama, it is doubly hard to swallow.

Sacred and Profane Love

April 22, 1921

VARIETY

"Sacred and Profane Love" is a Paramount picture, starring Elsie Ferguson, and produced by William D. Taylor. Before reaching the screen it appeared in the form of a novel, and during the season of 1919-20 was presented as a play, running for a considerable period in one of the Broadway houses...The theme is a bit broad for general picture consumption...The incidents of the story relating to Carlotta's first affair with the pianist are very plainly brought out. But that was the story, and the director had no other recourse but to place it on the screen. The picture on the whole is an average program production. Miss Ferguson gives a likable performance as Carlotta, minus any great depth, but pleasing withal. The acting honors go to Conrad Nagel, as Diaz, the pianist, his sense and interpretation of the absinthe fiend being especially good. The rest of the cast are adequate...

July 1921

PHOTOPLAY

...The story of "Sacred and Profane Love" is rather muddled in the telling as it has been cut for the screen. To any unfamiliar with the real adventures of Carlotta Peel it must be extremely difficult to understand her wanderings over half the earth and the part various undeveloped romances played in her life. The opening incident of her meeting with and romantic enslavement by Diaz, the pianist, is convincing and delicately handled out of respect for the new order of censorship. But the story breaks there and the rest of the it is wobbly and uncertain...

Wealth

July 1, 1921

VARIETY

The first thing striking you about this Lasky offering current at the Rialto is the frequency with which what story there is is advanced by inserts. It is based on an original by Cosmo Hamilton and the continuity is by Julia Crawford Ivers, William D. Taylor directed. Apparently its substance, purpose and idea can best be visualized by imagining its motto to be, "It is better to be poor than rich."...Competently handled, this might have scored, but as it stands it is dressed up to conceal its defects. There are rich and costly interiors, a cabaret scene expensive in every way, and Miss Clayton's gowns to help...

Beyond

September 9, 1921

VARIETY

"Beyond" is from the Henry Arthur Jones' story, "The Lifted Veil." Julia Crawford Ivers provided the screen version and William D. Taylor directed. Paramount is sponsoring the production. Ethel Clayton is starred. The theme is not novel, being that of the shipwrecked wife returning to her former home after spending a year on a desolate island, only to find her husband married to another. Distinctiveness is aimed at, however, in this film by having spiritual instincts move the characters, the premise being that some are distinctly swayed by a spiritual side while others are immune because of being too material. In the reasoning out the director has lost sight of essential plausibility, causing too artificial an appeal, and making the action taut and blunt at times. This accounted for the audience at the Rivole showing Sunday giggling audibly during serious passages. It is possible, though, that originally the proper concept was achieved, with inept cutting doing the harm. "Beyond" has been mounted sumptuously, its interpretation is thoroughly in keeping, there is enough human interest to hold the spectator, and the psychic

element saves it from being a "groove" affair, but the discriminating patrons will hardly display enthusiasm over it...

Morals

January 6, 1922

VARIETY

This Realart, directed by William D. Taylor and featuring May McAvoy, is just about a perfect picture. Based on "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," by William J. Locke, which Famous did once before back in 1915, each scene is given its proper value. The cutting is clean and effective, and the direction satisfactory in the best sense. Miss McAvoy seems to have the happy faculty of inspiring her directors to their best, and she certainly gives of her best. The cast is right with her in that respect, too...Effective acting and cutting fairly shot this story across...

The Green Temptation

March 20, 1922

NEW YORK TIMES

...In some ways "The Green Temptation" is one of the most elaborate, or diversified, films Mr. Taylor ever made, and for all his scenes Mr. Taylor obtained apparently authentic backgrounds and in each case he suited the action to the setting...It is full of inconsistencies, it is too freely melodramatic at times, it becomes overly sentimental here and there, and as a whole it is loosely put together, but the separate scenes dominated by Mr. Kosloff and Miss Compson hold you nevertheless. Mr. Kosloff is especially compelling.

March 24, 1922

VARIETY

The best thing about this Paramount picture at the Rivoli is the work of Betty Compson, reduced to a quite miraculous slenderness and making a particularly appealing figure as the wistful waif of Paris, associate of thieves and a thief herself, who is regenerated by her sufferings and newly aroused compassions as a nurse at the front in Flanders. The story is adapted from "The Noose," a novel by Constance Lindsay Skinner, by Monte M. Katterjohn and Julia Crawford Ivers, and bears the name as director of William D. Taylor, who was murdered in Los Angeles last month..."The Green Temptation" is an interesting story, well handled and possessing a strong sentimental appeal, although it is guiltless of anything but superficial significance. It is just an intelligently managed crook melodrama with a touch of refinement and polish. It is satisfactory theatrical entertainment, a skillfully contrived illusion. The story has some of the defects innate in the adapted novel, chiefly an embarrassing abundance of material. There are moments when it is difficult to readily identify the characters, although this defect is not nearly so emphatic as usual in screened novels...

HARRISON'S REPORTS

A lavishly produced story of Apache life. With the exception of about two reels in the middle, where it drags a little, the interest is maintained well. Some of the situations are thrilling, and human interest is present all the way through...This is the last picture William Desmond Taylor directed before his murder; it gives unquestionable evidence that he was a director of first rank.

June 1922

PHOTOPLAY

Highly colored and improbable, but if you aren't too literal-minded you will get an average amount of enjoyment out of the hectic adventures of Betty Compson, a beautiful crook, Theodore Kosloff--a great actor, by the way--as a master robber, and Mahlon Hamilton as the rescuing angel. Betty reforms but Theodore doesn't, and then the fun begins.

The Top of New York

June 23, 1922

VARIETY

The picture is a frank sentimental melodrama without pretention to anything else. The action is built up around the troubles of a working girl (a shop girl at that), and it follows in design a host of old fashioned plays and pictures that fall in the same category. It's frank, candid fiction without any subtle relation to life and so makes its appeal to the more elemental tastes of the public. It is clean straightaway romance and serves its purpose satisfactory, even if it is not particularly significant in purpose and meaning. The modern scenario writers have discussed these social problems in rather a more subtle manner than the melodrama writers of ten years ago when "Bertha the Sewing Machine Girl" was the type. Socialism and parlor Bolshevism have changed the terms and the technique somewhat but the material is much the same. In the present case the scenario writer and the director have reverted to the old style. Here we have the poor working girl struggling against the dishonorable plottings of her rich employer, trying to remain straight under the temptation of his proffered luxury. The problem remains fixed, only the medium of dramatic discussion has changed and this production comes on the screen as a rather crude and old fashioned affair. Dealing in old fashioned materials, it is only natural that Taylor made use of the old fashioned devises. For example his shop girl wears one of those short length, blonde wigs that used to be the trade mark of young beauty in distress; the heroine lives in squalor under the patronage of a drunken uncle and a bullying aunt and the surroundings are a tenement house in the slums. All the paraphernalia of the melodrama of a generation ago is present...It's all family story paper type of fiction rather than the modern effort to reflect real life. The picture has theatrical force, but it is eminently lacking in realism. It is possible that a certain element of the fan public likes its drama in more or less childish terms, but the drift has been away from the obvious to the

subtly realistic. We do not take our heroines any more as altogether, inhumanly good and our villains as unqualifiedly viciously worthless. We prefer some semblance of shading between good and bad such as everyday experience has taught us is the state of the world rather than the stage creations...This picture goes back to the old technique and it comes before as raw and unconvincing...

Sources for More Information about Taylor's Films

For Taylor's filmography, see WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER, pp. 433-445. For synopses of Taylor's feature films see the AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE CATALOG OF MOTION PICTURES PRODUCED IN THE UNITED STATES, 1911-1920 and 1921-1930. For a modern review of Taylor's extant films see Richard Koszarski, "The William Desmond Taylor Mystery," in GRIFFITHIANA (October 1990), pp. 253-256.

Some fan magazines published short-story versions of films, accompanied by stills from the movies. Among Taylor's films featured in this manner were:

"Davy Crockett," MOTION PICTURE (September 1916)

"Big Timber," PHOTOPLAY (September 1917)

"Mile-A-Minute-Kendall," PHOTOPLAY (May 1918)

"Captain Kidd, Jr.," MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (September 1918)

"Johanna Enlists," PHOTOPLAY (November 1918)

"Anne of Green Gables," PHOTOPLAY (January 1920)

"Judy of Rogues' Harbor," MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (April-May, 1920)

"The Witching Hour," MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (March 1921)

"Sacred and Profane Love," MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (March 1921)

"Morals," MOTION PICTURE (February 1922)

"The Green Temptation," MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (April 1922)

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 25 -- January 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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The Court-Martial of Edward Sands
Wallace Smith: February 22, 1922

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

The Court-Martial of Edward Sands

Edward F. Snyder, alias Edward Sands, was one of the prime suspects in the Taylor murder (see TAYLOROLOGY #19). In 1915, during his first enlistment in the United States Navy, he was court-martialed for fraud and embezzlement. The following are extracts from the court-martial record.

Case of Edward F. Snyder, Yeoman, first class, U.S. Navy.

November 22, 1915.

Record of Proceedings
of a
GENERAL COURT-MARTIAL
convened at
The Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.
by order of
The Secretary of the Navy

File No. 26251-11261

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY,
Washington, November 3, 1915.

Sir:

Edward F. Snyder, yeoman first class, United States Navy, will be tried before the general court-martial of which you are judge advocate, upon the following charges and specifications.

You will notify the president of the court accordingly, inform the accused of the date set for his trial, and summon all witnesses, both for the prosecution and for the defense:

CHARGE I.

FRAUD, IN VIOLATION OF ARTICLE EIGHT OF THE ARTICLES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY.

SPECIFICATION.

In that Edward F. Snyder, a yeoman first class in the United States Navy, while attached to and serving on board the United States ship PADUCAH, and assigned to duty as ship's store yeoman of the said vessel, and by virtue

of such assignment, employed and service being charged with the care, custody and sale of stores in said ship's store, did sell, knowingly and fraudulently and with intent to defraud other persons in the Navy, at various times between the twentieth day of January, nineteen hundred and fifteen, and the eighth day of September, nineteen hundred and fifteen, on board the said ship, to certain men belonging to the crew of said ship, for amounts in excess of the prices lawfully authorized by the pay officer of the said ship, certain articles from the ship's store, as follows, to wit: Life Buoy soap, chocolate almond bars, pennants, William's shaving sticks, Pebecco tooth paste, Bull Durham tobacco, Cashmere soap, Electro Silicon, Bicycle playing cards, Colgate's tooth paste, fountain-pen ink, peanut butter, Prince Albert tobacco, Epicure tobacco, P.G. soap, Torrey razors, Durham Duplex razors, and fountain pens; thereby making fraudulent overcharges amounting in the aggregate to one hundred dollars, United States money, or thereabouts.

CHARGE II

EMBEZZLEMENT, IN VIOLATION OF ARTICLE FOURTEEN OF THE ARTICLES FOR THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NAVY.

SPECIFICATION.

In that Edward F. Snyder, a yeoman first class in the United States Navy, while attached to and serving on board the United States ship PADUCAH, and assigned to duty as ship's store yeoman of the said vessel, and by virtue of such assignment, employed and service being charged with the care, custody and sale of stores in said ship's store, having sold, knowingly and fraudulently and with intent to defraud other persons in the Navy, at various times between the twentieth day of January, nineteen hundred and fifteen, and the eighth day of September, nineteen hundred and fifteen, on board the aforesaid ship, to certain men belonging to the crew of said ship, certain articles from the ship's store, as follows, to wit: Life Buoy soap, chocolate

almond bars, pennants, William's shaving sticks, Pebecco tooth paste, Bull Durham tobacco, Cashmere soap, Electro Silicon, Bicycle playing cards, Colgate's tooth paste, fountain-pen ink, peanut butter, Prince Albert tobacco, Epicure tobacco, P.G. soap, Torrey razors, Durham Duplex razors, and fountain pens; thereby making fraudulent overcharges amounting in the aggregate to one hundred dollars, United States money, or thereabouts, and he, the said Snyder, having received into his possession the said amount in overcharge, did knowingly and fraudulently misappropriate and apply to his own use and benefit the said amount of one hundred dollars, United States money, or thereabouts, lawful money of the United States.

/s Josephus Daniels
Secretary of the Navy

First Day.

Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.

Monday, November 22, 1915

The court met at 10:30 a.m.

Present:

Commander John V. Klemann, U.S. Navy,
Paymaster Ben D. McGee, U.S. Navy,
Captain John A. Hughes, U.S. Marine Corps,
Passed Assistant Surgeon Edward V. Valz, U.S. Navy, and
First Lieutenant Frederick R. Hoyt, U.S. Marine Corps,
Members, and Second Lieutenant Arthur J. White, U.S. Marine Corps,
Judge Advocate.

N.O. Foust, stenographer, entered.

The accused entered and stated that he wished to have C.W. Ford and C.H. Brown, of Boston, Mass., act as his counsel; the request was granted and counsel entered.

The judge advocate read the precept, copy appended, marked "A", and also a letter from the Navy Department, dated November 15, 1915, copy

appended, marked "B".

The accused stated that he did not object to any member present.

The judge advocate, each member, and the stenographer, were duly sworn.

The accused stated that he had received a copy of the charges and specifications preferred against him about November 1, 1915.

The court was cleared.

When opened, all parties to the trial entered, and the president announced that the court found the charges and specifications in due form and technically correct.

The accused stated that he was ready for trial.

No witnesses were present.

The judge-advocate read the letter of transmittal, and the charges and specifications, original prefixed, marked "1" and "2", and arraigned the accused as follows:

Q. Edward F. Snyder, yeoman, first class, United States Navy, you have heard the charges and specifications of charges preferred against you; how say you to the specification of the first charge, guilty or not guilty?

A. Not guilty.

Q. To the first charge, guilty or not guilty?

A. Not guilty.

Q. To the specification of the second charge, guilty or not guilty?

A. Not guilty.

Q. To the second charge, guilty or not guilty?

A. Not guilty.

The prosecution began.

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge-advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rank and present station?

A. E.H. Barber, Assistant Paymaster, U.S. Navy, on special temporary duty at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. As Snyder, yeoman first class, U.S. Navy.

3.A. Do you recognize the accused as having been attached to and serving on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH?

A. Yes sir; he was serving on board the PADUCAH in the capacity of ship's store and clothing yeoman from January 20th, approximately, to September 8, 1915.

4.Q. How was the accused so serving in the capacity of yeoman in charge of the ship's store; what instructions did the accused work under as regarding the selling of articles in the ship's store?

A. Well, instructions were contained in the Pay Officer's Manual for conducting the ship's store. He was furnished with a price list, and told to keep it posted.

5.Q. By whom was the accused furnished with this price list that you mention?

A. By myself.

6.Q. Where was the price list kept, or supposed to be kept?

A. A copy was placed on the ship's bulletin board. The original price list was posted on the ship's store right near the door.

7.Q. Were there any other copies, and where were they kept?

A. One copy was given to the ward-room, and one furnished to the commanding officer.

8.Q. Can you remember, at the present time, the prices as established by you, of the various articles contained in the store?

A. No, I cannot remember.

9.Q. Have you in your possession any memoranda, or any record, of these prices which were in effect during the time the accused was in charge of the ship's store?

A. I have the original ship's store ledger, which is in the hand-writing of the accused, which contains the official price list.

The judge-advocate stated that if there was no objection by the accused, he would like to submit the original record of these prices to the witness so that he might testify as to the prices for the various articles

sold in the ship's store.

Question by counsel for the accused:

"Do I understand that the witness kept this himself?"

Answer by the witness:

"Yes sir. The entries on the ledger were made by the accused."

Question by the judge-advocate:

"Do you object to the witness being supplied with this memoranda in order to refresh his memory?"

Counsel for the accused:

"No, I do not."

The judge-advocate submitted the ledger to the court, stating that the ledger was the memoranda from which the prices for articles, cost and selling prices, were taken.

The court had no objection to submitting the ledger as requested.

Examined by the judge-advocate.

10.Q. Do you recognize this book as the ledger kept by the ship's store yeoman under your supervision?

A. I do.

11.Q. From the memoranda in your possession, state the selling prices of the following articles: Life Buoy Soap?

A. Four cents a cake.

12.Q. Chocolate almond bars?

A. Three cents each.

13.Q. Pennants?

A. Fifty-five cents each.

14.Q. William's Shaving sticks?

A. Twelve cents.

15.Q. Pebecco Tooth Paste?

A. Thirty-two cents.

16.Q. Fountain-pen ink?

A. Thirteen cents.

17.Q. Did you have fountain-pen ink at other prices?

A. No sir.

18.Q. Peanut butter?

A. Seven cents.

19.Q. Prince Albert Tobacco?

A. Eight cents.

20.Q. Epicure tobacco?

A. Eight cents.

21.Q. P.G. Soap?

A. Four cents.

22.Q. Torrey razors?

A. Eight-eight cents each.

23.Q. Durham Duplex razors?

A. $3.96.

24.Q. Fountain pens?

A. That all depends on the size; do you want the price list of fountain pens?

25.Q. Yes.

A. Fountain pens, 20 S.F., Bakelight, self-filling, $2.48; number 20-1/2 J.K., $1.65; number 18, Parker pen, $1.49.

26.Q. The accused is charged with having committed certain offenses, between January, 1915 and September, 1915; state what you know of the circumstances?

A. Well, after the inventory on September 8th--it was about September 10th or 12th, I went to the ship's store one night to get a box of cigars, and one of the members of the crew wanted to know if he could buy...some almond bar. I told him that I did not have a price list.

Counsel for the accused:

"This conversation I object to. A conversation of this nature is not admissible in any court; it is not admissible in any jurisdiction in the United States, and I do not see why it should be admissible here. Any conversation with a member of the crew, in the absence of the accused is not

admissible by any rules of evidence. I therefore object. This member of the crew, I might add, might say in the absence of the accused that the accused committed murder, and it would be just as much his right to testify to that as it would be to testify to what he is now trying to testify to. This conversation with a member of the crew is not admissible either for or against the accused. And, as I have already stated, I have no objection to the Paymaster saying that he, in consequence of any conversation that he may have had, he did that, that, or the other, but the conversation, and I believe you gentlemen will bear me out in it, is not admissible on any ground."

The judge-advocate withdrew the question.

27.Q. On or about September 10th, did you have occasion to go to the ship's store for any purpose whatever, and if so, as a consequence of a conversation with a member of the crew, did you or did you not find that any irregularities had been going on in the story; if so, state briefly what they were?

Counsel for the accused objected to this question.

The court over-ruled the objection.

Counsel for the accused took exceptions, and stated that any rights that he might have by the over-ruling of this objection would be saved.

Witness continues testimony:

"I ascertained that the accused had been selling almond bars at the rate of five cents each, or three for a dime; I then reported the matter to the commanding officer, and he ordered a board to investigate the irregularities in the ship's store.

28.Q. Do you know if the members of the crew on the U.S.S. PADUCAH had any means of knowing the correct selling prices of articles in the ship's store; if so what were they?

A. To the best of my knowledge the price list was kept posted on the door of the ship's store. Only on one occasion did I notice the price was not posted, and the accused explained that it had blown down. He was instructed to replace it. I saw the price

list there on several occasions afterwards.

Cross-examined by counsel for the accused.

29.Q. Does the accused come directly under your supervision for any great length of time, that is, as officer or otherwise; have you had any occasion to meet him, or come in contact with him?

A. From about January 1, 1915, to the present time.

30.Q. And other than finding out the discoveries which you have testified to, so far as you could observe, his character has been good?

A. Excellent.

31.Q. And the information you received so far as irregularities were concerned was from conversation that you had with either a member, or members, of the crew, in the absence of the accused, was it not, Paymaster?

A. No sir, I received my information through a Board of Investigation. I was present during the investigation.

32.Q. And that information was what they told you?

A. What they told the Board.

33.Q. What they told the Board?

A. Yes sir.

34.Q. That is the only way you got your information?

A. Yes sir.

... Neither the court, the judge-advocate, nor counsel for the accused had any further questions to ask this witness.

The witness verified his testimony, was duly warned and withdrew.

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge-advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rate and present station?

A. F.H. Sturner, Quartermaster, third class, serving on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. I recognize the accused as E.F. Snyder, yeoman, first-class, formerly on board the PADUCAH.

3.Q. What were the duties of the accused on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH?

A. Canteen Yeoman, sir, and G.S.K. Yeoman.

4.Q. Did you at any time between January 20, 1915, and September 8, 1915, purchase any articles in the ship's store; if so, in what quantities, and at what prices for each article?

A. Yes sir. I bought Bull Durham, not less than fifty at five cents a pack; Life Buoy soap, not less than ten, five cents per bar; P.G. Soap, not less than ten, five cents per bar; chocolate almond bars, not less than fifty, three for a dime; Epicure tobacco, not less than five, ten cents per can; Prince Albert tobacco, not less than five, ten cents per can; candy, half pound boxes, not less than fifteen, fifteen cents per box. That is about all.

5.Q. Were these articles, articles that were regularly carried in the ship's store?

A. Yes sir.

Cross-examined by counsel for the accused.

6.Q. Mr. Sturner, you saw the prices posted up there in the ship's store, did you not?

A. No sir.

7.Q. Were they posted up?

A. Not that I know of; I never saw them.

8.Q. You never saw the prices?

A. No sir.

9.Q. So you had no knowledge as to the prices otherwise than that which you gained from Mr. Snyder?

A. Yes sir; I found out the prices from Mr. Snyder.

10.Q. Most of your purchases were on credit weren't they?

A. No sir.

11.Q. You had considerable credit there didn't you?

A. Yes sir, I had credit then.

12.Q. There was a time that Mr. Snyder told you that you could not have any further credit, was there not?

A. Not as I remember.

13.Q. Didn't he tell you that your credit was exhausted?

A. No sir, I cannot remember any time.

14.Q. Did he say that he told you that your credit was exhausted?

A. Yes sir.

15.Q. You now say that he did tell you that?

A. Yes sir.

16.Q. But your credit stopped, didn't it, for some reason?

A. Well, he was taken out of the canteen; he was taken sick.

17.Q. And you never had a quarrel with him about it?

A. No sir.

18.Q. And you didn't think you were paying, when buying these various articles, anything beyond the regular prices charged by the Navy Regulations?

A. No sir.

19.Q. And you never made any complaint that you were being charged more than you ought to be?

A. No sir.

20.Q. There is a tin container for this P.G. soap, is there not?

A. I am not sure; I don't know, sir.

21.Q. You paid forty cents for a container?

A. No sir, I never bought a container.

22.Q. You never paid over four cents a bar?

A. Yes sir, a nickel a bar for it.

23.Q. Did you ever seek to inquire whether you were paying too much or not?

A. Yes sir.

24.Q. When did you first inquire if you were paying more than you ought to pay for it, between January and September, 1915?

A. I don't remember, sir.

25.Q. From whom did you inquire as to whether you were paying too much?

A. Snyder.

25.Q. What did Mr. Snyder tell you when he replied to your inquiry?

A. Four cents a bar for P.G. soap.

26.Q. After he told you four, you didn't pay him five?

A. Yes sir.

27.Q. How was it you paid him five when he told you it was only four?

A. I laid down a nickel and did not wait for change.

28.Q. You knew the price was four cents?

A. Yes sir.

Reexamined by the judge advocate.

29.Q. By whose authority were you extended credit in the ship's store?

A. By Snyder.

30.Q. You were then not extended credit by authority of the Paymaster?

A. No sir.

31.Q. Did you know that it was illegal to extend credit in the ship's store?

A. No sir.

Neither the court, the judge advocate, nor counsel for the accused had any further questions to ask this witness.

...

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rate and present situation?

A. Thomas P. Fields, Seaman, on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. E.F. Snyder, formerly attached to the U.S.S. PADUCAH.

3.Q. Did you at any time, between January, 1915 and September, 1915, make any purchases in the ship's store; if so, what articles did you purchase, in what quantities, as nearly as you can remember, and what price did you pay for each article?

A. A fountain pen, $3.75; 5 bars Life Buoy soap, five cents a bar; Hershey's chocolates, about three for ten is what they sold it for, five bars; two plugs chewing tobacco, forty cents

a plug; that is about all.

4.Q. From whom did you purchase these articles?

A. E.F. Snyder.

Cross-examined by counsel for the accused.

5.Q. You don't mean to state to this court that you paid $3.75 for a fountain pen?

A. Yes sir.

6.Q. Quite sure of that?

A. Yes sir.

7.Q. Did you buy that on credit?

A. No sir.

8.Q. Paid for it in cash?

A. I bought the first pen on credit, for $2.50 and some one took that out of my ditty box, and then I bought this one and I can't quite remember whether I bought the second one on credit or paid cash for it.

9.Q. You cannot remember whether you paid for it or not?

A. I don't remember. But I think I paid cash for it.

10.Q. Are you sure of that?

A. Quite sure.

11.Q. Didn't you think it was rather high at the time you purchased it?

A. I didn't know.

12.Q. What kind of a pen was it?

A. I forgot the name of it,--Barlite, or something like that.

13.Q. Was it a self-filling pen?

A. Yes sir.

14.Q. Have you got it now?

A. It is over in town in my room.

15.Q. Do you own it now?

A. Yes sir.

16.Q. In other words, did anybody steal that from you?

A. No sir.

17.Q. Was that the fountain pen you bought from Snyder?

A. Yes sir.

18.Q. What did you pay for the first one?

A. $2.50.

19.Q. When did you buy it?

A. In May or April.

20.Q. In what year?

A. 1915.

21.Q. You think it was in May or April?

A. Either May or April. I have two slips in my ditty box now, receipts.

22.Q. And you paid $2.50 for that one?

A. $2.50 for the first one.

23.Q. Pretty good pen?

A. Yes sir.

24.Q. You are sure somebody stole it from you?

A. Yes sir.

25.Q. When did that pen disappear?

A. It was about a month afterwards.

26.Q. After you purchased it?

A. Yes sir.

27.Q. Some time in either May or June?

A. Yes sir.

28.Q. Then after it disappeared, you bought this one, for which you paid $3.75?

A. Yes sir.

29.Q. Did you have any conversation with Snyder when you bought this one, for which you paid $3.75?

A. He spoke to me. I was going to get the same kind of pen.

30.Q. What did you say to him?

A. I didn't say anything then.

31.Q. What did he say to you?

A. He said he had a pen which sold for $4.50, but that he would sell it to me for $3.75, because it had a chip in the cap,-- a chip was broken out of the cap.

32.Q. Because it had a chip broken out?

A. Yes sir.

33.Q. Did you say anything further to him?

A. No sir; only said I would buy it.

34.Q. You said you would buy it?

A. Yes sir.

35.Q. You don't know whether you got it on credit?

A. I don't quite remember.

36.Q. Did you owe anything to Mr. Snyder at that time; have you paid up all that you owed?

A. Yes sir.

37.Q. Who did you pay?

A. Snyder.

38.Q. Did you say anything to Mr. Snyder about $3.75 being a high price to pay for a fountain pen?

A. No Sir.

39.Q. You had it, say, since last June?

A. Well, the second fountain pen I had, it was either June or July, I have a receipt.

40.Q. And you do not remember the name of it now?

A. No sir, it was a self filling pen.

41.Q. But you don't remember the name of the fountain pen?

A. No sir; Barlite, or something like that.

42.Q. That is as near as you can remember it?

A. That is as near as I can remember it.

43.Q. Did you see the list of prices of these articles posted up there at all?

A. No sir.

44.Q. Did you ever have any conversation with Snyder as to whether or

not he charged too much for any articles that you bought?

A. No sir.

45.Q. You simply bought the articles and paid him what he told you the price was?

A. Yes sir.

46.Q. When did you first learn that you had paid too much for any of these articles?

A. When Snyder was accused.

47.Q. Who told you that you paid too much?

A. I saw the slip posted in the canteen there.

48.Q. That was the first time you saw it posted?

A. Yes sir.

49.Q. Who called it to your attention?

A. Nobody called my attention to it. I simply noticed it up there, and I looked it over.

50.Q. Did you volunteer to the Court of Inquiry the information that you gave in this court; who asked you first how much you paid for these articles?

A. They first passed the word, and the men asked me if I had bought fountain pens.

51.Q. Who asked you about the price of it?

A. Mr. Rogers.

52.Q. Did he ask you about the price you paid for various other articles you mentioned?

A. No sir, the fountain pen was all.

53.Q. Is this the first time that you told what you paid for soap to anybody?

A. Yes sir.

54.Q. Mr. Rogers asked you what you paid for the fountain pen; did he then ask you the name of the pen?

A. The paymaster is the one that asked me.

55.Q. Did he ask you what kind of pen?

A. No sir. I showed it to him and the told me the name of it.

56.Q. Since then you have forgotten?

A. Yes sir.

Neither the court, the judge advocate, nor counsel for the accused had any further questions to ask this witness.

...

The court at 12:20 p.m., adjourned to meet tomorrow at 10:00 o'clock a.m.

Second Day.

Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H.

Tuesday, November 23, 1915

The court met at 10:30 a.m.

...

Thomas P. Fields, seaman, U.S. Navy, who had previously testified, was called before the court, informed that the oath previously taken was still binding, and stated that he had had read over to him the testimony given by him on Monday, the first day of the trial and pronounced it correct.

Before this witness withdrew, counsel for the accused desired to further cross-examine him.

Cross-examined by counsel for accused.

57.Q. What did you state yesterday you paid for that fountain pen?

A. Which one, the first one?

58.Q. The one you have now.

A. Well, for the first one I paid $2.50 and the second one $3.75.

59.Q. $3.75 for the second one.

A. Yes sir.

Reexamined by the judge-advocate.

60.Q. Did you at any time after having purchased the articles to which you have testified, learn that you had been over-charged for the same?

A. Why, after Snyder was accused, sir; after I had seen the list.

61.Q. Did the accused at any time refund to you these over-charges?

A. No sir.

Recross-examined by counsel for accused.

62.Q. You don't know now that you had been over-charged, do you?

A. Yes sir.

63.Q. By seeing the list?

A. Yes sir.

64.Q. Was it by seeing the list that you formed your opinion that you were overcharged?

A. Yes sir.

65.Q. When did you last see the list?

A. I don't remember, sir, when I last seen it. I don't know when it was.

66.Q. Did you see it posted?

A. Yes sir.

67.Q. Where?

A. It is posted in the canteen, sir.

68.Q. When?

A. After Snyder was accused.

69.Q. Did you ever see it posted before Snyder was accused?

A. No sir.

70.Q. When was the last time you saw it?

A. Why, I seen it this morning.

71.Q. Who showed it to you?

A. Nobody showed it to me.

72.Q. Where did you see it?

A. On the canteen, sir.

73.Q. How did you happen to see it?

A. I walked by there; I was going to the scuttle butt to get a drink; when we go to get a drink we pass the bulletin board on the canteen, there, and as I passed it I glanced at it.

I generally glanced at it when I passed.

74.Q. Do you generally glance at the price list?

A. Couldn't hardly help it, sir. Yes sir.

75.Q. You didn't help yourself by glancing at it before Snyder was accused, did you?

A. There was no price list there to glance at, sir.

76.Q. How did you happen to glance at it this morning?

A. I just happened to glance at the bulletin board and took a glance at it.

77.Q. Well, was it for the purpose of verifying your memory of yesterday that you glanced at the bulletin board this morning?

A. No sir.

78.Q. How did you happen to glance at it?

The judge-advocate objected to this question on the ground that the witness has already testified, or explained, how he happened to see it, by a casual glance in passing the canteen, and it would seem that the manner of bringing out testimony by counsel for the accused savors of a desire to confuse the witness or to brow-beat him.

The objection was over-ruled by the court and the witness instructed to answer the question.

A. Well, as I said before, you could not help seeing it on the bulletin board as you passed by. As you go to get a drink you pass the canteen, and it is the custom to look on the bulletin board to see if there is any new orders posted. Most any person will glance at it, at the price list because it is right next to the bulletin board.

79.Q. That is how you happened to glance at it this morning, isn't it, Mr. Fields?

A. Yes sir, exactly.

80.Q. Now when you bought this fountain pen for which you paid $3.75, why didn't you follow out your custom and glance at the price list first?

A. There was no price list there.

81.Q. When you bought the other fountain pen was there a price list

there?

A. No sir.

82.Q. When you purchased this fountain pen from Mr. Snyder, did you ask him why there wasn't a price list posted?

A. No sir.

83.Q. What did you purchase this morning?

A. From the canteen, sir?

84.Q. Yes.

A. Nothing.

85.Q. How did you happen to go in there?

A. I didn't say I went into the canteen, sir.

86.Q. Didn't you go in?

A. I only passed there; I walked by.

87.Q. As you went by, you glanced at the price list?

A. I went by the bulletin board as I went to get a drink of water and that is how I happened to glance at it.

88.Q. Now, Mr. Fields, I want to ask you this question, from January up to the time that you heard Mr. Snyder accused, have you ever seen in the canteen or in the ship's store-room a price-list posted?

A. I had never seen one posted on the canteen, or store-room.

89.Q. So that you had never seen a price list?

A. No sir.

90.Q. So that at any time when you wanted to purchase something from the ship's store you had to take the word of the man who was presiding over the store-room, or canteen, as the case may be?

A. Yes sir.

91.Q. During the progress of this trial, has the price list been called to your attention?

A. No sir.

92.Q. So that you don't know at the present time what the prices are for, say, fountain pens, soap, tooth paste, etc.?

A. Yes sir, I know now sir.

93.Q. You didn't know there was a printed price-list?

A. I know the list that is on the canteen now, sir.

94.Q. When was that placed there, do you know?

A. After Snyder was accused.

95.Q. Do you know who placed it there?

A. I do not, sir.

96.Q. Is it there now?

A. Yes sir.

97.Q. The price list, so far as you understand it, Mr. Fields, should be posted on the bulletin board, should it not?

A. I think it is supposed to be posted on the canteen, as far as I know.

98.Q. On the canteen bulletin board?

A. On the canteen bulletin board.

99.Q. It should be posted on the canteen?

A. Yes sir, it is posted.

100.Q. And during the interval between January and September, 1915, you never saw it?

A. I never seen it.

Neither the court, the judge advocate, nor counsel for accused had any further questions to ask this witness.

...

There being no objection by the court, or counsel for the accused, Assistant Paymaster E.H. Barber, U.S. Navy, was recalled as a witness for the prosecution, and, having been informed by the court that his oath previously taken was still binding, testified as follows:

Re-examined by the judge-advocate.

35.Q. You previously testified to the selling prices of certain articles in the ship's store; will you explain how and by what authority these selling prices were established?

A. An Act of Congress, approved June 24, 1910, authorized a profit of articles sold in the ship's store not to exceed fifteen

percent, and based on the original cost price, it was endeavored to make a profit not to exceed fifteen per cent, generally about ten percent.

36.Q. Who fixed the selling prices of articles for sale?

A. The supply officer.

37.Q. You also stated the authorized selling prices for certain articles that were carried in the ship's store in your testimony; will you state from memory, if possible, the authorized selling prices of the following articles? Bull Durham tobacco?

A. Four cents a sack.

38.Q. Cashmere soap?

A. Seventeen cents a cake.

39.Q. Electro Silicon?

A. Seven cents a can.

40.Q. Bicycle playing cards?

A. Seventeen cents a deck.

41.Q. Colgate's Tooth Paste?

A. Fifteen cents a tube.

42.Q. Was it necessary for you, prior to entering the court this morning to refresh your memory in regard to these selling prices?

A. It was in the case of electro silicon and bicycle playing cards.

43.Q. Did you refresh your memory from entries in the same ledger that you used in the court yesterday?

A. Yes sir, I did.

44.Q. Have the entries in this ledger, so far as your testimony is concerned, been altered or changed in any manner whatsoever?

A. They have not.

45.Q. Are they, each and every one, in the hand-writing of the accused?

A. All articles except school books received in the ship's store since the accused was transferred.

46.Q. How often are the accounts of a ship's store yeoman settled or

checked? How often were the accounts of the accused, while serving as store yeoman on the U.S.S. PADUCAH checked or settled?

A. At the end of each quarter, each fiscal quarter.

47.Q. Were they settled at any other time?

A. They were not, except at the period when he was transferred.

48.Q. Did his balance cash on hand at any of these periods show an excess of cash?

A. It did not.

49.Q. Did the accused ever turn over to you cash in excess of that accruing from the sales at established selling prices of articles in the ship's store?

A. Not to my knowledge. There was no way of ascertaining this except at the final inventory at the end of each quarter.

50.Q. At the final inventory at the end of each quarter?

A. At the end of each quarter.

51.Q. At the time the accused was relieved, did he turn over to you cash in excess of that which was due from the sale of articles, or minor shortages that may have occurred during the quarter, or at the time he was relieved?

A. He did not.

52.Q. What kind of money was accepted in exchange for articles in the ship's store?

A. Money which is the common medium of exchange in the United States. No foreign money was accepted.

53.Q. That then was the only authorized medium accepted in exchange for the purchase of articles from the store?

A. It was

54.Q. What disposition is made of funds accruing from the sale of articles in the ship's store?

A. They are received under "General Account of Advances", and credited by the Auditor for the Navy Department to appropriation "Provisions, Navy", with the exception that the net profit

accruing from the sale is carried under a separate fund accounted for by the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, known as "Ship's Store Profit."

...

Recross-examined by counsel for the accused.

55.Q. Mr. Paymaster, you always found the accused a pretty efficient sort of fellow, or chap, or employee, at the time immediately prior to the time he was accused, while he was under you, did you not?

A. Yes sir. I considered him the most efficient ship store yeoman that I ever had under my supervision.

56.Q. When the accounts were made out at the end of each quarter, if any deficiency in the accounts was discovered, the accused always made it up?

A. Yes sir, he made up any deficiency without protest.

Examined by the Court.

57.Q. In answer to a question by the judge advocate, you mention supply officer; explain who performs the duties of supply officer on the U.S.S. PADUCAH?

A. Well, I performed that duty until I was detached on November 20th, 1915.

58.Q. What other duties did you perform?

A. The duties originally known as Commissary Officer, General Storekeeper and Pay Officer.

Neither the court, the judge-advocate nor counsel for the accused had any further questions to ask this witness.

...

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rate and present situation?

A. O.P. Smart, Commissary Steward, U.S.S. PADUCAH.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. Snyder, Yeoman, first class, U.S. Navy, U.S.S. PADUCAH.

3.Q. Did you at any time, between January 20, 1915, and September 8,

1915, purchase any articles in the ship's store, if so, in what quantities, and what prices did you pay for them?

A. I have purchased tobacco and soap on numerous occasions, and always paid six for a quarter, and a rebate was always offered me, a cent or two cents, which I turned back to the yeoman. I purchased a fountain pen at $2.50, jack-knife safety.

4.Q. What make is this pen?

A. Parker.

5.Q. From whom did you make these purchases?

A. From Snyder.

...

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rate and present situation?

A. William T. Hardy, yeoman third class, U.S. Navy, attached to and serving on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH, Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. E. F. Snyder, formerly attached to the U.S.S. PADUCAH.

3.Q. What duty did the accused perform on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH?

A. As canteen and small stores yeoman.

4.Q. Between January 20th, 1915, and September 8th, 1915, did you purchase any articles in the ship's stores?

A. Yes, sir.

5.Q. What articles did you purchase, in what quantities and what prices did you pay for them?

A. I got tooth paste, not less than two, at 15 cents apiece.

6.Q. What kind.

A. Colgate's. Soap, six for a quarter, not less than six.

7.Q. What kind of soap.

A. Life Buoy. Almond bars, not less than ten at three for ten cents.

8.Q. What were these almond bars made of?

A. Of chocolate and nut inside. That is about all I purchased.

9.Q. From whom did you purchase these articles?

A. From Snyder.

10.Q. Do you know if the prices you paid for these articles were correct, or not?

A. Not at the time of purchase.

11.Q. When did you learn that you had paid incorrect prices for these articles to which you testified?

A. I learned that after I had taken the canteen as Snyder's replacement.

12.Q. What are your duties on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH?

A. Canteen and small stores yeoman.

13.Q. Are you in charge of the ship's store?

A. Yes.

14.Q. When did you take this duty?

A. I cannot give the exact date but it was some time between the 1st and 10th of September, I am not positive as to the exact date.

15.Q. Did you find a price list posted in the canteen when you took over the duty?

A. Yes, sir.

16.Q. Where was it?

A. The price list I found was way up in the top, one dated quite a ways back, partly torn and soiled, which I destroyed and threw out when I was cleaning out the store.

17.Q. Why did you destroy and throw out this price list?

A. Because it was of an old date and could not be recognized and was of no use. If I remember right it was 1913 or 1914; it was not a current date.

18.Q. Did you ever see any price list of articles for sale in the ship's store posted any place on the ship?

A. No, sir, none at all.

...

A witness for the prosecution entered and was duly sworn.

Examined by the judge advocate.

1.Q. What is your name, rate and present situation?

A. Otho Harpe, yeoman first class, U.S. Navy, attached to and serving on the U.S.S. PADUCAH.

2.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. E. F. Snyder.

3.Q. What is his rating?

A. Yeoman, first class.

4.Q. Do you know where he has been serving?

A. On board the PADUCAH.

5.Q. What are your duties on board the PADUCAH?

A. Pay yeoman.

6.Q. Where do members of a ship's crew purchase articles which constitute the daily necessities?

A. In the ship's store and in the clothing and small stores.

7.Q. Have they any means of knowing the authorized selling prices of these articles?

A. Yes, sir.

8.Q. Will you explain fully?

A. On clothing and small stores there is a memorandum issued by the Bureau on the first of January, taking effect then, and they can learn the price of any article by simply inquiring. On the ship's stores there is a price list prepared under the direction of the Pay Officer, giving the selling prices of all items that are carried in the ship's store.

9.Q. And where are these price lists kept?

A. Generally posted inside, or just outside, of the canteen. In the clothing and small stores it is usually posted inside, just a written price list for the information of the clothing

and small stores yeoman.

10.Q. In the ship's store or canteen on board the U.S.S. PADUCAH do you know if this price list that you have mentioned was kept posted at any place?

A. I could not say as to the time, but it was posted in there at various times; I could not say it was always in the canteen.

11.Q. As nearly as you can remember, state when and how often you saw this price list?

A. I could not say positively because I never paid any particular attention to it and in fact I was not around the canteen very often. I know I have seen it there on two occasions at least during the present year but I could not say just when.

12.Q. Could you state approximately the month, or months?

A. No further than during the spring, I could not even state the month.

13.Q. You say you saw this two times?

A. I know I saw it twice because it occurred to me that it was rather soiled and it would be a good idea to have a new one. Those are the only specific occasions I remember noticing it.

...

The prosecution rested.

The defense began.

The court took a recess for five minutes.

The court reassembled at the expiration of the recess. Present: All the members, the judge-advocate, the stenographer, the accused and his counsel.

The judge-advocate was called to the stand as a witness to produce the current enlistment record of the accused, and after being duly sworn, was examined as follows:

Examined by the judge-advocate. [sic]

1.Q. What is your name, rank and present situation?

A. Arthur J. White, Second Lieutenant, U.S. Marine Corps, attached to and serving at the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard,

Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

2.Q. Are you the judge-advocate of the General Court Martial now in session?

A. I am.

3.Q. As whom do you recognize the accused?

A. As E.F. Snyder, yeoman first class, formerly attached to the U.S.S. PADUCAH.

4.Q. Are you the legal custodian of the current enlistment record of the accused? If so, produce it.

A. I am.

The witness produced the current enlistment record of the accused, it was submitted to the accused and the court and, there being no objection, was offered in evidence and so received.

5.Q. Have you read the record over?

A. I have.

6.Q. From that record what is his standing?

A. In what regard?

7.Q. As a matter of conduct and efficiency?

A. From the enlistment record of the accused I find that during the period he has served in the United States Navy from September 19, 1911, to November 5, 1915, his markings are as follows: Sobriety and obedience are all 5, with the exception of one mark of 4.5 while serving on board the U.S.S. FRANKLIN from December 28, 1911, to December 30, 1912. On December 31, 1912, he was assigned duty in the pay department of the U.S.S. MONTANA and continued on this duty until detached November 5, 1913. He served as canteen yeoman on board the U.S.S. CHESTER from Dec. 31, 1913, to June 30, 1914. On September 30, 1914, he was in the pay office of the CHESTER. On September 9, 1915, on the U.S.S. PADUCAH he has a mark of 0 which is since the Court of Inquiry which examined into his accounts. His markings in proficiency are, 4; 3.5; 4.; 4.5; 4.5; 4.; 4.;

4.;4.5; 4.5; 4.8; 4.; and 0 which corresponds to the other marking since charges were preferred against the accused.

8.Q. He would be given the mark of 0 under any circumstances while under these charges?

A. Yes. While serving on board the CHESTER at Vera Cruz on April 22, 1914, the accused volunteered to search small boats lying inshore, for snipers. There is an entry in his record dated 9-8-15, "Gross irregularities in handling canteen stores and giving unauthorized credit to enlisted men. Punishment not awarded on account of man being on sick list and transferred to hospital."

9.Q. And that last item you read states practically what these charges are that we are at present trying?

A. So I understand it.

10.Q. Is the highest mark in efficiency 5?

A. It is.

11.Q. And during the entire time of his enlistment, otherwise than the 0 recorded against him on account of these pending charges, there is no mark less for efficiency or otherwise than 3.5?

A. None less than 3.5 and that only in one case, which mark is under the heading "Proficiency in Rating."

12.Q. Would you consider the marking and the rating as contained in that book an excellent one?

A. I would.

13.Q. Would you consider it beyond the average?

A. I would consider it beyond the average?

14.Q. Would you consider it considerably beyond the average?

A. I would.

15.Q. Would you consider that a man who volunteered to go into small boats during the trouble down in Mexico was a most desirable seaman in the United States Navy?

A. That would depend largely on circumstances. However, I

should say that he was a desirable man.

16.Q. From reading Mr. Snyder's record, would you consider Mr. Snyder, being that volunteer, a most desirable member of the United States Navy?

A. I would.

The judge-advocate did not desire to cross-examine this witness.

Examined by the court.

17.Q. Will you state the age of the accused as given?

A. Date of birth April 4, 1893.

Neither the accused (counsel), the judge advocate, nor the court desired to further question this witness.

The witness verified his testimony and resumed his seat as judge-advocate.

The defense rested.

The accused did not desire to make a statement to the court.

The counsel for accused submitted an oral argument to the court, in substance as follows:

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the court, I am somewhat, of course, as you gentlemen will readily understand, at a disadvantage in coming before a court of this sort; in one way I might add that I consider it a disadvantage and in another way a considerable advantage, somewhat of an advantage on account of the experience, and considerably I am at a disadvantage on account of the fact that the procedure is a little different from that to which I have been accustomed and concerning which I have been trained. I feel, however, that I am coming before a court that, to say the least, is mighty human. I really believe in my own mind that I do not exaggerate matters when I state that in my opinion I am before a court which cannot in any way be fooled by any technicalities, even if I had a desire in my mind to get the accused off by such methods. The fact is the evidence is fully in your minds upon which these charges are based. Anything that I might say perhaps would not influence you except insofar as you might be influenced by the fact that the evidence is not sufficient to prove that the accused here is guilty of

the offense with which he is charged. Now, I am not going to in any way undertake to sum up the testimony of the various witnesses. You, gentlemen, know it, it is fresh in your minds and you are just as capable of forming an opinion as to whether that testimony should have any weight as I am, and perhaps much more so, but I would like to make this only as a suggestion, that there is not a particle of evidence offered against this accused that has the slightest weight in proving the charges of which he is accused. In the first place, my brother has not shown that he has over-charged for any article because my brother has not been able to show that the accused knew what the regular prices were. There has been no testimony introduced here, with the exception of the Assistant Paymaster's, that there has been any charge which was beyond the regular prices that the accused should have charged. The Assistant Paymaster, if I remember it correctly, stated that the price of soap, I think, was four cents. The testimony of some of the witnesses here is that they paid four cents for the soap. There has been testimony by some of the witnesses to show that they paid more for Pebeco tooth paste, I think, and Colgate's shaving soap than really ought to have been charged them, and I think that another witness testified that he tossed down a nickel for one of the articles and did not wait for his change.

"Now, upon that testimony, it would seem to me that even if you believe it, and I am not questioning the veracity of the witnesses for the prosecution--even if you believe it, it should leave a reasonable doubt in your minds as to whether or not this boy is guilty of the offenses charged. I assume that if any doubt exists in your minds which you gentlemen consider is reasonable, this boy will be given the benefit of the doubt. I might state in passing that I never realized the seriousness of offenses against the United States Government until I got into this case. I do not believe the boy can possibly realize what a serious position he is in, whether innocent or guilty. You, gentlemen, know that which I did not know and possibly what this boy did not know either, and I have only this to add to what I have already stated in rather a hesitating manner, that it would seem in view of his record and in view of the testimony as it has been given that

there must be a reasonable doubt as to this boy's guilt and I simply ask, if that doubt exists, that you will give him the benefit of it."

The judge-advocate submitted the case to the court without remark.

The court took a recess until 2:00 p.m., the same date.

The court reassembled at the expiration of the recess. Present: All the members, the judge-advocate, the stenographer and the accused.

The accused stated that he waived the right for his counsel to be present.

The record of the proceedings of yesterday was read and approved.

The trial was finished.

The judge-advocate stated that he had no evidence of previous conviction.

The court was cleared.

The judge-advocate was recalled and directed to record the following findings:

The specification of the first charge "Proved in part--proved except the words 'Pebecco tooth paste," 'Cashmere soap,' 'Bicycle,' 'fountain-pen ink,' 'Epicure tobacco' which words are not proved; and the words 'one hundred' which words are not proved and for which the court substitutes the word 'seven' which word is proved."

And that the accused Edward F. Snyder, Yeoman first class, U.S. Navy, is, of the first charge, "Guilty."

The specification of the second charge "Proved in part--proved except the words 'Pebecco tooth paste," 'Cashmere soap,' 'Bicycle,' 'fountain-pen ink,' 'Epicure tobacco' which words are not proved; and the words 'one hundred' which words are not proved and for which the court substitutes the word 'seven' which word is proved."

And that the accused Edward F. Snyder, Yeoman first class, U.S. Navy, is, of the second charge, "Guilty."

The court was cleared.

The judge-advocate was recalled and recorded the sentence of the court as follows:

The court therefore sentences him, Edward F. Snyder, Yeoman, first class, U.S. Navy, to be reduced to the rating of Landsman, U.S. Navy; and then to be confined in such place as the convening authority may designate for a period of one (1) year; then to be dishonorably discharged from the United States Navy; to perform hard labor during said confinement and after his accrued pay shall have discharged his indebtedness to the United States at the date of approval of this sentence, to forfeit all pay that may become due him except the sum of three dollars ($3.00) per month during said confinement for necessary prison expenses, and a further sum of twenty five dollars ($25.00) to be paid him when discharged from the service pursuant to this sentence.

The court, having no more cases before it, adjourned to await the action of the revising authority.

26251-11261

DEPARTMENDDEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
OFFICE OF THE JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL,
WASHINGTON

December 3, 1915.

Submitted, with the recommendation that the proceedings, findings, and sentence, of the general court-martial in the foregoing case of Edward F. Snyder, yeoman first class, U.S. Navy, be approved.

The accused in this case was convicted of "Fraud in violation of Article Eight of the Articles for the Government of the Navy," the specification thereunder alleging that while attached to and serving on board the PADUCAH and performing the duties of ship's store yeoman of said vessel

the accused by virtue of such assignment, custody, and sale of stores of the ship's store, knowingly and fraudulently and with intent to defraud other persons in the Navy, charged certain members of the crew of the PADUCAH amounts in excess of the prices lawfully authorized by the pay officer of the said ship for certain articles from the ship's store, and "Embezzlement, in violation of Article Fourteen of the Articles for the government of the Navy," the specification thereunder alleging that the accused having sold knowingly and fraudulently, and with intent to defraud certain other persons in the Navy certain articles carried in the ship's store of the PADUCAH at prices in excess of the lawfully authorized prices, did knowingly and fraudulently misappropriate and apply to his own use and benefit certain sums of money derived from the charges in excess of authorized prices for the same.

The prosecution established conclusively that the accused had over-charged certain members of the crew for thirteen of the eighteen articles upon which the excess charges were alleged to have been made, the remaining articles having been properly excepted by the court in its findings under the specifications.

The defense made no offer to refute the charges and offered in evidence the past good record of the accused.

It is noted throughout the record that the court frequently allowed oral arguments upon the admissibility of evidence to be recorded in violation of Article R 828, U.S. Navy Regulations, 1913. However, the counsel for the accused urged that his objections and the reasons therefore be recorded in order that they might be brought to the attention of the reviewing authority. The court in view of such a request from counsel for the accused, should have invited his attention to the foregoing article and required that he furnish the court with briefs of such arguments in order that the same might be appended to the record.

It is further recommended that the Naval Prison at the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N.H., be designated as the place for the execution of so much of the sentence as relates to confinement.

Respectfully referred to the Bureau of Navigation for comment.

/s Ridley McLean
Judge Advocate General

DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY
Washington, December 7, 1915

The foregoing recommendations of the Judge Advocate General are approved.

/s Josephus Daniels
Secretary of the Navy

Editor's Comment: So Sands/Snyder was convicted of having overcharged sailors a total of $7.00, and pocketing the overcharge. For this, he was sentenced to a year at hard labor and given a dishonorable discharge.

Wallace Smith: February 22, 1922

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 22, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

The last woman William Desmond Taylor held in his arms and kissed before he died -- the actress suspected of having murdered him in an outflaming of

mad jealousy -- was secretly questioned today by detectives, who found her hidden and under the protection of hired guards in a Los Angeles suburb.

Nervous and shaken at the hint that she would be arrested and charged with murder, she cried out her denial of the killing and her denial of any but a "sisterly" affection for the eccentric genius of the films. It was a scene as dramatic as any she ever acted before the camera -- but not quite as convincing.

At least not to the detectives. Because they had in their hands a sheaf of letters which had been newly found, which showed this woman on the most intimate terms with Taylor. And they had, too, the love scenes between her and Taylor narrated by Henry Peavey, houseman of the slain movie director.

Frustrated at last by an apparent "collapse" of their subject, with a busy physician on hand to report her condition serious, they swore that they would return to the grilling with fresh fuel.

"If she didn't kill Taylor," declared one of the detectives, "she knows who did. And she'll talk yet. We made the mistake of not putting her under arrest the day of the murder. She's the one real clue we've had since they found Taylor's body; if she wasn't so prominent and so well protected by the influence she has over powerful men, she would have been behind the bars before now."

It was to this actress, it was rumored, that Taylor made the present of the $12,000 Oriental jade as a "peace offering" after a quarrel. It is known that she made him gifts as costly. The jade is said to have disappeared.

She admitted being in his house the day Taylor was killed, and even that he had put his arm around her.

"But it was just the sort of thing that a brother might do," she said. "We were very dear friends -- that is all."

"Did you go to his house late at night," she was asked, "and remain there until morning?"

"That is a lie," exclaimed the woman.

"Was there another man in the room beside Taylor," was the next question. "A man who was in love with you?"

"That isn't true," she replied. "We were alone."

"Did you have a gun that night?"

It was at this point, according to the report, that the subject collapsed.

More and more as the little tangled ends of the stories are straightened out the affair of Taylor and the woman suspected becomes clear. Detectives working on the case believe that she and the woman who is known to have visited Taylor in the early hours of the morning are the same.

With her, it appears, "Bill" Taylor was not the austere but paternal friend. With her he was the impassioned lover, playing the sort of part he had directed often from the small end of the megaphone out "on the lot."

To her he carried the finished product of many rehearsals -- of many such affairs.

It is known that they quarreled. She is said to have admitted that, too. But the same report states she insisted that it was just a trivial dispute and soon settled.

Officers under orders of Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz have been instructed to keep the actress under surveillance.

"She is the one logical suspect," declared Biscailuz today. "She has not told all the story. And we are not going to rest until she does. Half a dozen times she has been on the point of arrest. The next time may not fail."

Undersheriff Biscailuz also announced that he would have his men examine the man who drives the actress' automobile. Through him, the undersheriff believes, he may be able to get some information about the woman's nocturnal visits and her relations with Taylor. [The actress referred to in the preceding material was clearly Mabel Normand.--ed.]

The theory that the man helped a woman with the crime seemed to be strengthened with a new statement from Christine Jewett, employed in the household of Douglas MacLean, screen actor and neighbor of Taylor in Alvarado St. It was his wife who claimed to have seen a mysterious man leaving the Taylor home fifteen minutes after hearing what seemed to be the discharge of a revolver.

"It was around 7 o'clock that night that I heard somebody in back of Taylor's house," said Miss Jewett. "I know the time because it was then that Mr. MacLean honked his automobile horn outside to tell me to start serving dinner.

"I went to the screen porch. I saw the man then. When I came he stood still. A little later I heard him scuffling around. I was busy with dinner, but each time I returned to the porch I saw him standing there. He must have been there fifteen minutes, anyway. It was about a quarter of 8 that I heard the shot."

Henry Peavey, the houseman, was taken to the district attorney's office and questioned again by District Attorney Woolwine, First Deputy District Attorney Doran and six detectives. This was after Peavey had revealed the love scenes between Taylor and the actress and had told stories to prove Taylor's infatuation for the woman.

It also followed rather a harrowing experience for Peavey, who finds himself constantly being distracted from his favorite occupation of making crochet pillow tops.

Volunteer investigators, believed by Prosecutor Woolwine to be employees of a Los Angeles newspaper, thought that Peavey might speak more freely if he was taken to the graveyard where Taylor's body lies in a vault and confronted with a ghost.

According to a statement issued by Prosecutor Woolwine, "a pair of conscienceless blackmailers," representing themselves as officers of the law, invaded Peavey's room and took him prisoner. Thereafter, the prosecutor states, they held him prisoner until midnight before the cemetery experiment.

Peavey was escorted through the midnight dark through the long array of tombstones to the Taylor vault. Here in solemn tones he was told to speak the truth.

"I swear to the Lawd, boss," said Peavey, "I told you everything I know."

At that moment there emerged from the gloom a wavering, tall figure, in a flowing robe. Phosphorent hands gesticulated menacingly in the dark and a pair of phosphorent eyes leered at the prisoner.

"Whoo--oo--o--." moaned the figure. "I'm Taylor. Henry. Tell these men the truth."

It was too much, even for Peavey. He enjoyed the first laugh he has enjoyed since he found Taylor's body.

"You wouldn't fool me, big white body [sic], would you?" he chortled.

And the shame-faced ghost wavered back into the night from which it had emerged. One thing a ghost can't stand, apparently, is laughter.

The district attorney was quite indignant about the "third degree" methods attempted on Peavey.

"It is regrettable," he said, in an official signed statement, "that the district attorney has no jurisdiction over the offense committed by these miscreants for the false imprisonment of this witness. I have not been able as yet to ascertain their names, but if I knew them and had such jurisdiction, they would be in jail today.

"This presumptuous, dangerous and dastardly interference with the orderly course of procedure by the duly constituted authorities, is calculated to so terrorize good and well meaning people that they keep secret important facts that might lead to the discovery of the perpetrators of foul crimes."

District Attorney Woolwine announced himself absolutely baffled at the mysterious ramifications of the murder and declared that he was going into the hills for a day in the saddle.

Police working on the strange case were given copies of a letter received from one who signed himself, "J. Smith" and who mailed the epistle from San Francisco two weeks after the slaying. The writer declared that he had gone to Taylor to demand payment for "a consignment of stuff," that Taylor had attempted to put him off because of lack of funds, and that, as he drew a gun, Taylor grabbed the weapon and caused its discharge.

The writer added that, as he made his escape he ran into a woman in Taylor's hallway. Also that has his letter was being mailed he was on his way to board a ship which was carrying him to foreign ports.

The police chief declared that the letter might be a hoax, but he also declared that he would not chance overlooking a clue.

Another suspect sought was a man known as "Morphine Mose," reputed to have been addicted to the drug which gave him his nickname. According to one report in the hands of the police, "Morphine Mose" was a dope peddler who did considerable "business" around the studios.

The police were informed that Taylor himself had thrown this man out of the premises and that the man had sworn vengeance for the affront as well as for the interference with his business.

The detectives also were interested in the whereabouts of one named "Anderson," said to be a friend of Peavey's who once secured employment through Taylor's houseman.

Anderson, it was said, had spent several hours in the Taylor home at the invitation of Peavey. Later he lost the job Peavey is said to have secured for him. One theory was that the mysterious Anderson, familiar with the house and the fact that Taylor kept considerable jewelry and money about, had been trapped as he was robbing the place and had "shot his way out."

Wanted for Future Issues of TAYLOROLOGY:

Interviews with Mary Miles Minter, published between 1924-1936, discussing the Taylor case or her relationship with Taylor.

Other interviews with Charlotte Shelby, discussing the Taylor case.

Any interviews with Charlotte Whitney or Chauncey Eaton, discussing the Taylor case.

Other published contemporary reviews of Taylor's films.

Listing of other fan magazine issues where short story versions of Taylor's films may be found (PICTURE-PLAY, etc.).

Details of the c. Sept.-Nov., 1918 court-martial at Camp Fort Edward, Windsor, Nova Scotia, at which Taylor testified.

Any unpublished deposition transcripts taken by the authorities concerning the Taylor case.

Any unpublished letters written by Taylor.

Any other interviews with Taylor.

Other recaps of the Taylor case, particularly those written between 1923-1935.

Any information indicating what became of Taylor's daughter: Ethel Daisy Tanner. Did she have any descendants?

Any other material which might throw some light on the Taylor case, or on those closely associated with it.

(By "other", we mean aside from items previously published or referenced in TAYLOROLOGY.)

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 26 -- February 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

Review: New Book on Mabel Normand
Juanita Hansen, Part I
Wallace Smith: February 23, 1922

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

A short article on TAYLOROLOGY appeared in the "CyberSurfing" column of the WASHINGTON POST on January 12, 1995. The article mentioned the parallels between the 1922 Taylor case and the current O.J. Simpson case.

Review: New Book on Mabel Normand

MABEL NORMAND: A SOURCE BOOK TO HER LIFE AND FILMS, by William Thomas Sherman, has just been published. Compared to most other books on silent film stars, this is truly a great book--more than a great book, because it stands

as a prototype of the way such books should be. If only there were similar books available for dozens of other silent film stars!

Books on film actors can be appealing for any of three reasons: (1) an admirable film career is detailed; (2) an interesting life story is told; (3) a appealing personality is brought to life. This book succeeds in all three areas.

Mabel Normand was one of the leading female comedians of the silent film era. Her film career is well chronicled in this volume, which includes a critical analysis of her films and comedy style, contemporary reviews of her film and stage appearances, publicity material, and a detailed filmography.

Her life story is fascinating and compelling, of far greater interest than the typical "rags-to-riches" tale. She was a pioneer in the silent film industry, working with industry greats such as Chaplin, Arbuckle, Goldwyn, Sennett. The success and the scandals are here, including the scandal that almost destroyed her career--the murder of William Desmond Taylor. Also included is the complete lengthly 1927 interview series by Sidney Sutherland, originally published in Liberty Magazine.

But of even far greater interest than her film legacy or her life story is Mabel Normand's personality. That personality sparkles before us again; she truly comes to life through contemporary interviews, character sketches and anecdotes. As one interviewer wrote: "She isn't the sort of person that treats an interviewer as just an interviewer. She doesn't just take you, mentally, into a cool ante-room and chat formally for half an hour and then wish you good-bye. Rather, so to speak, she opens up the doors of her heart, invites you into her comfiest living room, stuffs cushions under you and offers to tell you a good joke she heard to-day." After her death, another wrote: "Mabel Normand was the most extraordinary character I have ever known. Certainly, the most interesting and unusual personality the screen has ever known. There will never be another Mabel Normand. Few such vivid individualities have appeared in the world in any metier. Beyond that, the screen world has become too standardized to offer scope and right-of-way for another such character. Generous, impulsive, self-effacing, impudent,

untamed, misunderstood and not resentful of the cruelty of that misunderstanding. Daring in spirit, tender, brilliant, and with the eager curiosity of a child." This book's many interviews, done so long ago, will leave modern readers in love with her and wishing we could travel back in time and know her personally.

This mammoth book is not a "biography," although it is filled with biographical material. As the title indicates, it is a "source book to her life and films," and as such is far more valuable than any mere biography. Buy it, read it, treasure it--for the text, not for the pictures. Anthony Slide correctly states in the book's foreword: "MABEL NORMAND: A SOURCE BOOK TO HER LIFE AND FILMS deserves wide readership. No reference library should be without it. It is a gallant and eminently worthwhile attempt to resurrect Mabel Normand to her rightful place in film history."

There was a biography of Mabel Normand by Betty Fussell published a decade ago, and a comparison is natural. Of course the two books have some overlapping material. But overall, Fussell's book has more later information culled from interviews with Mabel's associates, and from books published after Mabel's death; Sherman's book is over twice as large and has much more contemporary information published during Mabel's life. Both books should be treasured.

MABEL NORMAND: A SOURCE BOOK TO HER LIFE AND FILMS (ISBN: 0-9643760-4-0) by William Thomas Sherman is available from Cinema Books, 4753 Roosevelt Way N.E., Seattle, WA 98105, 206-547-7667.

Juanita Hansen, Part I

A lot of the press reports and rumors surrounding the Taylor case concerned the use of narcotics in Hollywood. Mabel Normand had supposedly been addicted, but she never made a public statement admitting it. One female star of that time who did admit drug addiction was Juanita Hansen. She

subsequently wrote a series of newspaper articles describing her drug experiences.

This fascinating chronicle was the first time a drug-addicted movie star had ever made such details public. Although the Taylor case is only briefly mentioned (in Part 13, implying that drug gangsters were responsible for Taylor's murder), this series provides interesting background regarding drug use in the silent film industry at that time. Here is a true tale which modern Hollywood could use as the basis for a compelling historical "docudrama."

March 29 - April 4, 1923
Juanita Hansen
NEW YORK AMERICAN

Part 1

For two and a half years I was addicted to the use of narcotic drugs. Recently I took treatment at Oakland Sanitarium prescribed by Dr. John Barker. I was discharged as cured.

I am free from the habit that held me a slave, and I thank God for my liberation from the terror of life-long addiction to which I seemed to be doomed.

There is no question about my cure. What may happen in the future I cannot foretell, but I believe I possess the power of will necessary to combat any desire to return to that most dreadful condition of slavery.

I feel that my terrible experience qualifies me to speak with authority on the subject of drug addiction, and the purpose of these articles, which I have undertaken to write for the readers of the New York American, is to sound a solemn warning to the youth of the nation, to light the road ahead and reveal the many pitfalls; to point the way to a cure for other addicts, and to give them courage to attempt to break the shackles of habit; and most of all, to urge the Government to bestir itself to reach out its powerful arms and

gather in the smugglers and peddlers of narcotic drugs, and kill this evil at its source.

These articles well address also that great body of God-fearing and home-loving families who are ignorant of the dangers that beset them; whose children may, innocently as I, myself, become enmeshed in the toils of this chain, Dope.

Government records show that the number of addicts has increased enormously in the last two years. The chain that binds holds and destroys so many human beings is growing alarmingly.

We are becoming a nation of narcotic drug addicts. The United States uses twenty times as much dope as any other white nation, and seventeen times more than drug-ridden China. The United States uses more narcotic drugs than all the rest of the world put together.

We can no longer turn our backs on this menace, which threatens to destroy our Republic. We cannot shrug our shoulders as if it were a question that did not concern us. It does concern every man, woman and child in the nation. We must act today, not wait until tomorrow. Let us join in one tremendous army and wipe out this great evil.

My purpose is to arouse especially the women of American and to enlist their cooperation in the movement to stamp out this evil. I hope that no woman will say, "Oh, this thing is too terrible. I do not want to hear about it. It is none of my business."

It is the business of every mother, sister and sweetheart, for not only are the women, especially the young women, exposed to the danger of addiction, but it is their duty to protect their husbands, their sons and their sweethearts against the temptation of acquiring the drug habit.

Our duty is plain. We must cure the addicts we have; we must also stop the supply of narcotic drugs at its source.

Now, as to treatment of addicts, and those who have been addicts and are cured, by the Federal authorities and especially by the police--the New York police.

Should an addict who has been cured be regarded as a criminal? What had

I done at the time of my arrest recently? I was a law-abiding citizen, happy, buoyant, rejoicing over the battle I had won. I felt so safe, felt so sure I had broken the chain and shaken off the last links that held me to dope. I had left California pronounced cured. I weighed 142 pounds, which was about six pounds above my normal weight. My health was splendid.

I came East. The business that had brought me to New York--negotiations to produce a film-story that I had myself written--was nearly completed. I was happily enjoying New York, visiting a girl friend.

Why did they not arrest me in my own home?

I was in hiding, they said. Strange. My business associates were able to find me at my hotel whenever they needed me.

Hiding? Why? I had nothing to hide.

Why this sudden interest in me by the New York police? Judge for yourself. A few weeks prior to my arrest in New York the case of Wally Reid's illness brought to light my name in connection with Dr. Barker's Sanitarium in California.

So, just because I had been a drug addict I was arrested. The police say I was taking drugs at the time I was arrested. I deny it.

Do not feel I am vindictive over my arrest. Remember, I wish only to help, and my motive is only to do good.

First let us begin at the beginning of things, page one of my life book. Now turn over a few chapters to the chapter marked "Today." I am pronounced cured of narcotic addiction. I now weigh 135 pounds, which is my normal weight, and am working, working, trying to find the road which will lead me to each and every one of you who read these pages, that I may warn you, and educate you.

You must study hard, that wisdom may be yours. Watch, be alert, do not sleep any longer on this subject. Let the entire world rise, denounce this evil. Face it.

You love your children. Well then, be brave enough to warn them, educate them so that they will recognize the evil when they come face to face with it, and so that they will be able to cope with it. For, believe me, this vile

thing is no respecter of persons.

In our schools, where little children seek knowledge, in Sunday schools seeking God's wisdom, explain, instruct, protect them. Do not wait until they need the cure. Give them the preventive.

Had I known at the beginning the meaning of the words "narcotic," "dope," had I been forewarned and known how to protect myself, probably I never would have fallen into the clutches of this terrible curse.

I have urged you to protect yourselves and those you love. Perhaps this first story of mine will show you how easy it is to fall innocently into the clutches of this thing. The devil himself surely controls this curse; and is it not like the devil to come in a beautiful form? What form, you ask?

Clothed in secrecy and described by his agents in beautiful language--as being so much fun, just a lark.

It was at a party to which I had been invited in Hollywood, and felt quite flattered to be present, inasmuch as there were seven or eight of our prominent artists there when I was initiated into the "Fraternity," as it is called in the West.

I had noticed during the evening that there was considerable whispering and a sort of undercurrent of secrecy of a mysterious something. So naturally when one of the party said, "I believe we can initiate her," indicating me, I really considered it a compliment.

Then they all came into the room to watch the performance. One of the boys reached into his watch pocket and brought out a small paper carefully folded. Then he took out of another pocket a small nail file. He opened the paper and revealed a small amount of white powder. Handing me the nail file, he told me to take a small amount of the white powder out of the paper on the point of the nail file, then inhale it through my nostrils.

I had no idea what the powder was. I had never heard of anyone doing anything like that. It did not occur to me there was the slightest harm in it, because everyone present promised to take what they called a "shot" after I had taken one.

I did as I was told, but instead of inhaling, exhaled and blew the powder

all over the room, which, of course, caused a great deal of mirth. With the second attempt, though, I succeeded in inhaling a small amount of this powder. The effect was very pleasant.

It seems to be a common belief that when taking narcotics you have visions or dreams. That is absurd. It is merely a pleasant sensation. You feel at peace with the world.

Little did I dream that this was the first step, a false step, which would cause me years of heartaches and mental anguish.

I do not blame anyone at this party where I first learned what dope was for the error I made in becoming an addict. I want my readers to know I blame no one but myself, and I offer no alibi, for I myself was to blame.

I attended such parties, perhaps twice a month for almost a year before I ever made an attempt to purchase any drugs for myself. Where and how to get more drugs to meet the growing craving was the question in my mind. It seemed very hard then, but with the experience I have had with dope in the last four years, I know that I can purchase it in any town in the United States. You may think that a broad statement. Well, I have traveled from coast to coast, and when I wanted it I got it.

You ask how I knew where to go? I didn't, but there is the indefinable something, like the power possessed by a magnet, that draws members of the fraternity together, whether they be user or seller. You will meet, and you speak a language understood by both.

Why is it today I can recognize an addict at a glance? And peddlers and sellers of narcotics might just as well be labelled as such, for I seem to sense their mission. Anyone who knows drugs can pick out the victim.

I want you to know, and believe me when I tell you, I have never shown anyone narcotics nor allowed them to take their first "sniff" or "shot" in my presence. According to authorities, one addict means six. Then I am an exception to the rule. The chain stopped with me. I never forged a single new link for it, and I have no responsibility on my soul that causes me worry.

Perhaps for a long time all that God had given me I destroyed. Now I am trying so hard to make amends.

The one thing that is hard to regain is the confidence of the other fellow. Somehow he doesn't want to believe in you. Just as I can recognize an addict, just as surely can I sense the former addict who is free from the drug.

Should we not rejoice and be happy to know when someone we once loved has beaten this thing?

But what we find is another thing. People are always so anxious to herald our shortcomings.

I wish to instil the desire in every addict's heart in this country to try to give up his narcotics, and prove to him there is a reward for his effort. But you must help me, every one of you. Don't shut the doors of your heart against me because yesterday I was an addict. Right here in New York, a girl who has in the past accepted my hospitality, been my guest, closed the door of her heart because of "this scandal."

I call it a great victory. I think it is something of which I will always feel proud. Of course it hurt my vanity to have you all read my life of yesterday, but since you have heard the charge, now hear my defense. And from my point of view I am not guilty of deliberate wrongdoing. I was only a victim of weakness just as one in your own family might be.

I'm going to tell you the whole story--with all its horrors, and if through the reading of it some girls in good, decent families are saved, I shall have done a public service which may atone in part for any wrong I did in becoming a drug fiend.

Tomorrow I will tell how I went from the "party sniffer" into full fledged drug addiction. I wish you would make every young boy and girl read my story.

Part 2

I had played with the devil's toys--I told you of this in my article of yesterday. The devil himself had set out to do his work.

Six months had elapsed, probably, since I had seen any of the people who

were present at the parties of the previous year. I had no desire, or perhaps I should say craving, for any of this white powder called heroin, still--

I was one of the first to be stricken with the flu in California. This was in October, 1918. In January the following year I had the first attack of sleeping sickness, the after effects of the flu.

For three months my eyes were crossed and eye specialists and the finest physicians could not convince me that this was a temporary condition. I was absolutely convinced with my eyes crossed my career was at an end.

During these three months I had been accepting salary from the producer I was under contract with to make a big animal serial. He was not ready to start work, and his manager in the West saw me every few days, and my attending physician, and was satisfied that this was a temporary condition, and he was willing to pay my salary until the story and plans for the production were ready.

So obsessed was I with the belief that this condition of my eyes had come to stay that I wired to the producer, who was then in Chicago, as follows:

"I think it only fair that you should know that I am crosseyed, and I think you had better get another leading woman for the serial."

To which I received this reply:

"I am satisfied that you will be well by the time I am ready to start production. Continue to get your check every week."

Of course I considered him very foolish to continue on his payroll a leading woman who was hopelessly, as I thought, crosseyed.

During the first few weeks of my illness I slept twenty-three hours out of every twenty-four, but only once slept forty-eight hours, during which even my mother could not arouse me. I lost my memory completely. At luncheon time I could not remember what I had eaten at breakfast.

My friends who called on me, my mother afterwards told me, would find me asleep, my mother would awaken me, I would sit up in bed, recognize them, talk intelligently, and after an hour or so would lapse right back into a stupor.

Now nearly three months had elapsed since the sleeping sickness had cast its spell over me. I had driven my motor car with considerable effort to San

Francisco. All this time my mother was still receiving my salary check. But I was sorely discouraged. Then one morning the unexpected happened. I had gotten out of bed, had my glasses in my hand, when I looked in the mirror.

My double had disappeared. Can you imagine how happy I was to find that the physicians and eye specialists knew what they were talking of, after all.

Of course the first thing I did was to wire my mother and wire the manager of the studio.

After reporting to my manager, who saw that my eyes were well, he informed me that another firm wanted me for an important part in its production, and my management intended to farm me out because they were not ready to start their serial.

For three weeks, which was the time stipulated in the farming out arrangement, it was with considerable effort that I worked at this other studio. At the end of this period, they had not finished the scenes in which I was playing, but my original manager decided to start his serial.

You must understand these elaborate productions run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars, and I had to go through my part. Now I felt indebted to the original manager, who had been paying me my salary during my siege of illness, so when he informed me they were ready to start I knew it meant double work at two studios, day and night, for me.

But I did not dream that I would be kept working sixteen to eighteen hours a day for three weeks.

After one week of this strain of double work I fainted while doing my serial work.

It was then I realized that I had overtaxed my strength. Then behold the devil's work.

I remembered the exhilarating effect of the white powder called heroin. If I could only get hold of some of that! But how? It seemed I could not go on with my work.

I would not go to a physician because I thought he would stop my work. And I MUST make good. I must be at the one studio every morning, work all day, go home, bathe, eat a little dinner, and by 8 o'clock report at the other

studio. My strength was falling. I must do something.

I tried to reach some of the former friends who had attended the parties, but was not successful. Then one night I stopped to have dinner in town and was rushing up the stairway of a grill to hasten to the other studio. A man whom I had never seen before stopped me and said:

"Oh, Miss Hansen, I saw a friend of yours the other day."

And this friend he mentioned was the one who had first shown me the little package of white powder. How I ever summed up courage to break my promise to the fraternity and ask this man, out and out, if he knew where I could get any heroin, I marvel as yet.

But the devil works in strange ways. Behold, here was a peddler right at hand.

I purchased for the first time right there on the street, for the asking, my first "bindle" of heroin. The devil had set his trap, and I played into his hands.

Having located the man, who afterwards, I learned, was a peddler, from from I could purchase the white powder, and having obtained his telephone number and address, my double work, which consumed sixteen hours a day, was no longer an impossible task.

I found that with a little sniff of this heroin in the morning, I was able to do my serial work. One little shot lasted me all day. Another little shot in the evening, when I was ready to start for the other studio, kept me going until midnight a least.

I found it necessary, though, when working after twelve, to take another shot. Now this work kept up three weeks and I found it necessary to increase the size of the shot, and I had to take them more frequently.

Little did I realize that in three weeks I was making great strides towards becoming an addict. It had not occurred to me that this little white powder was really habit-forming. As I told you in a previous article, no one had told me, or warned me, of the habit, but merely against taking an overdose.

When I finished my night work at the other studio--and I had just my

serial work to do in the daytime--it was not necessary for me to take as much. But now this thing had got hold of me. It sort of held me in its grasp. It made my work so much easier.

Do not feel that I was trying to shirk my work, for I love my work. But I was not strong yet. My illness had sapped a great deal of my vitality, and with the help of this narcotic, which seemed to give me all the necessary pep and strength a film star is supposed to have, I was able to go through with my work.

But the devil fooled me again. Pretense, only pretense!

Had I really been more familiar with the subject of narcotics, if I had been warned, if I had ever read or studied it, than I would have realized it was high time for me to stop playing with the devil's toys.

But I was innocent. Who had taught me in school? No one in my home ever mentioned narcotics. And I was afraid to ask. I knew this was something I should not tell. From the night of the first party I always remembered my promise--silence!

It never occurred to me to stop taking it when it made me feel so much better.

I have often wondered if it was weakness or cowardice, whether a sin or virtue to want to work, work, work. That is all I wanted to do. There was no thought of pleasure. There was hardly time to sleep.

It was probably a month later that I realized and discovered by myself that this was surely habit forming.

What a terrible awakening!

You will never know what a shock this was to me. I discovered it one morning when I did not have any of the heroin left. I could not reach the peddler on the telephone and I COULD NOT GO TO WORK.

I HAD TO go to work. I must get there. They telephoned from the studio and said so. Not HOW would I get there, but GET THERE. They said:

"You are costing us much money. You are the leading woman of this production. You must be here."

As if illness were a thing you invited and could dismiss with a command.

No thought of me or how I felt.

No questions as to what was the matter. But they could not allow me the time to be sick. Every day meant thousands of dollars to them.

On this particular morning I speak of I could not drive my car. I had gone to pieces--collapsed.

I MUST get to that peddler, so I engaged a taxi, drove to the address he had given me, made a purchase--in other words "a connection" as it is called in the fraternity. One little sniff, and I was well. A miracle had been performed.

I went immediately to the studio. Of course I looked well. But the managers asked no questions.

If I could have gone to the producer and told him my discovery of that fateful morning, if he would have kept my secret and helped me, just a few days away from the studio at this stage that I had reached in my addiction, it would have been so easy. Could I tell him? No, no, no! Big producers cannot be troubled with an actor's little worries.

The addict does not ask for time for a cure. So he continues to increase the quantity--more pretense. Finally he gets in so deep, and is bound so tightly by the chain, that he becomes resigned to his fate--addiction to narcotic drugs.

I know many addicts who are just waiting for an opportunity to break the chain. But the continuous work--the production, carry on the production--nothing must must stop the production!

Finish one, and in two days start another. Never any time off. I think the devil has a hand in this, too. He always seems to find a reason.

In these few weeks I had become an addict. How ashamed I was! I tried so hard to do without it. Was I a weakling? This was all so strange to me.

No, it was not weakness. It was illness. For the taking of heroin is not just a habit you can break as you can snap your fingers. It grows right into you. It seems to become a part of you.

Beware lest you and yours fall innocently into the devil's trap as I did.

You must recognize the destructive power found in this white powder.

Narcotics are no respecter of persons. I told you that.

A few short weeks and my life so entirely changed. I was a victim, a victim bound to the chain that was to take the most precious years of my life and twist and turn right and wrong until I had no conception of either.

Do not let your little sister, your daughter or your sweetheart suffer what I suffered through ignorance.

Part 3

The length of time it takes to become an addict is a subject greatly discussed today. DeQuincy, author of "Confession of an Opium Eater," says "In less than one hundred and twenty days, no habit of opium-eating could be formed."

DeQuincy, like myself, had at one time been bound to the chain of narcotics, and his cure was considered a miracle. He referred only to opium.

I cannot say that I agree that it takes four months to form other narcotic habits. Of course I think that conditions alter every case.

In two and a half months I became an addict. It would have been easy to break this habit had I not been under contract, and could have been free from work, for just a few days, for treatment.

However, today I could acquire the habit anew in less than a week.

Once an addict it is so very easy to fall back into your old footsteps. I have seen this happen many times. I warn addicts, and urge them to be, oh, so careful, that just one little "shot" and then another little shot, and you are right back where you were.

Be careful of your associates, careful of your environment, for these have everything to do with your life.

And now, you people who belong to respectable society, and you who are members of the law, help the little fallen brother and sister, keep them away from the old associates and environment, open your hearts to them, your homes; make them feel glad because they are with you. For if you turn your backs on

them and shun them for their sins of yesterday they will become discouraged. For who else will welcome them but the members of the old fraternity?

It is a belief that users are envious of any one when cured and go around urging them to come back into the chain. My experience has not been such.

I think of all the people who were happy over my victory, the ones who were bound, perhaps, a little more tightly than the rest to the narcotic chain, were the very happiest for me.

Now, because I am cured and well and on the road to happiness again, I do not intend to forget the poor unfortunates who are bound to this terrible curse. I want to help them. But I not only wish to cure them, I wish to heal them.

To continue with my story. Three months, now a victim. The realization of this thing angered me. I felt humiliated. I resolved never to attend another party. If I had to take this heroin, I would take it alone. It would be a secret.

I kept my secret; so I thought. But the truth will out.

I worked some nine months on that serial which was to be my biggest success. This picture to date has made a great deal of money. Three months before I finished it, I had a very flattering offer to come to New York to make more serials. This contract was signed at once and I left for the coast as soon as the serial was done. [1]

Again I made a resolution--I would be free of this thing before I went East. But how?

I confided at last in a doctor, paid him considerable money, only to find out that it required time, three or four weeks, to cure me. Would an appeal to the manager have helped me? No, I knew that was useless.

Weeks and weeks of hard work. I had to get East and report for work with the Eastern firm in January. In order to keep my contract, it was necessary for me to work night and day. I had two directors, two camera men, two staffs of electricians, painters, carpenters, every one that makes the studio force.

But I worked the two shifts. For three weeks I averaged an hour and a half to two hours sleep an night. I had to finish this serial, and I had to

be in New York in January. What was the result?

The two or three weeks I had so longed for, so that I might be cured, were never available. The devil saw to that!

I finished the serial the day before Christmas at 6:30 o'clock at night. At 8 o'clock the same night I was on a train bound for Oakland. The next day, when I stepped into the compartment on the Eastbound train, I fainted completely exhausted. I had my bed made and stayed there until we reached Chicago.

My life seemed always to be lived in a hurry, rushing--rushing from the studio to home, rushing back to the studio and rushing from one end of the country to the other.

Two days after I arrived in New York I started a new serial. The studio was ready for me. They didn't have time to give me a few days off. It would cost them too much money.

I knew to start this serial meant six months of steady work, the hardest I was ever to do.

Again the devil played his hand. He knew I couldn't get away for six months. He played havoc with my peace of mind. My first four figure contract, here in New York, should have made me, oh, so happy. But I was not free to play in the sunshine. So again it was only pretense!

Another resolution. I would beat the devil at his own game. I would see another doctor and I would take a cure while I was working.

I went to one of the finest doctors on Fifth avenue. Oh, yes, he would be very glad to help me. Of course I would have to have his nurse, and the fee would be a thousand dollars.

After calling on that doctor a few times, I discovered how little he knew. Most doctors know very little of narcotics. This is an age of specialists in the medical profession elsewhere. I don't think that doctors ought to be permitted, unless they have a special license from the State, to treat narcotic cases.

The only doctor that I have ever met who really seemed to cure addiction is in Oakland, California, and he is not a doctor of medicine. He has a

license in the State of California for his sanitarium, and I know from what he told me personally that he has treated many doctors.

My expensive, exclusive Fifth avenue doctor one Sunday morning called at my apartment on Riverside drive. He said he was so interested in my particular case, and wanted to help me. So he had come up to my apartment to see me, as Sundays were the only days that I did not work.

It just took about fifteen minutes to find out what his motive was. He wasn't interested in narcotics, nor in curing me. He had another little idea all his own. The result was I rang the bell for my maid and had him put out.

Then I made another resolution--I was through with doctors.

About this time, when I was making a purchase one day from a "dealer," I met a young woman who told me about a fur. So I went to her apartment to look at it. Of course, having met her at the dealer's, I knew that she was one of the fraternity. I purchased the fur coat.

Then in the course of the ensuing conversation she asked me what I had been taking. I told her heroin, and that I sniffed it through my nostrils. Then she told me about some NEW PLAYTHINGS that belonged to the devil.

She told me there was only one way to take narcotics, and that was hypodermically. She also said she used morphine. She told me, and I guess she was right, that to sniff heroin would form a sort of ring at the base of my brain; that taking it hypodermically, the blood would throw off any impurities.

Narcotics, not having the Government seal, like the bootlegger's liquor, have always been doctored, and they often contain ingredients that are very injurious. To prove that it was even more effective when taken hypodermically, she gave me my first shot with the syringe and needle. Soon a languid feeling overcame me and I felt only like being quiet.

The effect was indeed wonderful. I had found a new toy. The devil always finds a way. Now I resolved to use morphine.

Morphine! So now I was to use morphine.

From the girl that I spoke about in my preceding article I obtained a hypodermic and some needles. She showed me how to prepare the morphine, how to dissolve this narcotic in a small amount of boiled water. This solution is strained through cotton and drawn into the hypodermic syringe.

Somehow I had none of the fears that a beginner entertains. I was not afraid to insert the needle under my skin. How did I know where to insert the needle? I do not know.

This never worried me. Instinctively I felt that I ought not to disfigure my arms with the needle. I instead took the shot in my leg.

Now to the dealer, to purchase morphine I bought an ounce for $80. That quantity lasted me about a month. When my supply was getting low I sought the peddler again, to find, much to my chagrin, that he had been arrested. I did not know any other peddler in the city of New York at this time. But I must find one.

The quantity that I had left of the first ounce lasted me only a few days. Finally it was all gone, and it was with great difficulty that I finished my work the last day.

That same evening I came home to my apartment on Riverside drive; I could not eat my dinner; I was so nervous I was nearly crazy.

I do not think there is a physical pain which compares with the agony and the torture that an addict suffers when the narcotic is taken away.

I had to be a the studio next morning at 9 o'clock, made up.

I was desperate. In a city of six million people there surely must be peddlers, and I intended to find one. I must fine one.

Again the indefinable something which draws members of the fraternity together. A magnet seemed to draw me and I followed.

A few weeks previously, I had been on a slumming party and had visited probably twenty or more resorts. Of all of these, why should I remember one in particular? But the devil leads the way.

After going without my dinner, the thought occurred to me; if I only had

some old clothes, I would go down to the East Side and I could wander around unnoticed. But all my clothes were new. It was cold. I had to wear a wrap; and all I had was fur, expensive ones, too.

So I dressed in a simple tailored suit and put on a black fur coat. When I looked at myself in the mirror it was very easy to see that I was smartly dressed. I didn't look like a denizen of the East Side.

But I was determined to get narcotics. Another strange thought occurred to me. My expensive coat might appeal to the underworld characters I expected to come in contact with. Out of my trunk I brought a small revolver which I could easily carry in the palm of my hand unnoticed.

I ripped a seam between the third and fourth fingers of my glove and, placing the pistol underneath the palm of the glove, allowed the muzzle to protrude through the hole I had ripped.

I determined I would get my narcotics and no harm should come to me, and that I would empty every chamber of the gun if necessary. No one would dare harm me.

At my hotel I engaged a taxi from the doorman, giving him a few dollars and instructing him to take the number of the cab, and I said:

"If I am not home by midnight, you will know I have met with foul play."

I don't think he quite comprehended the seriousness of the situation. However, I was too intent on my mission to worry whether my remark made an impression or not.

The taxi sped away with me and it was not until we had proceeded a few blocks that I gave any instructions to the driver. Then I asked him to pull into the curb, and I said to him:

"I am looking for-----a cafe on the Lower East Side.

He had never heard of the place, but I was determined to find it, so I said:

"Drive down past Greenwich Village and then go to the east side of town."

He did so, and I was fortunate enough to recognize a few landmarks, and after wandering around, in and out of dark streets and alleys, I finally located the place.

Again I was in a quandary. Whom would I ask for? I had been let there by that indefinable something, and being desperate a plan occurred to me. Looking in my handbag I found a pink and a blue card. Whether they were laundry or cleaner's checks I do not remember, but they served my purpose.

When the taxi driver opened the door I flashed these cards. Fortunately for me it was dark and he had no opportunity to examine them closely. I said:

"I am working for the Intelligence Department and I am on an important mission."

Then I gave him $5. Whether it was the $5 or the supposed intelligence cards that made him eager to serve me I do not know, but he was quick to obey my instructions. I told him to go into the cafe and ask for the proprietor.

He came back in a few moments with the information the proprietor would not be there for many hours, so the proprietor's brother had told him. I then told the driver to get the brother.

The brother came out. It was a young man. I told the driver to walk to the corner away from the car, and I asked the young man to step into the cab and sit down beside me. He did so. All this time I had my little gun aimed right at him. I did not find it necessary to use it, though.

I did not waste words after he had seated himself in the cab. I said:

"I must make a connection to get some dope. I have a yen. You must get me some morphine or heroin."

This was not a request, but a command. He did not comprehend my meaning, he pretended.

But one look at his face and I instinctively felt I was on the right track. I continued:

"Take a good look at my eyes. I guess you recognize the sign of a yen all right. Now, don't be long. I do not wish to attract attention by having this cab stand here."

Then he said:

"Well, maybe I can get some for you, but it's very expensive. The eights (package containing one-eighth of an ounce) cost $6 or $7 apiece."

The joy at being able to make a connection was great, and here the stuff

was being offered to me cheaper than I had ever been able to get it before. With my uptown dealer the price had been $80 an ounce. And this was only a little over $50.

I handed the young man $10, telling him to get me two eights either of morphine or heroin, and that I would give him another $10 when he returned.

He got out of the cab and was gone only five minutes, when he opened the door of the cab, entered and closed the door behind him.

Then he carefully pulled down the blinds. He was taking no chances. He did not want to have any one see him hand me anything and accept the other $10. Then he got out of the cab and dashed madly across the street. You can imagine it didn't take me long to instruct that driver to head straight for my apartment.

The strange part of this adventure was that the doorman paid attention to my instructions and was very happy when my cab rolled up to the door at exactly five minutes before midnight.

I rushed two steps at a time up to my apartment on the second floor and in five minutes I was gloriously happy under the spell of the much needed narcotic.

Now I would be able to carry on my work. I went peacefully to sleep.

The devil had done his work!

Part 5

My adventure of the night before had brought me two-eights of heroin.

For a few days I was able to proceed with my work. But I knew that this amount would not last me very long. I must find another PEDDLER! Where? How?

Again I felt the magnetic power of that strange, indefinable something I mentioned before--like the power of a magnet I was to meet someone who was to lead me on.

That afternoon I was walking down Fifth avenue. I ran into a young lady

I had met in California during the year when I attended only "parties." I recognized her as one of the fraternity, only she was one of the fortunates who thought she was able to play with drugs.

But today she is bound more tightly than anyone I know to the cursed chain of victims of narcotics. The day I met her on the avenue she had all of youth's bloom.

After a bare word of greeting I asked her if she knew where I could get more drugs. Casually, as though I'd asked her for a bon bon, she said laughingly:

"Certainly, I know a man uptown. Let's get in a taxi. I will take you there."

You readers probably will be surprised when I tell you we drove to a very exclusive residential district up near the Park.

It was an apartment on the main floor of a substantial looking house. The apartment itself was very nicely furnished. One would hardly suspect to find a dealer in narcotic drugs living here. But, as I told you once before, this deadly blight is no respecter of persons.

A peddler may be living next door to you. Who knows?

They are not in the habit of putting their shingles out!

We went in. The man himself admitted us. He was a foreigner. In my experience with the peddlers I can easily say that 75 per cent of them are foreigners.

After the introduction, a few words exchanged during which I was carefully scrutinized by the man, he asked in broken and ungrammatical English that revealed him a stranger to the apparent culture of his surroundings:

"Wotcha want?"

I told him I wanted morphine.

He quoted me a price of $80 an ounce which was quite agreeable.

This "reasonable price," however, didn't last long when he discovered his new customer was Juanita Hansen, the picture star. A few weeks later, when I went back to get the second ounce, I heard the self-same tale I had heard from peddlers before. His new shipment had not arrived and he had promised the

only ounce he had left to someone else for $95. I knew no other place to buy, so I bid $100 and got it.

One day while visiting the girl from California, who at that time had a gorgeous apartment, I told her how hard I was working. I told her I had increased the amount of morphine, but it seemed to have lost its charm.

In the morning I was so tired it required all my strength to dress myself for the studio, and it was with great effort that I managed to get through my strenuous work.

Did she know anything that could help me? Oh, yes! She would give me something then and there. It was COCAINE.

Behold, the worst of all the devil's playthings!

COCAINE!

She had a small package in her apartment. I had never heard of this narcotic drug before. That very day I had been working and was very tired. One little sniff of cocaine and I felt better, so I thought, than I had ever felt in my life. Exhilaration itself! Cocaine takes effect immediately.

The devil had planted another seed!

I left my friend's apartment with but one thought. I must purchase some of that wonderful elixir-cocaine. I was then bound directly for my peddler.

I found him at home and he gladly sold me an ounce for $100. I think he smiled and almost sneered when he sold me this, for he knew now that I would be more tightly bound than ever to the cursed chain!

The combination of morphine and cocaine is the most deadly, most destructive of all narcotics. My peddler knew this added step in my descent meant more money to him. That was his business--money. What cared he?

With the help of my new toy it was no longer hard for me to dress in the mornings or work long hours at the studio. A shot of cocaine, then a shot of morphine--and off to the studio. Perhaps a couple of shots before luncheon, three in the afternoon, and then home.

Cocaine has a tendency to keep one awake, in fact, it does keep one awake. It is impossible to sleep while under its influence. Therefore, at night, when it was time for me to retire, I had to increase the amount of

morphine to offset the cocaine I had taken all day.

Cocaine itself is the most destructive of all narcotics, Perhaps because it is so powerful. With one shot all the tired feeling would leave me. But it was also destroying my appetite. I was losing weight. And it was affecting my appearance.

As soon as cocaine really had gotten hold of me and my dealer was sure of it the price was boosted again. Now I was paying $125 an ounce for morphine and $150 an ounce for cocaine.

The amount of cocaine I used increased, until I took enough to kill two horses every day! An ounce lasted me only a week. Ask any doctor what that means!

Can we permit this monster, DOPE, to run at large any longer?

Stop it, I say!

Part 6

My new toy, cocaine, together with the old toy, morphine, was slowly sapping my vitality, and along with it my will. Where was my power of resistance?

I did not seem to regret the money that it cost, but when I think of it now my blood fairly shouts a protest.

Imagine!

One hundred and fifty dollars a week alone for cocaine!

One hundred and twenty-five dollars an ounce for morphine!

When narcotics are needed and while under the influence, one never regrets the price paid. "Get the narcotics"--no matter how!

I have told in outline of the price I paid in wrecked health, ragged nerves, wracking torture of mind and body. Reckoned in money, narcotics took a terrible toll also.

In one frenzied year in New York, I spent $65,000 and ran $10,000 in debt in addiction. Directly and indirectly this was part of the toll DOPE took from me. BUT--

Did I realize what I was doing? Did I give heed to warnings of those associated with me? I had five people in my employ, a manager, a secretary, two stenographers and a faithful colored maid.

If you could realize how I longed to play in the sunshine, to be free!

In spite of all I did to hide my secret (and I thought I had kept it safely tucked away) these people who were closely associated with me discovered it.

One day, in the big drawing room of my apartment, I had to be left alone. I had telephoned to my peddler. I told those in the apartment I expected a caller and I intended to receive him alone.

Of course, the intended caller was Mr. Peddler from uptown. He came punctual to the minute. He had my ounce of cocaine. At the moment I handed him the money and he gave me a package, one of my servants walked into the room.

With rather a hasty reprimand, I told her to leave the room. I had given instructions I did not wish to be disturbed. Mr. Peddler did not like this intrusion either. He said he did not trust servants. He left immediately.

I then went into my room. The same servant came into my bedroom in almost the same manner, just as I was preparing to take a shot. Her eyes opened wide.

I knew someone at last had discovered my secret!

An explanation seemed quite useless. I could find nothing to say. I almost wished she had expressed what her accusing eyes seemed to say. But no words came. Just a very knowing look, and she turned and left the room.

I was alone again, but it seemed eyes were peering at me from everywhere. I felt afraid. I wanted to scream and shout. Someone had discovered my secret! The whole world might just as well know now!

For a few moments, I sat trying to reason with myself what I should do. I sat in a sort of stupor for several minutes, forgetting even to take my necessary shot.

But I formed a plan. Silence!

She had said nothing. Perhaps I only imagined she knew. A guilty

conscience really needs no accuser. At least for the present I would day nothing. Just a way addicts have of shoving troublesome thoughts into tomorrow.

Eagerly I prepared a bigger shot than I had ever taken before.

Eagerly I injected the syringe into my arm. Instantaneously my troubles vanished. After all, only one servant had seen me and I would deny that I purchased or took anything.

From the attitude of my servant the next morning I could not tell whether she really knew my secret or not. I went to the studio satisfied.

The following week, when I needed to reach a peddler, I phoned my man and asked him to meet me at my apartment. He refused. He did not like my servants; and the night before, he had had an experience that had given him a scare. If I wanted the stuff, I would have to come and get it.

I must have the cocaine, so in my speedster I drove directly to his apartment. It was while there he told me of his experience of the night before.

My peddler had gone to his wholesale dealer (as they are called) to purchase a few ounces. He had no more than gotten into the apartment, when the Federal agents knocked on the door. Very quickly, Mr. Wholesaler put several packages (perhaps twenty or thirty ounces) into a black cloth bag to which was attached a long black string.

Federal agents had been stationed at every entrance. They had taken every precaution. They said they knew the stuff was there. They had the witness of a transaction the wholesaler had made that afternoon. They were there to get the dope. They did not intend to leave without it.

Before the Federal agents broke down the door, Mr. Wholesaler had quietly put the black bag out the window. It landed in a flower pot two floors below. The end of the string he tied to a nail on the ledge of the window.

Federal agents crashed down the door. They demanded roughly the stuff be turned over to them "without any trouble." There was a note of triumph in their voices, for they were certain they had effected a rare capture of a wholesaler with the goods.

Being inside the law and outside are entirely tow different things. With one you have your protection, with the other you must use your wits. As I remember my peddler's story, the wholesaler's reply to the request of the officers was something like this:

"Well, if it's here, find it. If you're so sure about it. I don't know what you're talking about."

With this answer the Federal agents proceeded to accept the wholesaler's challenge. They ransacked the place--every nook and crevice. They ripped the mattresses to pieces; all the upholstered chairs; in fact the room must have looked something short of an earthquake.

The result?

Cursing, the Federal agents left. They had been fooled, tricked. They knew it. But how?

After they were sure the agents had gone, my peddler and Mr. Wholesaler sat in the disheveled apartment, laughing. They had outsmarted Mr. Federal Man again!

Still chuckling, they opened the window and carefully pulled up the little black bag that contained the Devil's Toys.

The Devil's Agents laughed that day.

But remember, he who laughs last, laughs best.

Today in Atlanta in their cells, Mr. Peddler and Mr. Wholesaler have a long lease. We will not hear them laugh for many years. Living by your wits is not such a laughing matter.

Part 7

Events narrated yesterday bring me up to the Spring of 1920.

I continued to trade with this particular peddler. I guess I was probably the biggest customer he had ever had. Most likely I used more than anyone else and certainly I paid more for it.

At the peddler's home, I had many strange experiences. The people I met were not always people who lived "uptown."

You will probably be shocked when I tell you that I met burglars, big and little thieves, shoplifters, confidence men and women, and several times I "sat in" and listened to their schemes.

I was in this environment, but not of it. While they talked very freely before me and plotted and planned their confidence games, they were not afraid to speak in my presence. I was a member of the FRATERNITY OF SILENCE!

Do not think that I approved of all I heard, and I had no part in the game they played. Still I must remain silent. Remember, I was outside the law. It was a game of one word and my secret would have been given away.

Dope finds its way and forges links that bind many strange associates. All members of the fraternity are on an equal plane when they meet at the peddler's den. I made the acquaintance of many characters of the so-called underworld. Perhaps being a screen actress made me a little more popular. The term they used was:

"She is regular."

One day, when I told them how hard I was worked at the studio and how unkind they were to me (for dope had made me begin to think so), one of the confidence men became very angry and said:

"I think we better get that guy, boys. What do you say, Miss Hansen?"

I knew what "to get" meant. I replied in alarm:

"Oh, no!"

Then he was willing to compromise by beating my enemy up a little, "oh, just a little bit." No member of the fraternity was going to be treated that way by producer, director or anyone else.

These men of the fraternity are not to be fooled with. They protect one another with more of their kind of loyalty than exists in any secret society on earth. You have heard it said, "There is honor among thieves." I think the interpretation of that is the loyalty of protection--for they do protect one another.

I did business with this dealer for about six months. A strange little circle it was that gathered in the den every few days. The conversations were very interesting to me; positively exhilarating at times.

I heard the plots and plans of some very clever confidence men. It was always a game of wits for money. You readers probably wonder why they didn't play a game on me, as I was making a thousand a week. No, not on a member of the fraternity! No harm would come to me. They would see to that! They had their own way of getting my money.

To hear these men talk among themselves, one would really think their transactions were on the level.

Don't think that all the members of the fraternity are underworld characters. Dope is no respecter of persons, as I have told you before. I very frequently met a popular club and society man, who used to come over from New Jersey. He discussed his clubs and his travels and I discussed my pictures.

Here was a man of culture and refinement. Many times I talked with him alone. Just he and I would be in the peddler's den. It was then that he would tell me of various social affairs and would mention his friends in high social circles. Often I would read of these affairs in the next morning's paper.

I presume this man, too, paid "our peddler" a handsome price!

One day, while getting my dope, I heard a very humorous story of a robbery there had been much to-do about in the papers. I met face to face the two men who had done the "trick."

There was a particular little cafe in New York that these chaps felt enjoyed sufficient business to interest them. Considerable bootlegging was going on. Where there is bootlegging there must be money. It wasn't inside the law to bootleg, so it was certainly the province of any enterprising thief to get some of the profits. At least that was the way they reasoned it out.

The humorous part of this story is that, among those present that night when the robbery took place were some city officials, a couple of uniformed officers, and two Federal prohibition agents, who were there to make an inspection.

The two members of the fraternity who had planned the robbery were not devoid of a sense of humor. They casually entered the place and told every

one to line up against the wall. They flashed revolvers.

One of the policemen was very alert and darted through the nearest window. But he was not too quick for one burglar, who shouted to his pal:

"Keep the gun on these men. I am going to get that smart fellow. Be back in a minute."

Within the minute he reappeared, dragging the officer, a bit the worse for a crack on the head from the butt of the burglar's revolver. He shoved the dazed policeman into the lineup and said:

"You get into your place and stay there. We are a couple of peaceful little fellows and we don't like to shoot."

Then the burglars proceeded quietly to the business at hand. They didn't bother to empty the cash register. They calmly carried the register to a cab waiting for them and sped away.

Gales of laughter greeted the narration of this tale.

Funny, perhaps, but it well illustrates the new crime problem the police are confronted with because of dope. I have never been present when any of these crimes have been committed, so I cannot say whether it is the tremendous "shots" that make them possible; but I do know that dope is the FOUNDER OF THE CRIME.

At the end of six months, there was a shakeup in this particular little fraternal circle. Making my usual dope arrangements one day, as I stepped into the room I heard the peddler quote a price of $60 an ounce for cocaine to one of the girls, who happened to be a shoplifter.

"Sixty dollars an ounce," I thought to myself and I had been paying $150! I would make short work of this if that was the sort of peddler I was doing business with. I stepped into the room and made myself heard. I needed cocaine and I needed it badly.

But I did not intend to tolerate such a hold-up. A heated argument followed. The peddler could offer no explanation. I had heard him with my own ears and I told him so.

Many tolerate almost any kind of treatment when it means dope or no dope. But my will power was not entirely gone. I turned on my heel and walked out.

And that was the last this peddler ever saw of me.

But Mr. Peddler was not going to let such a good thing as I was slip through his hands. And tomorrow I will tell you how he resorted even to ugly blackmail to get me back.

The Devil did not have his way that day. One of his agents had been careless. One victim had loosed a little part of one tiny link in the chain that binds. The Devil's machine had slipped one little cog, just one little cog!

But not even one girl victim must be allowed to escape.

The Devil has many resources. One of them, blackmail, was to be tried on me.

(Concluded next issue)

Wallace Smith: February 23, 1923

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 23, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

Sleepy-eyed mystic Chinatown awakened in a jabber of fright today as sheriff's men and secret service agents swept through its narrow streets and into its shadowy dens in search of the slayer of William Desmond Taylor.

As they plunged into the underworld depths another squad of detectives searched for an "old fashioned pearl handled revolver" said to have been the weapon of death used by "Wong Lee," alias "Sammy," a notorious dope smuggler named by "Harry the Chink" Fields as Taylor's killer. [2]

For the first time since Fields was arrested in Detroit officials here received a connected, coherent version of his alleged confession. [3]

It was considered of vital importance the Fields named in his statement an actress as the motive behind the crime, the woman Taylor loved and the

last woman he held in his arms and kissed before he was shot to death. [4]

Her name was not revealed. But it was admitted she was the same woman who has been under suspicion from the time Taylor's body was found. She is known as a victim of the drug slavers and the theory of officials first outlined in The Chicago Evening American dispatches shortly after the crime was that Taylor was killed by blackmailing dope peddlers when he tried to save her.

The woman has been in a state of collapse since the murder. She has denied any knowledge of the crime. Officials believed she would not tell all she knew because it would mean the exposure of her association with the dope peddlers and her ruin on the screen.

According to the official version Fields declared the old-fashioned pearl handled revolver could be found "hidden under something in a courtway thirty feet from the street" near the Taylor home.

The first squad of detectives reporting from Chinatown declared that the man they hunted had fled as soon as he learned of Fields' arrest and that he was believed to have made his way across the border into Mexico.

Following is the story told by "Harry the Chink," except, of course, for the name of the actress, as it was revealed to Los Angeles officials:

"This whole thing was planned in a hop joint in Venice." Fields said. "We met there before we started for Taylor's place.

"We left Venice about 3 in the afternoon on February 1. I was driving the car. In it was a woman named Jenny Moore. She had an automatic pistol. A man named Johnny Clark was there, too, and this Wong Lee. We went to a Night and Day bank and got in another car and drove to Hollywood."

It was at this point that the actress' name was mentioned and her alleged association with the crime disclosed.

"This was the signal," Fields went on, "for us to get to the Taylor house where we drove up about 8 o'clock. We stopped the car about nine doors past the house. I stayed in the car. The others got out and went to the Taylor place.

"The woman had her automatic and Wong Lee carried an old-fashioned pearl

handled revolver. I heard a shot and the three of them came running out and told me to drive fast.

"First Wong Lee took the revolver into a courtyard. He went thirty feet up the courtyard and hid the gun under something. They told me to drive to a night and day bank. We stopped there. Wong Lee went in and changed a thousand dollar bill. He gave me $900.

"Then we drove back to the hop joint in Venice. Wong Lee and I left town that night. He went to Seattle. Later I headed for Chicago and Wong Lee, I understand, started for Kansas City."

The detectives also began to make the rounds of the night and day banks of which there are several. They believe the cashier of such a bank would remember changing a $1,000 bill.

The whole mystery of Taylor's death, with the story of Fields to guide Los Angeles officials, swirled through the sickening sweetish fumes of drowsy opium and against a curtain of drug-painted fancies. In many essential details it fitted the conception of the crime as "reconstructed" be some of the authorities.

They had their clues before "Harry the Chink" began his fantastic yarn -- just fantastic enough to be true in this atmosphere of melodrama. And even if the gun was not found and Fields' story turned out to be only a tale inspired by "dope" they still had their clues.

These led them to the theory that Taylor was shot down because he sought to protect the woman he loved -- the last woman he held in his arms and kissed before he was shot to death -- from slavery to the drug and to the gang that held her in its thrall.

One explanation of the gangland enmity was that Taylor had declared war on the dope ring because he found that the dope peddlers had fastened their murderous grip so firmly on certain men and women.

But recent developments showed that Taylor was interested in only one person -- the woman. If he could have saved her the rest of the would in which they both lived must have gone tumbling down its giddy road to ruin, scourged by the knots of the slavers who take their tribute in gold, in

broken bodies and in shattered minds.

The whole nightmare of mystery became saturated with the fumes of the drug and alive with its feverish dreams.

Investigators under orders of Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz brought back to him amazing reports.

One of these was the confession of one of the dope peddlers, who named ten men and women who paid $1,000 a month in blackmail beside the considerable fortunes they spent in securing the smuggled "dope."

They found another member of the "ring," the owner of a lavish home and a couple of automobiles, who admitted that he had made all his money selling narcotics to people employed by one corporation alone.

Still another revealed the power of the ring in enslaving its victims, forcing tribute and plotting to assassinate or otherwise put out of the way any one who attempted to interfere with their power.

They "checked up" recent deliveries of narcotics -- made with the same open assurance, apparently, that the market boy might deliver a soap box full of groceries -- to men and women within the past month.

They discovered that Los Angeles supported one of the largest "agencies" operated by a drug ring that "does business" throughout the country.

Among the women who received consignments of drugs was the woman known to have been Taylor's latest love. The investigators were not surprised to find that it was heroin instead of the morphine which the woman is known to have used constantly. [5]

"They'll take anything they can get," declared one of the deputies, a man in the confidence of Undersheriff Biscailuz. "And she was another of the ones who were supposed to be cured."

The tale of the woman is a tale of black tragedy. Known to the public as light-hearted, she has always moved in the shadow of sorrow. Her first love affair, with the man who befriended her, turned out to be as unfortunate as it was notorious.

Then came drugs and a career of wild galloping through the conventions. Friends intervened as the morphine began to etch its traces deep on the

winsome face and as it began to leave its mark.

She "took the cure." There is a saying that a dope fiend never gets over it -- that reform is impossible. To make it impossible is the "business" of the drug ring, always alert for new "customers" and always jealous of the old ones.

Its agents, some of the moving in the best of society as represented here, are always offering temptation. The securing of drugs is made easy for the "cured." There is always some one handy with "relief" in an hour of despondency or weariness. And there is always the "hunger" of the victim for the drug.

These things were outlined in The American dispatches some time ago after several Los Angeles physicians had revealed the horrors of the drug ring and its hold on some of the young women.

These things were all found by the sheriff's men.

"If we wanted to we could tell a story that would turn the world upside down," said the same confidante of Undersheriff Biscailuz. "We have found things that would startle the country. But we are interested only in finding the party who killed Taylor.

"There will be more scandals -- perhaps more murders. If there are we will have all the facts handy."

This official was asked if there was any truth in the report that Taylor himself was a victim of drugs.

"It's funny," said the informant, "but we have never found a clew that makes him a drug user. I say it's funny because he had around him all the time people who used drugs and generally these people hang together. He knew a lot about the dope peddlers and how they did business.

"He must have known about the blackmail end of their business, too. The ten men and women paying $1,000 a month in 'hush money' is only a part of it. There are many of them out there giving up money for blackmail as well as dope. Some of them are desperate.

"But not as desperate as the drug peddlers are desperate after money.

"We have the report that they got the woman Taylor was in love with back

in their clutches. We know she got these shipments ten weeks ago. Perhaps she went to Taylor for help. Perhaps she was bled white by their demands for money."

The story told by Fields in Detroit has a remarkable semblance of truth when checked with the strange angles of the case that have developed in Los Angeles.

For one thing, "Harry the Chink" was deep enough in the doings of the drug ring to be appraised of all its sinister secrets. The secrets of the victims are part of the blackmailing drug peddler's stock in trade.

It was known, too, according to excellent authority, that "Harry the Chink" was in Los Angeles at the time Taylor was killed.

One Detroit dispatch stated that Fields told how Taylor had given a severe beating to another of the men when he found him attempting to sell drugs.

It seemed a very likely tale. The authorities here, eager to run down Fields' story, were hampered by telegraphic conditions, which caused a serious delay in the interchange of messages.

If the revolver is found in the place described by Fields or if his story is corroborated by the arrest of any of the men and women named it is certain he will be brought to Los Angeles.

According to one report one of the women named by Fields was known as the wife of one of the Chinese smugglers operating on the Mexican border.

The Los Angeles authorities also contemplated bringing to this city one James Thomas of Sacramento, said to be known as a "reformed" member of the drug ring, who gave out a statement declaring that the drug ring was responsible for Taylor's murder.

"They got 'Bill' Taylor," said this man. "I know how they work.

"Murder would be only an incident with them if they found somebody standing in their way or trying to stop their dirty claws from getting new victims. They've got plenty of men in their own gang ready to kill, and it would be easy to import a gunman from the East to do a job like this and make his getaway with all the protection in the world.

"People talk about drug rings, but they don't really believe that such things exist. They have got a big surprise coming to them. The drug ring is organized like any big business. Better, in some instances.

"Shipments are smuggled across the border and transportation arranged to the distributing points. The drug peddlers work like salesmen working out of central office. I've handled them and I know.

"They're not the kind of people you see in the movies and read about, either. I mean the tough guys with black eyes and prize fighters' jaws, wearing sweaters and caps pulled down over their eyes.

"Most of them wear good clothes and get around in the best of homes and the best crowds. Some of them are men and some of them are women. They work quietly and each victim thinks he is the only one in the crowd getting supplied by that agent. Sometimes these peddlers are satisfied with getting their money for the shipments of drugs. Sometimes they try to make it even better by starting to blackmail their 'customers.' Lots of them are paying blackmail money now and lots of them are pretty close to ruin on account of it."

NOTES:

[1] This successful animal serial was "The Lost City", made for Warner Brothers. A condensed feature version is avaiable on home video from Grapevine Video, under the title "The Jungle Princess." Her new serial contract was with the Pathe company, who hoped she would be as successful as their former star, Pearl White.

[2] Harry Fields was not Chinese, and it is not known why this derogatory nickname was applied to him. It is included here only for historical purposes, to reprint Smith's article as it originally appeared.

[3] Fields' tale was later thoroughly discredited. See TAYLOROLOGY #8.

[4] Mabel Normand.

[5] Again, supposedly Mabel Normand.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 27 -- March 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

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Juanita Hansen, Part II
Wallace Smith: February 24, 1922

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Juanita Hansen, Part II

Here is the conclusion of silent film star Juanita Hansen's compelling account of her battle against drug addiction, originally published in 1923.

April 5 - April 12, 1923
Juanita Hansen
NEW YORK AMERICAN

Part 8

BLACKMAIL!

Now, I was to find out the full meaning of the word blackmail. Experience was my bitter teacher.

A few days after my precipitate break with the grasping peddler--my only dope "connection" in New York--Uncle Sam's mail brought a letter to my apartment. I did not recognize the scrawling handwriting.

I opened it. As I remember, it read (and I am rendering it grammatical):

"I cannot understand why you have not been to see me. I am holding candy for you? See (C) what I mean?" (Note--"C," of course, stood for cocaine.)

The note continued;

"I expect to hear from you."

This curious communication was signed "T."

A few days ago I had received another of these epistles. I had paid no heed to the first. The second read:

"You probably have forgotten your indebtedness of $150 to me. I wish to hear from you and am still holding the package. T."

Probably two days later came a third communication:

"Why haven't you phoned me? Why haven't you been to see me? What do you intend to do about this money? I need it and intend to get it! You cannot leave me like this. You know that I depended on you. This is the last time I'm going to write this kind of letter.

"Send me some money. T."

Of course I owed this man nothing. His demand was a trumped up ruse to get me in his power again. The next letter showed this. This communication capped the climax for me.

"You have not called me and I have written several times. Do you intend to pay me or not? Or do you want me to see your manager? I want my money! Guess you don't want your whole studio to know."

Now he was in the open.

Blackmail!

That very night I got Mr. T. on the telephone. I intended to call his bluff, though in my heart of hearts I was afraid. I knew he couldn't stand investigation. I knew he wouldn't do anything himself. But he could cause me a lot of trouble by sending anonymous letters to my studio. So I called his bluff. On the phone I said:

"You may not think anything of your life but I think something of mine. Now, if you want to end behind the bars, you just keep up writing these letters and I'll put you there!"

A cringing note crept into his voice. I think now for the first time he realized his once Easy Mark would and could fight. I told him:

"I don't want ever to see you and I don't want you ever to communicate with me again."

I hung up. I never heard from him again. I heard of him, however. This same man is the peddler I told you of, now spending his time in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, Ga.

During this period I had established a new agreement.

The quarrel with Mr. T. had set my head reeling. The day I walked out of his office I knew the cocaine was slowly devouring the very best that was in me. I MUST give it up; I WOULD give it up. That was my one thought when I walked raging from the peddler's apartment.

My repeated efforts to cut down had always failed. Somehow I just couldn't do without it.

When I left T.'s apartment I wondered where I would make another dope deal.

I went home and complained to my maid and my secretary of not feeling well. My secretary well knew by this time that I was using narcotics. She wanted me to see a doctor. I had lost faith in doctors. I had resolved never to consult one again, and I told her so. She said:

"Juanita, you had just as well tell me yourself, because I know what you are doing. You know that only love prompts me when I tell you that you must see a doctor. You can't go on in this way; you just can't! I have been to see a doctor, and he can help you. Won't you let me take you to him?"

It was the first time any one associated with me, outside the fraternity itself, had spoken to me about narcotics. This was a subject I never wished to discuss. It was my secret and I always intended it should be.

But somehow that particular night I was willing to listen to advice. I sort of felt I needed someone to take the reins out of my hands. Yes, I would try to believe in a doctor once more.

This doctor I hoped would be different.

That same night my secretary and I drove down to see the doctor. He is one of New York's best known physicians.

I was rather reluctant in telling him everything, but you know you must tell your doctor everything if you wish him to help you. When I told him the maximum amount I took every day--twenty grains of morphine and an eighth of an ounce of cocaine--he fairly gasped.

"IMPOSSIBLE!"

Then he questioned regarding where I was getting my stuff, whether it was pure or not, and all the usual questions physicians ask. I told him I had lost my cocaine "connection," but I had half an ounce of morphine. Very emphatically I told him:

"I must have cocaine! I must have cocaine!"

Then the impossible happened. At least I had always thought it impossible. My doctor said he would see that I got my precious dope!

Eureka!

If I must have my dope, he would see that I got the pure narcotic--no more of this doctored-up peddler's stuff.

At last, "luck" was with me!

Actually thinking myself in luck shows how morally cross-eyed dope can make you.

Part 9

The doctor kept his word all right.

I got my cocaine.

The doctor introduced me to a man. Who he was or what he was I was never able to find out. But I was content to get pure cocaine at last "without asking any questions." This cocaine bore the label of one of our largest wholesale drug companies.

I purchased for the first time pure morphine and pure cocaine. Indeed, it was wonderful for me to get the pure narcotic, but I paid an awful price. By this I mean it almost caused my death. For I took an overdose.

One cannot tell by looking at the narcotic whether it is fifty, seventy-five or one hundred per cent pure. It all looks the same. The narcotic that crosses our borders, undoubtedly, when first brought into this country is pure. But by the time it has changed hands, perhaps twenty times before finally reaching the addict consumer, what other ingredients the narcotic contains God alone only knows.

Take, for example, a man purchasing twenty ounces. Out of the twenty, why should he not make twenty-five? This process is very simple, if the original narcotic is in powder form. This is especially true of heroin, which is usually in powder form.

Perhaps of the twenty-five ounces the wholesaler will sell ten to another peddler, probably a wholesaler on a smaller scale. Now, this small wholesaler decides he will make fifteen ounces out of ten by adding sugar or milk or one of fifteen other ingredients having the same appearance as the drug.

Now this lesser wholesaler, let's say, will divide these fifteen ounces among three or perhaps four peddlers. Take, for example, one peddler who purchases three ounces. Of three ounces surely he can make at least four. Perhaps you think I am exaggerating when I tell you that each transaction not only means a considerable profit, but the temptation to fool the next purchaser is something that is very hard to resist.

So you can readily understand by the time this original narcotic, labeled "pure," has changed hands at least half a dozen times, it reaches the addict far from pure.

As I stated above, one cannot tell by the tone or the looks of the thing

itself what it contains. Only the taking of the narcotic will prove that.

Years ago, when you were able to purchase narcotics at any corner drug store for the asking, I am sure that overdoses and deaths caused by narcotics were not nearly so frequent. For example:

An addict becomes accustomed, or perhaps even forms a habit, of taking a certain quantity, which he places in a spoon in the little water to "cook," if he takes it hypodermically; or if he takes it through his nostrils, he forms the habit of taking a certain amount on the end of a nail file or a pen-knife.

You can readily understand, if the addict has been taking a narcotic that is 60 per cent pure and finds he needs a certain amount for his dose, it is very easy for him to take an overdose--if he is fortunate enough to get a pure narcotic, 100 per cent pure. No dealer or peddler ever tells you the narcotic he sells is anything but 100 per cent pure. Mr. Peddler will always tell you that he handles the finest stuff that can be purchased, and Mr. Addict always takes his word for it.

In the first part of this article I spoke of taking an overdose myself. This was due to the quality of the cocaine I was "fortunate" enough to secure through the doctor above mentioned. He himself had told me he would see that I got pure cocaine, and he most assuredly kept his word!

One afternoon, about four o'clock, I was preparing to go to Atlantic City to attend a house party. My maid had packed my bag, and my car had been sent over from the garage. Perhaps four or five people were in my apartment at the time--two prominent film players, a well-known portrait painter and a very prominent author were among those present.

They may all have had their suspicions that I was using narcotics, but I have told you this was a secret I always tried hard to hide. None of my guests ever used narcotics, so far as I know. From the day I became an addict I had sworn never to attend parties with addicts or associate socially with any one who used drugs.

If I had to use narcotics, I would use them alone.

Was this a sin or a virtue? I wonder!

At least, I am grateful I never have forged another link binding a new

victim to the devil's chain, which usually is a result of "parties."

This particular afternoon I speak of, when I took my first overdose, I was dressed for motoring--my bag was packed, my car was waiting. But before making my departure I excused myself and entered the bathroom. I prepared a "shot" with the usual amount of cocaine that I had been accustomed to taking of "Mr. Peddler's stuff," never giving a thought to the fact the doctor had warned me that this cocaine was pure.

The result:

Within a very few minutes, I was "out." I fell on the floor of the bathroom unconscious. I remained unconscious for twenty minutes.

My guests became alarmed at my long absence and one of the girls entered the bathroom to ascertain what was detaining me. I was unconscious, with the hypodermic syringe still in one hand. Of course, I do not remember all that happened.

But they summoned my secretary and my maid and called a doctor--not my physician, but the hotel doctor. He was bending over me when I finally was aroused from my stupor.

I cannot find words to express my humiliation when I realized what had happened and that those present in my apartment at the time all knew MY SECRET.

My mind was in a whirl. It seemed I had come to the end of things.

I DID NOT GO TO ATLANTIC CITY.

My guests were kind enough and thoughtful enough to save me a great deal of embarrassment by leaving me alone. After they had left, to myself I thought this must be the end of everything. Now the whole world would know my secret! WHAT WAS THE USE OF GOING ON?

I could not give up narcotics, and I couldn't live or work without them. I am sure I regretted that I ever came to that day.

For two days I remained home abed. I refused to answer the phone or see any one that called. But on Monday morning I was off to the studio to carry on my work.

At this particular time I speak of I had lost considerable weight.

I only weighed 115 pounds.

Every day at the studio for the next two months I was a woman alive, yet a woman dead! I had become a mere automaton, just going through the motions.

How I ever carried on my work I have often wondered, merely kept alive by the stimulant I was taking. Do not think that my doctor approved of this, for he thought it was criminal that any woman should be compelled to work in the condition that I was in at that time. All my life revolved around MY WORK. I must FINISH THE PRODUCTION!

I fought time and time again against purposely taking an overdose, for I was tired of it all; but I believed so firmly and I knew I would have to work out this curse of narcotics, if not on this plane of existence, it would be on another. Death, of my own volition, would not help me.

Life to me was simply work, studio, home, studio again, an endless round.

Then, one evening, in his office, my doctor said:

"Juanita, you will not live another month at the rate you are going! If you wish to live, you will have to give up this cocaine."

I laughed in his face. I needed cocaine to keep me awake, and I needed morphine to put me to sleep, and I surely couldn't work when I was asleep and the "PRETENDER'S HEALTH," which cocaine gave me, enabled me to WORK.

The same doctor urged me, begged me to leave the studio and go to a sanitarium where he could give me a cure with the proper care and attention, otherwise my life was limited to one month!

ONE MONTH TO LIVE! That was my death sentence.

Part 10

The doctor had pronounced his sentence.

One month in which to live.!

I had been given my sentence, but I would prove that it would never be carried out. Live only another month? Well, I would show them all!

I had three months still in which to finish my contract. I must finish the production.

To do this would take two months. The doctor was very kind to me and I might even say patient. For I really became unreasonable. I knew that it was an impossibility to attempt a cure under the conditions that confronted me.

Every day I seemed to be growing weaker. The change was now very noticeable. My cheeks were very sunken and I had lost a great deal more weight. I weighed probably 105 pounds.

I will never forget the day I finished the production--three weeks before my contract expired with this Eastern firm. The very day I finished my last scene, all trunks had been packed, my apartment I had given up, and with my doctor, secretary and a friend, I left for up-State.

Once more I attempted a cure!

We drove for probably two hours in a limousine. This was in December, 1920. Our destination was a sanitarium located on the hills overlooking the Hudson.

We were received by Dr. X, rather an elderly man, who seemed very kind but very stern. I afterwards found out that this doctor's word was law. He was the captain, the sole commanding officer of this sanitarium.

I was immediately shown to a little suite upstairs. My day nurse undressed and put me to bed. This was the beginning of the cure for morphine addiction.

I must explain here that one month previous to this I had voluntarily given up cocaine.

My doctor had urged me so many times and begged me so many times to give up cocaine. He tried to convince me that it was possible to give up this particular narcotic if I was strong enough in will and desire. Believe me, he did not convince me in a day.

Cocaine is not a necessity. Morphine becomes part of you. No person with any intelligence on the subject of narcotics will ever advise one to lay aside morphine or heroin instantaneously. But cocaine is entirely different. With determination and strong will power, cocaine can be given up very easily.

One evening, after I had finished my work, about 6 o'clock, I went down to see my physician. I remember we had a long talk that night. I was in the

mood to talk, rather unusual for me.

Narcotics had taken such a strong hold on me that it seemed useless for me to try and give it up. So when my doctor attempted for the ninth time to persuade me to give up cocaine, I guess he was too surprised when I said suddenly:

"What makes you believe it is possible for me to give up cocaine? My repeated efforts have failed. It is impossible!"

His answer was quite convincing:

"Young lady, if you sincerely wish to break away from the destructive power of cocaine, I will show you how. It all rests with you."

He outlined the following plan. I was to make up my mind completely that I was through with cocaine--get that into my consciousness--firmly believe it. I was to give him, that very night, every grain of cocaine I had.

If I would agree to do this, he would be within my call the entire next day. I was to keep up with my morphine, however. He did not urge me to attempt giving that up while working.

I agreed to this plan. We made a bargain. The next morning I got out of bed, knowing that I had no cocaine and remembering my promise of the night before, I said to myself:

"Juanita, you haven't any cocaine. You are through with it."

The plan I had entered into was a success.

I dressed myself for the first time in months without the aid of cocaine! I went to the studio! I worked all day.

I can't say I had no desire for it, but I worked so hard I didn't have much time to think it over. That night I reported to the doctor. He was delighted.

This was the end of cocaine, for the time being. For three weeks I continued to work, very, very hard, and I never touched cocaine!

The doctor was right in this instance.

Now, at last, I had reached the sanitarium for my morphine cure. To be cured of taking twenty grains a day.

The cure: Reduction.

I wish to make the statement right here:

There is no successful reduction cure.

I do not know of one successful cure accomplished by this plan. I do say that you can reduce considerably the amount of narcotics you may be accustomed to taking, but you cannot take the drug entirely away by the reduction process.

However, it cost me $2,500 to find this out!

The doctor I had brought with me from New York talked with the doctor in charge of the sanitarium for perhaps an hour. He then came upstairs to see me. I had brought the doctor with me from New York because I had confidence in him. He had agreed to stay with me at least three or four days, until I really was well on the way to my hoped-for cure.

This hope was blasted. After his talk with the doctor downstairs, he came up to tell me that he had decided to go back to New York, that Dr. X would have sole charge. When I asked why, he answered:

"I feel Dr. X is as capable as I in handling your case."

To my mind, neither of them knew very much about narcotic cases. Yet the "cure" was to cost $2,500.

I remained three weeks in this sanitarium. The first week I was in bed all the time. The second week I was able to sit up, perhaps an hour a day. The last week, I rapidly regained my strength and was allowed to take short walks. During the first week at the sanitarium, I asked Dr. X what sort of a cure they intended to give me. But that was his secret.

I was given many pills and medicine, which was supposed to be part of the cure. I think most of the medicine consisted of harmless, sugar-coated pills. Dr. X promised me, however, I would be taking pure water within three weeks in my hypodermic.

One day he sent a note up to my room, stating:

"You have been taking aqua pura for seventy-two hours."

The previous seventy-two hours I had been receiving my hypodermics every few hours on scheduled time. In fact, if my nurse was a little negligent, I reminded her of the fact that it was time to have a shot. Now, it can be

readily seen, that one's state of mind has a great deal to do with this.

Imagine, asking for my hypodermics of aqua pura!

Aqua pura for seventy-two hours, and I thought I was getting narcotics.

True, I had been weaned from narcotics for seventy-two hours. But merely taking the narcotic away does not mean that a cure has been effected.

Now I will tell you why this "cure" was a failure. The pains in my stomach kept up constantly. The pains in my limbs were so intense that all the massaging that two nurses could give me did not relieve. Of course, my appetite was much better, but I rested very poorly at night.

I had gained quite a little in weight, and my general appearance was considerably better.

I left the sanitarium free from narcotics but not free from the terrible curse that narcotic addiction of two years had stamped upon my whole physical organism.

I was not cured.

I came back to New York. I made final arrangements to leave for California; but, before doing so, I went out looking for a "connection." With the assistance of the "pretender's health," I would be able to stand the long journey ahead of me.

I was going home. That was all I could think of--home and mother.

No matter in what condition, nor how, cure or no cure, I was going home. If narcotics could help me get there, then I would use narcotics.

Part 11

As I told you in an earlier article, I had made up my mind to go home. Two days in New York, after the REDUCTION "CURE" I have described, and I was on a westbound train.

However, It was only with the aid of narcotics that I was able to carry out my plan.

Do you think the drugs were easy to get? Remember, I had lost my drugs

purveyor. The doctor would not help me. He really thought I was cured. I didn't dare ask him. I have often wondered if this doctor really believed he cured me.

My "cure" was actually a failure!

I needed more than the doctor's word to prove that I was cured. The pains in my limbs and the gnawing pain in my stomach told me another story. My dope need remained.

One false step; and I was right back on the stuff.

I could not resist the temptation to say good-by to a girl member of the "fraternity" of drug users. She was happy at the sight of me, I was so improved. But when I told her of the long journey, and that I seemed to have a continual craving, she said:

"Better take a little stuff. I've got some. It's an awful long trip."

I was not strong enough to resist her friendly proffer. When I boarded the train, I was fortified with a little "bindle" of heroin and a little "bindle" of cocaine! How I enjoyed the journey!

California at last!

My mother and daddy were there to meet me. It was a guilty little girl that embraced her mother so lovingly in the bustling Los Angeles station. Never before in my life had I been so happy to see anyone as I was to see my mother that day.

You readers who are innocent or ignorant of the effects narcotics have on the eyes, countenance and general appearance would never have been able to tell I had gone back to the stuff. But my mother I cannot fool.

She, too, was very happy to see me. I noticed a very sad look in her eyes. She said nothing--but in her eyes I could read everything.

Not even with my mother would I ever discuss the subject of narcotics.

I told you in a previous article that it probably would take several weeks to acquire a real narcotic habit; but this is not true of an addict who has been temporarily "cured." It took me five days to reach California.

FIVE DAYS--ANOTHER HABIT.

Again the Devil had pulled me back and once more I was linked to his

chain!

At this time I weighed about 115 pounds.

My mother and daddy had just driven down from San Francisco. They were looking for a home. In the meantime I lived at the Alexandria Hotel. As much as I wanted to live with my mother and daddy, I was afraid. I had something to hide. Their temporarily unsuccessful efforts to find a home came as a relief to me.

I wanted to be ALONE! A trait you will find in nearly all addicts. It isn't that you're afraid of people.

It's just that you don't want them to know.

My family did not locate for three months. Then they took a pretty home, a beautiful little bungalow. They asked me to come home and live. Oh, how much I wanted to!

But I didn't dare. Then one day a surprise greeted me when I entered the house. I was told my entire family had discussed me and my secret. Whether I had attempted cures they did not know, but they told me they were going to "take the reins." My mother broke down and cried and pleaded:

"My little girl must stop this thing."

It almost broke my heart to hear my mother sob out my secret. I was too bewildered to answer. My mother did not understand then as she does today. She knew about as much about narcotics as I did the first night I went to a "party." She knew absolutely nothing.

Still, it was only natural that she should think I could give up narcotics just for the asking. She did not understand.

I moved home that very day. But I had my "bindles" with me. I had no difficulty in finding a new purveyor in Los Angeles.

For three or four days I lived at home. They tried very hard to make me happy. But I was heartbroken. The one I most loved in all the world was with me, but she must never see me take narcotics. And she never has!

All of my intimate family, those who lived in my mother's home, were interested in Christian Science. Science was not unknown to me.

In the surroundings of my mother's lovely home, and with all the love she

showered on me, I could not refuse to be treated when my mother requested it.

My mother did not act hastily.

For a few days she just sort of paved the way. I can be coaxed into walking many miles, my mother has often said. But I can't be forced a foot. She told me about a practitioner she had been to see. Would I see him that afternoon and tell him everything and let him try to help me?

Of course, I would. I would make one more attempt.

It was a very kind, wonderful man who called that afternoon. He was to be my practitioner--the one who patiently watched and worked day and night with me for more than three months.

"Greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend."

And for three long months, this man, my practitioner, laid down his life for me. I mean by this that he lived so unselfishly, with no thought of himself or of his desires or joy--"he laid down his life" that I might live. For, surely, my life for three months was held by a tiny thread.

Surrounded by the love of my people, nurses and practitioner, three months I spent in another attempt to break the chain.

For three months I fought with just my belief in a Supreme Intelligent Mind.

For three months I suffered like my dear friend, Wally Reid. He gave up his life, but I feel he died a victor. [1]

I am alive and I am telling my story, that I might warn you.

That I did not sacrifice life itself I attribute to the faith and love and patience of my Science practitioner and nurse. To please my dear mother, I would make another attempt--

With my handbag and a few personal belongings, I entered a very pretty little bungalow that radiated love. It was a little white bungalow, with pleasing green lawn and cute little veranda, on the outskirts of Los Angeles half way to the beach.

I had said good-by to my mother at noon. My practitioner did not wish to have my mother go with me to the "Science Home" as it was called. I was received by such a dear, sweet woman. the atmosphere was adorable. I felt

confident that at last I had found the place I had been looking for.

If ever I was to break the Devil's chain, here was the place!

This place was not at all like the other hospitals or sanitariums I had been in. It was just a little home, prettily furnished.

Once more I must fight, fight, fight.

I did. I fought. With all the determination of one who was on the verge of despair, I FOUGHT.

Before I entered my pretty little bedroom, furnished in ivory, with little yellow and white curtains and yellow and white pillows, my practitioner stopped me and said:

"Now you may give me all the narcotics you have."

I obeyed. I gave him, reluctantly, what little morphine I had. Also a syringe and a couple of hypodermic needles. Then he said:

"You will never see these again. Make up your mind, Juanita, you are through with narcotics."

I entered my room and went to bed. He had given me the Science Quarterly. I had my Bible and my textbook. He had told me to read my lesson and talked to me kindly. I was not afraid.

I got through the first day all right. I slept quite well the first night. However, the second day is written in my memory book so strongly I shall never forget the torture, the agony, the horrible nerve strain.

Again it seemed to me I had just reached the end of things.

When would this thing stop? Why should I live? I wanted to die. I shouted. I screamed. The treatment was not human!

I wanted to arouse the world. In this neighborhood where all seemed peaceful, I wanted everyone to know a human soul was being tortured. I tried to fight my way out. I succeeded finally in getting out of the house. Three persons could not hold me.

I ran down the hill. A few hundred yards. I collapsed. I fainted. They carried me back. Carefully, kindly, they put me in bed, alone in the room. I was conscious--yet not conscious.

I heard voices in the next room. How I managed to get out of bed and

walk in there I know not. It took all my will, all my strength (where it came from, God knows) but I walked into the next room, faced my practitioner and nurse and exclaimed:

"I want to get out of this place!"

My practitioner said:

"Oh, Juanita, be patient just a little while. It is always darkest just before dawn. The Devil puts up the biggest bluff in the world, when he knows he's about to be beaten. If you could just find something to be grateful for!"

My reply was an outpouring against Fate.

With that I turned and made my way back to my bedroom.

Then a strange feeling came over me. I looked out through the window. The sun was shining brightly on the flowers, little yellow poppies, and the pretty lawn. Up in the tall eucalyptus trees I could hear the birds sing. Then something seemed to catch hold of me. I felt ashamed of my previous impatience. How I begged God to forgive me!

PRAYER.

TRUST.

I could hear the birds sing. And I could see the pretty flowers in the garden.

I rushed into the presence of my practitioner and exclaimed:

"Oh, I have found something to be grateful for; Forgive me for what I said. For God is good."

Two hours and then--

PEACE.

GOD'S PEACE.

Two days and my craving was gone.

But the pains were there to stay. Words can never describe the torture--for truly it was torture. For three long weeks I never had a moment free from pain! Sleepless nights, all of them. I had gotten so thin, my nurse said I did not weigh more than ninety-six pounds. Thirty-nine pounds below normal!

During this time no one was allowed to see me--not even my own mother.

One week I remained in bed. For one week I sat up a few hours each day. The third week I was able to walk about 300 yards at a time.

I had seen my mother perhaps three or four times during this period.

I got homesick. I wanted to be with my mother. The days were so long in regaining my strength. I felt I never would be strong again. Only a thread held me to earth. My last days I wanted to spend with my mother.

It required a great deal of persuasion, but I accomplished my desire. I overcame my practitioner's objections finally and one evening my daddy called for me and drove me home.

HOME AND MOTHER!

For a week I remained at home. Surrounded only by love and by those who were trying to help me work out my terrible problem scientifically. But my pains, strangely, seemed to gain a more vicious grip upon me. I tried to hide the true facts of my condition.

I could not sleep, but I would lie very quiet in my bed fearful lest my dear mother should discover my secret. I didn't want to be sent back to the home. I tried to fool everybody. I succeeded for a time.

One night my mother heard me groan in torment. The next day she told my practitioner all about it. That night I was back in the Home to learn another lesson.

Another week found me well on the road to recovery. I was slowly regaining my strength. But the days were long--so long!

Three months in all I spent in the Science Home, and I STEPPED OUT WELL. No craving! No pain! Drinking from a spiritual well that has nourished me ever since.

Once more I stepped out into the world to take my place. I felt strong this time, full of ambition, and determined to rectify all I had destroyed.

BUT I PLAYED IN THE SUNSHINE SUCH A LITTLE WHILE!

To play in the sunshine!

I was free!

I felt so well fortified, so strong.

I thought I had thwarted the Devil. But I was mistaken. My antagonist was still stronger than I. He set about to resume his work. He caught me asleep one day. He caught me off my guard.

How he worked his fiendish will I will narrate presently.

In the meanwhile, I was happy. I played and laughed and enjoyed the sunshine, free from narcotics. My one loyal playmate in these happy hours was a little pinto pony, "Freckles."

Dear Freckles! Long, intimate rides over the mountain roads about Los Angeles. Our daily routine in the quest of permanent health; eight miles on the Melrose dirt road, along the ridge of Hollywood Mountain, twenty-five miles a day, Freckles and I.

We were free of the "Devil's Toys." We were free. Free! Freckles was my one and only playmate and he believed in me.

THEN TO WORK AGAIN!

A production. Finished in three weeks.

A vaudeville offer. One week of rehearsals. I was off for the East to open my tour.

Minneapolis.

This was my first vaudeville trip. My entire tour proved a great deal more successful than I had anticipated.

But this success meant hard work and plenty of it.

Of course, I was very happy to be able to work again. I felt so strong. But--

I did not allow for overwork. I ask you to judge for yourself. Up every morning, dressed and ready to be photographed at nine-thirty for local publicity. Reporters to interview, and many, many people waiting for me at the theatre.

A matinee every afternoon. Two performances every night.

Home at midnight at my hotel. Supper, dictation of important letters to

my secretary, to sleep perhaps by 2 o'clock.

One week in Minneapolis, another full week in Winnipeg.

THE DEVIL SET HIS TRAP AGAIN.

Dinners, luncheons, banquets, an endless round of amusement, in which I played the principal part. I MUST AMUSE.

My life was lived in a hurry again. Dress, undress, make-up, off with the make-up!

By the end of my second week, the Devil was at work again. He offered me a little more of the "Pretender's Health." Again I quaffed the cup of temptation. Nerves went taut again.

Exhaustion!

It was then that I set about to find a member of the "fraternity," a new purveyor of drugs.

I thought myself cured. But this was a false idea.

It is true I had given up the narcotic. But how about the poison that still remained in my system? That had not been extracted. I had been trying to work out my life scientifically. But I fell asleep, as I told you.

THE DEVIL CAUGHT ME UNAWARES.

I do not offer this as an alibi. For if I had been strong in my science I would have been fortified. The Devil would not have been able to overpower me.

I should have been on my guard. I knew better. Still--

I went looking for a purveyor.

Here I was, on foreign soil. How? Where? The old problem. But I had made up my mind to get it; and I did.

In the corner drug store around from the theatre; a cigar clerk. One glance and I gook a chance. In the vernacular of the "fraternity":

"Could you give me an address?"

"Of whom?"

"A purveyor."

"Of what?"

"Cocaine, of course."

I guess he knew by my manner and the firm way in which I requested it that I knew what I was talking about. But that was not all. He recognized me. He asked me several other little questions, and said he would meet me at the theatre if he could come back stage in about fifteen minutes.

He kept his word. He was there.

ONE TASTE OF WHAT I PURCHASED AND--

Of course I promised myself that I would buy myself this one "bindle," and that would be all.

Fooling myself again. Playing with fire! And deliberately playing with it!

That one purchase in Winnipeg led to another and then others. Many of them.

The Devil lost no time.

From Winnepeg, in far Canada, to San Diego, Cal., I found a peddler in every town.

THIS IS THE TRUTH.

The shameful truth.

In fourteen weeks I played in perhaps twenty-five towns. A peddler in every one.

I flatly make the statement: I found a purveyor in every town, without the aid of an introduction or an address.

DISGRACEFUL.

How about our laws and those who should enforce them? Where were they? I needed their interference then--

Still I was allowed to play with "the Devil's toys."

Allowed--perhaps not exactly by the law.

BUT THE LAW DID NOT STOP ME!

Part 13

FOURTEEN WEEKS IN VAUDEVILLE!

My contract was finished--almost the finish of me also.

In spite of the Devil's playthings, the tour was a success. This prompted offers to play other vaudeville circuits. But fourteen weeks of vaudeville was quite enough for me.

Again my one thought was home and mother.

Tired and worn out, sick at heart, exhausted, I returned to Los Angeles.

WHY SHOULD I BE BOUND TO THIS CURSED CHAIN?

I was tired of it all, of everything. What was the use? Many hours I spent in thought over this problem.

WOULD I NEVER BE CURED?

When I returned to Los Angeles, it was but a few days before the Christmas holidays, 1921. I spent the holidays with my mother. But they were not "holidays" for me. I tried to bring Christmas joy to the people I loved; but there was no joy in my life at that time.

Pretense, only pretense again! What would be the end?

But two weeks of rest, California sunshine and my mother's love in spite of my recently renewed habit, and I gained in weight. I had an offer then of a film production in San Francisco.

After I had finished this production, I returned home for a few days; then back to San Francisco.

I had been in San Francisco only a few days when I read in the papers of the William Desmond Taylor murder in Hollywood. Pages were devoted to this terrible crime, and the Narcotic Ring was connected with it in a way that has never been explained.

I read these articles day after day. Reporters were pressing me for interviews regarding people involved, merely because I was from Hollywood. But I had nothing to say. It was during these days that I was most despondent.

I WAS AFRAID!

I was out on the beach alone one day, when I firmly made up my mind that I would best this thing once and for all.

AND I WOULD DO IT ALONE.

I would not confide in a doctor. I had considerable knowledge of Christian Science. I would go away to the mountains, alone, and work out my problem as best I could, without the aid of anyone.

I WOULD NEVER COME BACK UNTIL I WAS CURED!

Without a word to anyone, other than that I was going to some hot springs, I quietly packed my trunk, stored my other belongings, and set out for--Hot Springs.

At that time I was using only cocaine. But a maximum amount. I registered under my own name, which caused me much trouble. I didn't think to change my name. The result was that I was annoyed constantly by curious people who questioned me continually regarding HOLLYWOOD.

The work I had gone there to do was postponed, for I would have had to be alone to do that. I have told you in previous articles that cocaine is not a necessity. If you are strong enough in will power you can break away from it.

I mean that cocaine is unlike heroin or morphine. These two become part of you. I was weak, and I knew it; and I was ashamed.

I remained at this Hot Springs only a week. One night and two days I spent pacing the floor of my room, trying to find a way out. I liked the Hot Springs all right. The surrounding country was beautiful. But to win my battle I had to be alone, and privacy was impossible there.

Then I formed a plan; deliberately I chose another path. Cocaine was ruining my health. I could not eat. I could not sleep. I was getting so thin, and I knew very well how I looked.

The plan I formed was a dangerous one. But I would go through with it. I packed my things, took a bus to the railroad station. The train was an hour late. I was nervous. I was nearly crazy. I had made up my mind to take morphine. I knew it would quiet me.

I had an hour to spare. I had found a peddler in every town from one end of the country to the other. Why not try my luck here in this little village? It was what is commonly termed a one-horse town.

YET, AS USUAL, THE DEVIL LED THE WAY!

Out of a population of 500 people I picked the right man. How?

I learned there were two doctors in town. I never will forget how I stood on the corner by the general store, debating over which one I should go and see.

But I found the right one!

The doctor was out. He had a nurse, though. She admitted me. I had time to look over his stock. I couldn't resist the temptation. I never have stolen a thing in my life--except a tube of morphine from that village doctor.

I had just tucked the little vial of morphine away in my bag when the doctor came in. With a little persuasion. the doctor gave me another vial. I really felt guilty, but I didn't dare tell him the truth.

Then I went to San Francisco. I remained only one day. Just long enough to look up Mr. Peddler, procure an ounce of morphine and find the name of another Hot Springs. During my journey, I had formed another plan which I proceeded to carry out.

I destroyed every identification mark on my clothing and baggage and set out for another Hot Springs near Chico, Cal.

I took another name. And I was let alone.

Now to carry out the rest of the plan!

I had morphine, and inside of two weeks I was taking six grains a day. But I was sleeping well every night, eating three meals a day, exercising, taking long walks. And the hot baths helped me to gain a great deal in weight.

When I had returned to San Francisco, to get more drugs and a new Hot Springs location, I had not forgotten the promise I had made to myself: "I would never come back until I was cured."

Now I was bound to morphine. I would have to beat that, too. I looked much better, I felt much better; but, in reality, I was bound tighter to the narcotic chain that I had been two weeks previous on cocaine.

NOW FOR THE CURE!

Reduction first, of course! A doctor will never tell you the cure he is giving you. But in those days alone in the mountains, I had plenty of time to figure out what really constituted a reduction cure. I realized it would be a slow process of reduction; but it must be systematic.

THE PLAN.

I was taking six grains a day. I placed sixty grains in a large-necked bottle.

I had figured out that this reduction must be systematic. I must take a shot every two or three hours, whether I needed it or not. I also had figured out that I probably would be awake sixteen hours a day. So, to this same bottle into which I had put the morphine, I added eighty hypodermic syringes of water--carefully measured.

Another part of the plan: Every time I took a syringe full of water out of the large-necked bottle I put back a half syringe of plain water. If I have made my plan clear to you, you can see that I was slowly reducing the amount of the narcotic, because I was diluting it with water every time I took a shot.

At the end of two months, I had cut down my shots from a total of six grains a day to one quarter of a grain!

Tomorrow I will tell you of the terrific fight I had to break away from that final little quarter grain.

One little tiny quarter grain bound me STILL to the Devil's chain.

Part 14

For one month I fought the hardest battle I have ever known--fought to break the tiny but powerful little thread that held me to the chain of narcotics.

One tiny quarter grain of morphine a day!

Could this be possible? I often asked myself. Why was I not strong enough to break away once and for all? I had cut down from six grains a day to a quarter of a grain. Yet, in reality, I was still a victim, no matter whether the link be large or small! I was still bound.

For one month I put up this fight. I walked every day--sometimes fifteen miles. I was up every morning at 6, to bed not later than 9:30, and to all appearances I was cured.

I ALONE KNEW THE REAL TRUTH. I WAS NOT FREE.

This is what tortured my soul and at times made me feel that I was going mad.

Then I met a man who was to help me believe once more in doctors. This man had at one time been an addict. He had been cured by a doctor in Oakland four years before I met him. The moment I looked into his face I knew he was speaking the truth. The 'indefinable something' told him that I was battling to free myself from drug addiction.

Twenty-four hours later I was in this doctor's sanitarium in Oakland. Twenty-four hours more and I was off. I WAS FREE OF THE NARCOTIC CHAIN.

What was the secret this doctor alone held? Here he had done the work in twenty-four hours that I had been fighting for three months to accomplish.

THE CURE--THE ONLY REAL CURE I HAD EVER KNOWN!

To this doctor and his marvelous cure, his kindness and patience with me, I attribute my success in finally severing the very last link that bound me to this cursed narcotic chain.

Just what this cure consists of, what all the little pills and the medicine are for, I do not know. But I do know that twenty-four hours after I placed myself under his care the desire for narcotics was completely gone.

This cure, unlike so many others is absolutely painless.

Why was this cure so absolutely painless? This doctor knew not only how to cure the addiction and kill the desire, but also how to extract the poison that remained in my system after three years of drugs.

This meant a rigid diet. One week with a ravenous appetite. With just a little tea or broth and one cracker every day to satisfy it. How I used to beg the doctor for just one more little cracker, but I NEVER ONCE ASKED THE DOCTOR FOR ANY NARCOTICS.

When I sought to explain how much I appreciated what he had done for me in the fortnight I was in his sanitarium the doctor would say:

"The success of this cure lies with you. You are the first one that I would really call 100 per cent cured. Your own desire to break away from this curse is responsible for everything.

"So many addicts come to me for my cure! How much I want to help them! But I become discouraged at times. Very few have come voluntarily and out of these very few have tried to help themselves. You have been in the mountains doing all you could for yourself.

"You stood upon your own resources as long as you could. You fought on until there was but one tiny barrier between yourself and your cure. Then you came here to me. You have gone over the top beautifully. I merely helped you.

"Most of the addicts that come here are forced either by relatives or by the law. I cure them, yes. I take away the narcotics. I try to urge each and every one to be careful on leaving here.

"Of this I warn you, Juanita. Be careful of your associates. Do not get near anyone who uses narcotics. Forget them."

The many talks that I had with the doctor helped me to fortify myself. I was able to cope with the situation when I left the sanitarium. The doctor used to say:

"Tomorrow, Juanita, tomorrow you will be stronger and maybe you can go into the garden for a little while."

But the "tomorrows" always seemed so far away and one day a little thought occurred to me. I set it down in my diary:

TOMORROW.

Within four small walls is a shadow
 Of me, I am all alone.
Waiting for tomorrow--
 I wonder if you will come.

To be free to play in the sunshine
 For only a little spell.
I would gladly come back to the darkness
 Of this poor little lonely cell.

Finally "TOMORROW" came! The door opened and I was free to play in the sunshine.

I was free, absolutely free, from the narcotic chain.

Now home to mother! I caught the first train going South. I did not wire my mother. I wanted to surprise her, and I surely did. I think mother was the happiest woman in the world when she saw me. One look into my eyes and my mother knew the truth.

Great tears of thankfulness rolled down her cheeks. I stayed home for three weeks and played as I never played before. How happy I was in the sunshine!

Free! Free at last!

The desire for narcotics had left me. I had served my sentence. At last I had severed the last link.

Part 15

Cured!

Seven months had passed. All desire for narcotics had left me. Why shouldn't I believe that I was cured?

I was being rewarded at last. My contracts, as I told you in a previous article. were nearly arranged. How happy I was. My struggle of two years was over!

And then--

Fate, perhaps, played her part. Again the world turned upside down. For a narcotic commissioner in New York didn't believe I was cured. Why?

It is my one desire to encourage all narcotic addicts, urge them to give up this curse. For such it is. And to assure them there is a reward. I expect the assistance though of all narcotic boards. They must help me--not destroy the work I am trying to do.

My arrest nearly broke my heart. It almost crushed everything I believed was good. Would it not have been a little more human, a little more Samaritan-

like, to have come to me, and quietly asked:

"I am not quite sure of you, Miss Hansen. I have read of your 'cure.' But I want to make sure. Will you come to my office for an examination before a medical board?"

Had I been approached this way, I would gladly have gone to the Commissioner's office. My examination would have proved that I was cured. No publicity. No experience with cells and detectives. I might have been spared all this.

NO!

The men who enforce the narcotic law don't believe in handling things that way. IS IT NOT HIGH TIME TO START A NEW SYSTEM?

Let us all be a little more human. Addicts, commissioners and detectives. AND THEN WE SHALL STOP IT!

Having my name heralded from one end of the country to the other did not encourage and help me. Instead it left me absolutely helpless. Hopeless. AFRAID. Always afraid of the law. The arm that should protect and love me struck a blow that made me wonder whether it was worth while to keep up the fight against narcotics.

But, right is right and wrong is wrong. And I am on my way up the ladder again. THERE IS A REWARD! I am cured. I KNOW IT! And I am no longer afraid, because truth has power and I am telling you the truth.

We read every day in the papers of the evil of drugs. In Washington they are awakening to the evil. Even the President has time to take recognition of the fact. Why not you?

How about the hundreds of thousands of addicts in this country alone? What about them? Can we leave them to die? No. This is not stopping it.

Cure the addicts in this country; then stop your source of supply. How? Here is a little plan I have thought out:

Let the entire control of the narcotic problem rest in the hands of the Federal Government. In the past the problem has been handled like a kindergarten class. But we must grow up.

Let the Government handle all cures. Let the Government conscript only

doctors who are specialists in the treatment of narcotic addiction. Wipe out all fake "cures" and fake doctors.

Let the Government build and operate sanitariums in all parts of the country. Let the Government have sole control.

Organize a great medical corps to fight this problem, just as was done in the last war. We won that war by organization. Now let us declare war on drugs and all who exploit this deadly curse.

Let us all combine forces. Work together like we did a few years ago. We were like one then--press, pulpit, people.

Wipe this thing out! Stamp it out! Once and for all!

Knit these tiny little ineffective threads into one vast rope that will crush the life out of DOPE.

In Washington alone this thing can be handled. Some day soon, I pray. I should love to see newspapers and "twenty-four sheet" posters shout at you from every corner:

"Addicts, we warn you! We urge you to step forward voluntarily. Come to us. We are the law. Do not be afraid. We want to help you. We want to protect you. Confide in us. We will not herald your secret. No matter whether you be pauper or millionaire. WE WILL CURE YOU! WE INTEND TO STOP NARCOTIC ADDICTION! But--

"BEWARE! We give you only six months to do this. Only six months. Come voluntarily, and we will free you from the chain. If you do not voluntarily come forward, we will find you. Cure, you, yes. But you must pay the penalty. TEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT."

WE SHALL STOP IT!

Absolute Government control, fearless and impartial enforcement, fair warning, inflexible punishment!

Cure your addicts first, then limit your source of supply.

Then, and only then, can you hope to break this chain, link by link. Dope will be dead!

To break up this chain is one thing. But to keep other little links from forging is quite another.

Every educational force and medium in the country, teachers, schools, periodicals, screen, ministers, all must unite. Warn every child in the country, just as you warn them to keep away from fire. Not only love them, but protect them.

"Let not your heart be troubled; do not be afraid."

Face this thing today!

Today I am pronounced cured--one of the few known to medical science. But only my death, at the will of God, will prove it so. [2]

(The End)

Wallace Smith: February 24, 1923

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 24, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

Mabel Normand, who called on William Desmond Taylor just before he was shot to death, was reported "gravely ill" today by physicians attending her at her home in Altadena.

So serious was her condition considered that extra guards were placed about the estate to fend off visitors. She is said to be suffering a severe attack of influenza, augmented by her nervous collapse since the killing of the director.

Instead of showing improvement, it was stated, Miss Normand lost strength during the night.

Two nurses are in constant attendance on the noted comedienne, and only her physicians are allowed to see her.

Telephone inquiries at the home of Miss Normand brought this brief statement:

"Miss Normand's condition is grave. She is critically ill."

It was reported she has been partially paralyzed and that her temperature shows a tendency to the subnormal.

An earlier statement by Dr. J. M. Wilson of Pasadena, one of the attending physicians, said:

"Miss Normand is critically ill. She is at the peak of a severe attack of influenza, aggravated by a most serious nervous breakdown. She has two nurses in constant attendance and all visitors are being kept from her. Everything is being done to keep her quiet, though her nervous condition, which preceded the influenza attack, is such as to make it hard to quiet her."

Some days ago she was taken secretly from her home in Los Angeles to the Altadena residence. At that time it was announced that she merely needed a rest.

Three days ago it was announced by her management that she intended to renew work in the studios on the production interrupted by the Taylor tragedy.

The news of her new collapse came, therefore, as a shock and a surprise.

It will be recalled that Miss Normand, shortly after the slaying was discovered, returned to the Taylor home and demanded her letters to Taylor.

At his funeral she fainted at the side of the coffin. Her photography, bearing the inscription "to my dearest" was found in the locket Taylor wore over his heart. As the world waited for reports from the bedside of the stricken comedienne, District Attorney Woolwine sent detectives rushing by motor to check up the story that Taylor was slain by drug peddlers when he sought to shield a woman from their slavery.

As the investigation swept forward it appeared that "Harry the Chink" Fields, he of the picturesque pen name and the unsavory record, might be drawing his story of Taylor's death straight from the bamboo pipe in which opium dreams are "cooked." [3]

But he has lashed the hunt for the mysterious assassin of the eccentric director into the swiftest gait it has struck since the find of Taylor's body

in the house in Alvarado St.

"Harry the Chink" has turned this hunt to a trail at the end of which, the most active officials declare, they will find the solution of the sensational mystery.

He has brought terror to the dope smuggling gangs skulking in the shadows of the tragedy as well as to the salves of the drug ring.

Out of the activity that has followed the yarn of "Harry the Chink" the Los Angeles officials were satisfied they would at least find the killer, whether it was Wong Lee, the notorious dope peddler with his old-fashioned pearl handled revolver, or the woman who was Taylor's last love.

The prime theory today was that Taylor's life was ended when he attempted to stand between this woman and the blackmailing gang that has wrung a considerable fortune from her through her slavery of the drug and the indiscretions it inspired.

This theory first was outlined in The Chicago Evening American dispatches.

Every detective returning from raids in drowsy, dangerous Chinatown and from more polite "trips of investigation" brought back startling tales of the grip which the drug ring had taken at the throats of some of the men and women.

State agents and federal officials joined in the search being made by the sheriff's men, special investigators and police officials.

It was from the United States district attorney's office that it was learned that Taylor had appealed for help more than a year ago to stop the activities of the dope ring. Taylor was interested in the woman he loved -- the woman who had fought to cure herself of the habit, and who today is still in slavery to drugs.

Taylor's fight may be won with the price of his life.

Before this there seemed no way of halting the dread traffic. Despite the activities of all agencies, from the bronzed men who seek to trap smugglers at the Mexican border and along the coasts to those who spied on the peddlers and those who purchased the hour's pleasure at the cost of

broken bodies and shattered minds, the traffic went on.

Among some of the detectives, it is known, there is a feeling that the woman named in Taylor's slaying should be taken into custody and given "a real talking to." She has been questioned but, according to the detectives, it was just a sort of polite tea party in which higher officials allowed her to tell her smiling alibi complaint of a severe cold, and let it go at that.

"If it was anybody else but her, she would have been taken as soon as Taylor's body was found," declared one of the men close to one of the highest officials investigating the case. "They say they have no power to take her into custody, but look what they did to Madalynne Obenchain in the Kennedy case.

"This woman would talk plenty if she was treated as she should be. Everything we have found out so far shows that she is the logical one to know about the crime. She's full of hop right now. If they put her in a cell, and keep the heroin she uses away from her a day or so, she'd be ready to tell everything she knows. [4]

"But she's been too strong so far. She is prominent and she has big friends. We have to wait for more information."

This is the woman who is known to have received a shipment of heroin ten weeks ago and by paying a tremendous sum, a supply of the drug sufficient to last three months.

Her name was among the first on the list recently turned over to investigators containing the names of film stars who dealt with dope peddlers.

The investigation of the federal, state and county officials, revealed the astounding fact that at least half of the dope peddlers are women, young, well dressed, and personable. They have either by their position or by insinuating themselves through friends at "parties" won their way into the confidence of the victims of the drug slayer.

Their work is one of constant temptation. They "make it easy" for the victims -- easy to destroy beauty, body and brains. Their work, too, is "reclaiming" the drug slaves who make the heart breaking attempt to smash the

shackles that bind them in thrall to the blackmailing smugglers.

Taylor's efforts to fight the drug ring, and especially that group who had victimized the woman he loved, was told by United States Deputy District Attorney Thomas Green. Over a year ago, he declared, a man came to him and arranged in interview with Taylor.

After talking with Taylor about the invasion by the dope peddlers, the attorney turned the matter over to an expert in the narcotic department. An operative was assigned to the place where Taylor worked and there he gathered information upon which a number of raids were based.

This, in itself, according to those experienced with the ways of the drug ring, would have been sufficient to have sealed Taylor's death warrant, even if he had not, as it is now theorized, stepped between the ring and the victim whose slavery meant much gold.

Another angle of the investigation which assumed great importance today was the fact that on the evening of the killing the woman Taylor loved had put in a desperate long distance telephone call to some one in a San Francisco hotel.

"I'm in trouble," she cried over the phone. "I need help."

That "help" was forthcoming was evidenced by the shelter that was placed around the woman next day. Guards kept away those who sought to question her and advisers were handy at every point to guide her in her conduct with the investigators and officials.

The guard is still maintained. The woman's collapse, at first looked upon as rather a naive dodge, now is looked upon as genuine. If she did not kill Taylor, it is said, she fears that the exposure of her drug slavery will mean her ruin before the public.

The detectives sought, among others, a man known mostly as "Johnny," who is said to have been the dope agent for this woman. They would not say whether he was the "Johnny" Clarke mentioned in Fields' "confession."

Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz was in direct charge of the investigation of Fields' story and, frankly, a big skeptical about it. Undersheriff Biscailuz has from the first suspected the woman in the case. But the "dope"

theory was one closely allied with the activities of the woman.

One of the first points of doubt in Fields' story to attract those familiar with the ways of the Oriental in crime was the fact that Fields insisted the Chinese, Wong Lee, had gone on the trip of death with two white men and a white woman. The Chinese, according to these veterans, never "do a gun job" or any other crime of major proportions with those of another race.

Then some one thought of applying the test of simple arithmetic and train schedules to Fields' story. He says he left Los Angeles on late on February 2. He was arrested in Buffalo on February 6. He says he traveled by way of Seattle and Chicago. Such a schedule is utterly impossible, using railroad trains for the trip.

Altogether Fields' story seemed to be fading confusedly into the fumes of the poppy. Whence, likely as not, it came.

NOTES:

[1] A few months before this series was written, film star Wallace Reid had died of illness related to his drug addiction.

[2] Unfortunately, Juanita Hansen relapsed later in the decade. After an accident in which she was severely burned with scalding water and was in severe pain, doctors administered morphine to relieve her suffering and she became hooked again. Her final cure came later. For more details on her tragic story see CONTINUED NEXT WEEK by Kalton Lahue.

[3] As stated last issue, Harry Fields was not Chinese, and it is not known why this derogatory nickname was applied to him. It is included here only for historical purposes, to reprint Smith's article as it originally appeared.

[4] Again these references are supposedly to Mabel Normand.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 28 -- April 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

As mentioned in TAYLOROLOGY #12, the best short recap of the Taylor case yet published is found in the Time-Life "True Crime" series. Unfortunately, the series has been discontinued, and is no longer available from Time-Life. But one book dealer who still has copies for sale is Edward R. Hamilton, Falls Village, CT 06031-5000. Ask for "UNSOLVED CRIMES: True Crime", Catalog Number 61842X. The price is $9.95 + $3.00 shipping.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle

One of the top comedy stars of the silent film era was Roscoe "Fatty"

Arbuckle. Like William Desmond Taylor, Arbuckle worked for Famous Players-Lasky (Paramount). Arbuckle's arrest and trial on manslaughter charges in 1921 was Hollywood's first truly major scandal. Although eventually acquitted after a third trial, Arbuckle's stellar career was finished. On the day William Desmond Taylor was murdered, the second Arbuckle trial was in progress.

Four substantial books have been written about Arbuckle, all of which are useful but none are definitive. THE DAY THE LAUGHTER STOPPED and FRAME-UP! deal mainly with the scandal and are aimed at the mass market. Although interesting and sympathetic, those two books are not really scholarly and are lacking references, nevertheless they should be read if you are seeking information on the scandal and the three trials.

Two scholarly books on Arbuckle were finally published last year.

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE: A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY by Robert Young, Jr., is a fine work, well-written and filled with references, although the 80-page biography portion of the book is rather short. But there is a major gap in the biography: almost all information about Arbuckle's stellar years came from later interviews and articles. The many contemporary interviews and at-work observations written during Arbuckle's stellar years were not even referenced in the book's bibliography. Indeed, the magazine and newspaper bibliography in Young's book is primarily a bibliography of the scandal which destroyed Arbuckle's career, and of his subsequent come-back attempts--it is not a bibliography of Arbuckle the silent comedy star. The book does contain a very nice Filmography, Videography, and Chronology, but it's too bad that Young didn't wait until Oderman's book was published, so Oderman's additional information could have been incorporated into the Chronology. Young's book does have some good nuggets of information not found in Oderman's book, and there are a few instances where Young is more accurate than Oderman.

ROSCOE "FATTY" ARBUCKLE: A BIOGRAPHY OF THE SILENT FILM COMEDIAN, 1877-1933 by Stuart Oderman is clearly the best book of the four as far as information about Arbuckle's life and screen career is concerned, even though no filmography is included. As with Young's book, there should have been

much more career information gathered from contemporary sources. The trial coverage includes many reminiscences from Arbuckle's wife, but testimony is primarily taken from the NEW YORK TIMES and the unverified FATTY ARBUCKLE CASE (which Young shuns), rather than from the San Francisco newspapers or the Yallop and Edmonds books (which were utilizing court transcripts). Still, Oderman's book does the best job of bringing Arbuckle to life.

Those who are interested in the film career of Roscoe Arbuckle usually want to know most about his "Comique" years--the years between 1917 and 1919: when Arbuckle had complete creative control over his own productions, when Buster Keaton was part of Arbuckle's comedy team, and when Arbuckle's popularity as a comedy star was second only to Chaplin's. All four books are lacking sufficient information on the Comique period--Oderman's book certainly has more than the others (with over 30 pages covering the Comique production period), but there are only about a half-dozen contemporary sources briefly cited within those pages--the rest of the information is from later interviews and books.

Another book on Arbuckle still needs to be written--a book dealing primarily with Arbuckle during his years as a film star, and extensively drawing from as many contemporary sources as possible.

Below are some press items which supply some information not mentioned in the previous four books, and which could be used as a few starting points for further research into the 1917-1922 period. Included is Arbuckle's own account of the fateful events which took place on September 5, 1921. The concluding items indicate Arbuckle's reaction to the Taylor murder.

* *

March 10, 1917

MOTOGRAPHY

"Fatty" in Chicago

You, if you have been reading Motography, know that some time ago the Paramount Pictures Corporation captured Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, erstwhile of Keystone, and, as Joseph Hopp, president of the Chicago Exhibitors' League,

styles him, "the modern Falstaff."

On the evening of February 27 Paramount and the exhibitors of the middle west celebrated the big comedian's new association with a banquet at the Hotel Sheridan, Chicago. "Fatty" was there, also President Adolph Zukor, of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and other prominent personages. About 150 people were present, including a large number of exhibitors, exchange-men and representatives of the daily and trade press.

At the speakers' table were--from left to right in the picture--Max Goldstine, manager Chicago Artcraft office; James Steele, treasurer Paramount; Roscoe Arbuckle; Joseph Hoop, Adolph Zukor; Mrs. Arbuckle (Minta Durfee, on the screen); Mrs. Alfred Hamburger; Alfred Hamburger, prominent Chicago exhibitor; S. J. Stoughton; Paramount's new middle west representative.

The burden of the musical words of the speakers introduced by Toastmaster Hopp was "better, cleaner pictures." Paramount was many times congratulated on the acquisition of so prominent and wholesome a laughmaker as "Fatty." The latter, Mr. Zukor brought out, has not asked a big salary but has wished to succeed or fail according to the merits of his productions and to profit or lose in proportion. "The greatest art of all," said Mr. Zukor, "is to make people laugh; and we didn't feel that Paramount could furnish an absolutely complete art to the public until it had acquired the best comedian on the screen."

The good natured "Fatty" was cheered enthusiastically when he was introduced. Between his stories he told that he had for the past three years produced his own comedies and that he now had an arrangement by which he could work for himself and a great distributing company at the same time. In mentioning the hardships of his trip from Los Angeles to New York, Fatty stated that at one time the party had been without food for three hours.

The other speakers were James Steele of Pittsburgh, treasurer of Paramount; Mrs. Alfred Hamburger, who made the finest speech of the evening, urging that the new art of pictures should be free, and complimenting Paramount on its wholesome productions; William Jefferson, husband of Vivian

Martin; Louis Anger, representing Joseph Schenck of New York; Herbert Warren; A. Siegfried, an exhibitor of Decatur, Illinois; Louella Parsons, Chicago Herald...

* *

April 7, 1917

MOTOGRAPHY

"Fatty" Arbuckle in Statuettes

Paul Beygrau, artist, designer and sculptor whose work for the King of England won him notice, has modeled a life-like statuette of the famous comedian who recently joined Paramount to make for them two-reel comedies for all exhibitors. These odd little figures are being distributed throughout the country by Western Novelty and Doll Mfg. Co., of Seattle, Washington. Exhibitors are planning to use them in connection with their window and lobby displays.

* *

April 27, 1917

VARIETY

"Fatty" Arbuckle made a hit Sunday night as the leader of the Strand orchestra, showing how a temperamental musician would put them through the "Poet and Peasant" overture. He had made a little speech about himself and his picture, and then, announcing that he was a musician "by birth," borrowed a baton and kept the house laughing until he picked up his coat from the floor, and leaving the music scattered all around, ducked in the darkness and disappeared.

* *

May 5, 1917

MOTOGRAPHY

Big Film Ball

Almost every prominent screen actor and actress in New York was present at the "Motion Picture Charity Ball" at Terrace Garden. The ball was given

for the benefit of the Red Cross and the charitable nature of the affair resulted in bringing out a much larger crowd than usual...

The first part of the entertainment consisted of a concert by a symphony orchestra of fifty pieces and led by Hugo Reisenfeld, conductor of the Strand Theater orchestra. The patriotic airs were easily the favorites. At ll o'clock the dancing began, followed shortly by a military drill by the Peer Fife and Bugle Corps. The dancing then continued until promptly at 12 Roscoe Arbuckle appeared on the floor and gave the signal for the grand march. The march was led by Mr. Arbuckle with Virginia Pearson and Earle Williams with Leah Baird. An attempt on the part of Arbuckle to trip the light fantastic at the close of the grand march was quelled instantly by the other dancers.

It is estimated that there were at least five thousand people present and these showed no disposition to leave early. Every one remained until the end...

* *

July 14, 1917

LITERARY DIGEST

"Fatty" Arbuckle Off The Screen

A popular saying has it that "nobody loves a fat man," but an older adage declares there is an exception to every rule. In this case Roscoe Arbuckle is the exception. His elephantine form and jolly grin appear on the bill-boards at every movie between New York and Frisco. He has capitalized his avoirdupois. And how much is the capital? Well, it might be better form to wait and let him tell that himself.

Mary B. Mullett, who presents a very intimate and interesting study of Arbuckle in the New York Sun, started to frame a question as to the financial return on that capital of flesh, but "Fatty" promptly interrupted her, saying:

"You're going to ask how many hundred thousand dollars a year I get out of this business. In the first place, I don't know yet. I haven't been my

own producer, director, and general boss long enough to know whether I'm going to make a million or ten cents. And if I did know I wouldn't tell.

"Every moving picture star on earth claims to get $10,000 a week. Some of them do, too. But when I was on a salary I think I was the only star that didn't shout about earning half a million a year. What's the use? If audiences don't like you they'll think you're lying about your salary. And if they do like you it won't be because of what you get but of what you do.

"That's the way I've always felt about it. Now that I'm working for myself I realize that I'll earn what I'm worth, no more. I'm in the manufacturing business and what I'm making is laughs. If you figure that every laugh I get is worth at least a thousand dollars to me you'll understand why I get up every morning at seven o'clock to try to be funny."

"Fatty" had been "doing" a scene for a new play, and he sighed as he eased himself into a chair. Says the writer in The Sun:

After he sat down he achieved the apparently impossible by crossing one leg over the other knee. And every time he got up and sat down he did it again. Each time I saw the performance beginning I secretly bet with myself that he couldn't make it, but I always lost.

It was an acrobatic triumph. But it was also a side-light on his character. For if there is one thing Roscoe Arbuckle has made up his mind about it is that he won't be the ordinary fat man. He won't sit like a fat man. He won't dress like a fat man. And, above all, he won't depend on his diameter and phenomenal circumference to make people laugh.

When he is out of the movies he looks like a modern Beau Brummel under a magnifying glass. He has fifteen pairs of shoes. But he sighed again as he declared that he works so hard he never has time to wear them. His clothes are always immaculate. It sounds as if he gave a lot of thought to his personal appearance. He does. But it is for just one reason.

"There's nothing in the world so repulsive," he said, "as a fat man who isn't well dressed."

Arbuckle does not depend solely upon his flesh to be funny; in fact, he warmly resents any intimation that he is only funny because he is fat. He

declares that he never tries to get a laugh by getting stuck in a door or window, and as to his weight and its commercial value he says:

"If I didn't do anything but weigh 320 pounds and wear queer clothes I might get six laughs. In a half-hour picture-play I've got to get sixty or go out of business.

"People ask me if I ain't afraid of getting thin. Great Scott!! If I knew how to lose 150 pounds I'd show them! I didn't choose to weigh sixteen pounds when I was born. I weighed 180 pounds when I was only twelve years old, but I didn't wake up in the night to tell myself how glad I was. Not on your life! I didn't want to be fat then and I don't want to be now. And if I couldn't be funny without being fat I'd get another job.

"If work and worry would make me thin you'd have to hunt for me with a microscope. How long do you think it takes to make a picture that you'll laugh at--maybe--for half an hour? It takes me a solid month, and it costs $40,000 in cash."

Arbuckle writes his own scenarios, but, unlike the usual author, he develops his play before he works out the scenario. Of his methods he says:

"In the first place, I make up my own plays. I don't write them. I make them up as I go along. I have a general idea in my head when we begin, but I don't have a written scenario or even a synopsis. I try out every scene I can think of, working out the business by actually rehearsing it.

"And all the time I'm rehearsing out there I'm trying to devise funny little twists that will get a laugh. You saw an instance of it just now.

"That's the way I make a picture. By the time I'm through I have about 15,000 feet of film--and all I need is 2,000 feet. I've got to skim the cream off that milk. I go over all the films and pick out the best scenes. Then is the time I write the story. I make out the scenario from the scenes I intend to use.

"In this scenario every scene is numbered. When I have it finished I take the reels, find the scenes I want, cut them out, and put them in numbered pigeonholes. I write the titles that connect up these scenes and

then everything is in shipshape order for making up the necessary two reels."

Arbuckle had said that he catered to the children in his business, and in reply to a question if he were fond of them, he replied:

"I like children themselves. When I don't like them it's their parents I dislike through them. It ain't the kids' fault when they're measly. It's mostly their mothers that make 'em so."

Looking more than ever like a chastised cherub, Fatty sighed prodigiously. Then his face broke into one of his beaming smiles as he said:

"I know one thing. I'd a heap rather make people laugh than make 'em cry. It's a darned sight harder to do. Sometimes I think I've picked out the worst job in sight. If you don't believe me, try to be funny for thirty solid minutes yourself. After that you'll want to be a villain or a vampire just by way of a little relaxation."

* *

August 31, 1917

VARIETY

"Fatty's Profit"

The Rolls Royce car Fatty Arbuckle has been decorating around Broadway for the past year will no longer be driven by him, it having passed to the possession of Hiram Abrams of the Paramount.

Mr. Arbuckle now has a Pierce-Arrow that cost him $6,500. He sold the Rolls Royce for $12,000 after having paid $5,500 for it a year ago.

* *

October 20, 1917

MOTOGRAPHY

Fatty Arbuckle Hesitates a Day in Chicago

On his way to the Pacific coast, where he will continue to produce two-reel comedies for Paramount, Fatty Arbuckle spent October 4 in Chicago. With him were Lou Anger, manager of the Comique Film Corporation, as Fatty's company is called, and Herbert Warren, who has charge of the fun-making

scenarios. The latter has just married Valerie Bergere, the well known stage star of New York.

Fatty drove home one vital point during his conversation with Motography's representative when he said, "A picture is only half done when it reaches the exhibitor. At least 50 per cent of the value and pulling power of the picture depends on the way in which it is advertised and presented. Music is the most important thing of all in showing a picture."

Mr. Arbuckle's company is to work in the Balboa studio, at Long Beach, which has been leased for the coming season...

During his stay in Chicago, Mr. Arbuckle was entertained by Manager Max Goldstine of the local Paramount office.

* *

March 22, 1918

VARIETY

Fatty Arbuckle has the distinction of being the first godfather to Western troops. He has adopted Company C., 159th Infantry, at Camp Kearney.

* *

April 26, 1918

VARIETY

"Fatty" Arbuckle, who has been held up six times within three weeks by real--not film--highwaymen on the Long Beach Boulevard, has been sworn in as a special deputy sheriff. The corpulent originator of laughs says he is sick and tired of "coming through."

* *

August 11, 1918

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Buster Keaton, fellow comedian and best friend of Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, is off for "somewhere in France" to show the Huns how he and Fatty fall in comedies--only Buster says the boches are going to do all the falling, with himself as director.

Three weeks ago Buster departed for Camp Kearny after the completion of "The Cook," which will be the next "Fatty" Arbuckle comedy to be released by

Paramount. At that time "Fatty" Arbuckle and his company gave Buster a farewell party at the famous Jewel City cafe in Seal Beach. An impromptu minstrel and vaudeville show featured the affair. Buster was the recipient of a handsome leather wallet from the company. When he opened the wallet he discovered $100 nestling within. Officers from Company C, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth California Infantry, which is Arbuckle's adopted organization, were present.

Before Buster was out of quarantine Company C, One Hundred and Fifty-ninth Infantry, received orders and the comedian asked to be allowed to go along. He is now on his way "over there."

"Fatty" Arbuckle, Al St. John and Lou Anger rushed to San Diego to bid Buster "good luck." Another little surprise was in store for Buster, however. "Fatty" Arbuckle confided to the new soldier that he had a goodly portion of his weekly salary coming every week for the duration of the war. And that is why his mother received his first war check at her home in Muskegon, Mich., this week.

* *

November 1918

Julian Johnson

PHOTOPLAY

[from "An Analytical Review of the Year's Acting"]...Roscoe Arbuckle shares comedy honors this year with Chaplin--though no comedian, it must be admitted, even approaches Chaplin in personal variety and appeal. But Arbuckle's material--his own make--has, in the main, been consistently funny and human. He has surrounded himself with good people. He has made good productions. He has kept moving. "The Bell Boy," it seems to me, was his year's ace.

* *

November 10, 1918

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

"Fatty" Arbuckle, in order to take advantage of the increased

facilities afforded him at the Lasky studio, deserted his own plant last week to finish "Camping," his new Paramount comedy. This is the first comedy company to work at the Lasky plant and everyone took some time off to watch the jovial ones at work. To the surprise of all not a sound emanated from the Arbuckle sets. No pies were thrown and nothing was smashed. The day's casualties were nill. Without exception they were amazed at the seriousness of the comedians and the strict attention paid to the slightest detail by "Fatty" who not only acts, but writes, cuts and directs his own pictures.

* *

December 1918

Elizabeth Peltret

PHOTOPLAY

(from an interview with Alice Lake)...In four years of work in "slapstick" Alice Lake has had but three accidents which were at all serious. One happened during the making of "Moonshiners," a recent Arbuckle comedy, when a horse she was trying to mount stepped on her foot (she is not a particularly good horsewoman). Fortunately she was standing on a sandy surface, so that no bones were broken, but she suffered with her foot for weeks afterward.

..."The funniest looking accident we ever had," she said, "was when Roscoe Arbuckle was making 'The Bell Boy.' A crazy old elevator we were using fell to pieces and I was dangling in mid-air on the end of a rope. One of the boys was inside of what was left of the elevator and I was left whirling around in space while he was being rescued from the debris.

..."I've noticed this about comedies," she remarked. "The gags that seem funniest at the studio, will often look dead on the screen, while something which hasn't made you smile on the set, will make you shriek with laughter when you see it in the picture!"

* *

March 3, 1919

Louella Parsons

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Nobody loves a fat man has been put into disuse by Fatty Arbuckle. Everybody loves Roscoe Arbuckle, and fatter than he they do not exist. He is round, fat, jolly and the essence of good nature, the characteristics one looks to find in a man of the Arbuckle rotundity and if they be missing feels that day lost.

Well, they are not missing in Roscoe Arbuckle, comedian and chief Paramount laugh getter. Everything a comedian should be is present in "Fatty." He radiates good nature, cheerfulness and a pleasant day. He has a constant pleasant day. He has a constant rendezvous with happiness and not even a speaking acquaintance with gloom.

These things I know, though I haven't seen Mr. Arbuckle for many and many and many a day. The last time we met was in Chicago right after he had signed a contract with Adolph Zukor. Mr. Zukor made the trip from the Coast with Mr. Arbuckle and gave a banquet for his newly acquired star when he reached the stopping point of their trip. So it seemed particularly fitting the next time I should pass the time of day with the cheerful Mr. Arbuckle should be in celebration of signing another Zukor contract.

My invitation was for luncheon. Fatty being one of those people who enjoy good food, believes every one else has the same thought, and so we were to meet at the Famous Players-Lasky offices at 12:30 and chat over a lamb chop or club sandwich. It started out to be simple enough, but it ended by being a banquet with oysters, bouillon, chicken, salad and Cliquet substituting for the ham sandwich I usually grab for my noonday feast. And instead of our going to a nearby automat or to Childs we went to Sherry's with eight other guests--and all of them men.

This is the way it happened. Mr. Arbuckle has several ideas in the way of leading ladies in his mind. Those he had on the screen, and Joseph Schenck, E. Ludvig, Marcus Loew and a number of the men interested in the Arbuckle Company were invited into the projection room to pass judgment on these fair ones. Never did any prima donna have a more rigorous test than these two would-be Arbuckle leading ladies. They were given an examination as to the looks, screen appearance, facial expression and histrionic ability

that would make the rest of these screen struck girls believe walking on the ocean a comparatively easy task to passing the examination required to become a leading lady.

By the time we had looked at Mr. Arbuckle's choice in a screen partner it was nearly 2 o'clock, and so the eight men who are interested in making the Arbuckle comedies the big comedy bet of the year, all betook themselves to Sherry's, and Fatty and I just naturally took ourselves along and we had such a good time I decided doing interviews was a job that any one would like to have.

Adolph Zukor and Roscoe Arbuckle are great pals. Mr. Zukor has a personal liking for the good natured Roscoe, and admits after many years of handling temperamental and ungrateful stars, Roscoe is refreshing and one of the reasons he likes the film business. Because Mr. Zukor likes his star, busy as he is, he went way out to Kansas City to meet the California train and to get the Arbuckle signature to a long-term contract.

"I would go further than that," Mr. Zukor said. "With all the stars I have had Mr. Arbuckle is the least temperamental and the most appreciative."

A compliment which Fatty returned with a shower of wit and good natured repartee. Between the oysters and the soup Fatty told me moving pictures were not his whole life.

"Ah," said I, "you have deceived me; you are leading a double life."

"Tis true," he said, "and what is more I admit I am not entirely true to Mlle. Cinema."

"Tell me the worst," I begged.

But Roscoe was spared this humiliation by Lou Anger, his business partner, who said Mr. Arbuckle spent much of his time in the county hospital in Los Angeles studying surgery. His best friend is a surgeon, explained Mr. Anger, and Roscoe would rather go to an operation than eat--which, Mr. Anger added, is going some.

Then followed all the hidden scandal. If Roscoe had not wedded Mlle. Cinema, he would have devoted his life to surgery. A neat operation to Mr. Arbuckle is more beautiful than an exquisite painting.

"I wouldn't, you understand, be one of those pill giving M.D.'s. Not on your life. But I would like to know how to use the knife. I have watched doc take out so many appendices, I believe I could do it myself. Ever seen an operation?"

And when we shudderingly admitted we had never seen one and we believed we could live without ever being called in as a witness to such an affair, Mr. Arbuckle proceeded to draw a picture of a bone operation he had seen in a lad's leg wherein his doctor friend by simply shifting the position of a bone made this important member as good as new.

"Nothing to shudder at," said Roscoe. "It is a pretty sight to see doc work. I have taken Charlie Chaplin to the hospital several times and now he is talking in medical terms."

A party to see New Orleans by lamplight was planned with Mr. Arbuckle as the chief see-er. Before the luncheon was over Roscoe was inviting every one to join the party and be a member of this personally conducted tour, guaranteed to see the sights first hands under his guidance.

"Roscoe loves company," said Lou Anger. In fact in Los Angeles he cannot escape company. Every Tuesday night he comes into the Alexandria for dinner on his way to the fights. There are about six or seven lounge lizards --sitting bulls, Guy Price calls them, because they sit and sell more film than the world has ever seen. First one will spy Fatty and then another one.

"Going to the fights?" he will ask.

When assured that such is Mr. Arbuckle's intention, the waiting one says, "Got an extra ticket? I will go along."

The extra ticket being in evidence, the hanger-on then invites himself to dinner as Mr. Arbuckle's guest. After dinner he jumps in Fatty's car and as a self-invited guest sees the fight. After the fights he suggests a ride to Vernon and a light supper with wine. When deposited at length at the Alexander door, the willing guest says:

"Roscoe, old top, you might look me up next Tuesday evening."

And, said Mr. Anger, they get away with that stuff.

Some men might resent such a thing as putting them in the easy-mark

class, but it is one of the nice things about Roscoe Arbuckle that he is like a big boy in wanting to share with his friends the good things which have come his way. He is quite unspoiled--happy and in his happiness giving pleasure to the many people who call him friend.

These things I had whispered to me some months ago by a certain little girl whom Fatty had given his friendship and advice. To those who think the Arbuckle life is one round of continual pleasure, it might be well to hear how he went out of his way to befriend this girl when things looked black for her. I shall like him always for that, though he modestly refused to admit he had done more than any other man would do when I spoke to him of this young woman.

And now about Fatty and Mabel. Fatty says he would love to have Mabel for his leading lady, and has always selected his heroine with an eye to the Normand type. And Mabel says she would like to have Fatty for her leading man, because they work well together, and there you are. Only Mabel is tied up with a Goldwyn contract and Fatty is signed with Paramount. So it looks as if this wish of the public to see Mabel Normand in Arbuckle comedies will not be realized for the present, at least.

While we are wishing, Fatty will continue to believe the world is a comedy for him to pick and choose his subject. He will go on his way making folk laugh and be glad, which after all is the greatest accomplishment one can have--to be able to make the world laugh. And Roscoe Arbuckle has that gift, one he can well be proud of, and one which he has always used to the best advantage.

* *

April 13, 1919

Margaret Ettinger

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

(Los Angeles, April 8)--The benefit given by the Evening Herald on Saturday night was one of the biggest events of the year and all the proceeds were given to the Salvation Army. Douglas Fairbanks appeared in a strut all his own. The Sennett Bathing Girls came in "clothes that never saw the sea."

Roscoe Arbuckle did a single; so did James Jeffries and James J. Corbett; Fred Niblo in "Impromptu Remarks," Ruth Roland in a song and dance special. Carter De Haven and Flora Parker De Haven in "Vaudeville Reminiscences," H.B. Warner in a monologue and Charlie Murray in his favorite role of "Ladies and Gentlemen," all helped make a corking good program.

* *

April 13, 1919

Louella Parsons

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

On the last day of March, as guest of William Wrigley, the chewing gum and baseball magnate, "Fatty" Arbuckle tossed the first ball in the opening game of the season between the Pasadena, Cal., team and the Chicago Cubs.

The day was a glorious one; a real California sky overhead and every one in gala attire, almost Summery in tone. "Fatty" was busy working on "The Bank Clerk," but he could not resist this appeal. So he replied to the invitation:

"I like Mr. Wrigley's gum and I can't refuse to do this. Incidentally, I'm pretty strong for the national game, too."

So he went to Pasadena in a high-powered car, chatted with the magnate, met many people of prominence and then tossed up the little white sphere, thus starting the ball rolling in earnest in a hard-fought game.

* *

May 4, 1919

Margaret Ettinger

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle will be owner of the Vernon Tigers unless an unforseen hitch halts the negotiations now pending. Arbuckle is to buy the stock now controlled by Thomas Darmondy and is to serve as president of the ball team. Fatty also has leased part of the Glendale studio owned by Louis Gasnier.

* *

May 25, 1919

Margaret Ettinger

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

The grandstand was filled to capacity on the day that Roscoe Arbuckle's baseball team made its first appearance. In compliment to Fatty a number of the companies stopped work and hied to the baseball grounds. Bessie Barriscale and her husband, Howard Hickman, and party occupied one box. Tom Mix, his manager, Eddie Rosenbaum, and Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Le Saint another. Jack Pickford, Lew Cody, Lou Anger and many other "movin' pitcher" people were there to cheer the Tigers on. Fatty, Al St. John and Buster Keaton put on a side show. Dressed in the garb of the Vernons they staged a game all their own, using a plaster paris bat and ball. The result when ball and bat met may be imagined.

* *

June 1919

Alfred Cohn

PHOTOPLAY

(from an interview with Roscoe Arbuckle)...

"Every 'gag' in a production is as carefully analyzed after it has been released as it is during the course of production. An entire five-reel dramatic photoplay may depend entirely on one situation and still be a success. A two-reel comedy to be successful must have a dozen laugh producing situations or 'gags' and must never lag for a moment.

"The same plot can be done over and over again in the so-called features but the comedy without new gags is a failure. That's why most comedy directors, after a while in the business, go around talking to themselves instead of giving out interviews. It's a hard life."

* *

July 27, 1919

Margaret Ettinger

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Scarcely a week passes without a notable showing of the picture folk, socially...This week the assemblage was such a tremendous affair that it

caused quite the biggest commotion of anything thus far given.

The occasion was the automobile races at Ascot Park, in which almost every star and director of the West Coast participated. Besides, there was a parade of the motion picture stars, so those who did not race appeared on the track at any rate, and gave an exhibition fashion parade, garbed in their latest Paris creations and riding in their newest Rolls-Pack-Arrow cars.

Among the entries in the fast races were: Marshall Neilan, Tom Mix, Carter De Haven, Douglas MacLean, Donald Crisp, Henry King, Roscoe Arbuckle, Lew Cody, Al St. John, Ed Flannagan, Larry Semon, Earl Montgomery and Joe Rock. The fashion parade included a stream of pictureland's best known actresses: Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, Peggy Hyland, Bessie Barriscale, Priscilla Dean, Enid Bennett, Pauline Frederick, Gertrude Selby, Virginia Lee Corbin, Juanita Hansen, Lila Lee and Dorothy de Vore...

* *

August 15, 1919

VARIETY

The Arbuckle comedy staff went to San Francisco and staged burlesque stunts at the ball yard where Arbuckle's team, Vernon Tigers, were playing. Fatty, the papers said, was a riot.

* *

October 28, 1919

Ray Frohman

LOS ANGELES HERALD

...Roscoe was in a jovial mood. He had just been making up sleep after staying up all night cutting his latest film. The worries of owning the Vernon ball club--he did then--had not reduced his noble--shall I call it, by courtesy, "chest."

For, he explained, he "just bought them to please Anger." Anger is his manager, you know, and Anger is a baseball "bug."

All Fatty did, he said, was to be "president and sign checks." Anger was his personal representative and general manager, and "it kept him in good humor."

As the sale price of Fatty's pictures is contracted for during the coming two years or so, he didn't buy the club as an advertisement, he said--he won't make any more money by it that way.

"I can't go to the ball game any more, Lou," exclaimed the pyramid of flesh. Anger's other name is Lou. "It makes me too darn nervous. After two hours and a half of that, I can't do anything else I want to. The excitement makes my stomach feel bad."

Our most famous human dirigible was a prodigious study in brown.

From his auxiliary chin--as big as anyone else's chin proper--and the reserve supply of cartilage he wore at the back of his neck, down past that noted waist line (whose dimensions I didn't inquire because large figures give me a headache), and on down to his dainty feet, he was in brown--hat, hair, tie, suit, sox, shoes. Light blue eyes completed the monstrous picture.

"My first part was that of a picaninny kid," sprouted Fatty, letting the light in on the dark shadows of his past.

"It was one night with the Webster-Brown Stock Company at Santa Ana, when I was eight years old. I got it because I was always hanging around the theater. I lived there then. I was born in Smith Center, Kan., but have lived in California ever since I was a year old."

Fatty, be it known, was the baby--a 16-pounder at birth!--of the whole family. There were nine children. Only one other, a sister, was fat. Even now, Fatty only weighs 275 pounds--and two dozen jockeys would weigh about that much.

He earnestly assured me that he didn't "get that way" from too much eating or drinking; and in view of the high cost of food and drink, and the fact that Fatty will only net about $3,000,000 from his latest contract, I could easily believe it.

But rumble on, "thou ocean" of pulp.

"My first role was a 'fat part!' Salary? Fifty cents.

"When I asked for the job they told me to go home and get my shoes and stockings but I knew my mother wouldn't let me come back. So they blacked my

legs and feet, too. I knew I'd get a licking when I got home.

"From then till 1913 I was on the stage. I did everything from singing illustrated songs to clown and acrobatic acts. I was considered 'fair,' like the rest of them.

"I was in dramatic, and principally musical, stock most of the time.

"My first real professional engagement was in 1904, singing illustrated songs for Sid Grauman at the Unique theater, San Jose, at $17.50 a week.

"I played character stuff in Morosco's Burbank stock company here, and went all through China and Japan with Ferris Hartman in musical comedy.

"Tenor? No, baritone. I lost my voice in Manila in 1913 playing in 'The Toymaker' with Hartman--that's why I went into movies.

"I was only 'on' in the first and last acts. I went out in back of the theater and barked at a dog who barked at me. Pretty soon I had the whole canine neighborhood barking. When I went back I couldn't sing a note!
I couldn't even talk for three weeks!

"Yes, I sing a little now for my own amusement, but I wouldn't bore anybody else with it. I wouldn't dare to.

"My last appearance on the stage in a part was with Hartman in Yokahama, when I was 26. I'm 32 now. With his company I played the Mikado, and Koko, and Katish--a female of the species."

Just then a "Hello, Fat!" vibrated through the atmosphere as an auto disgorged Hiram Abrams, general manager of "The Big Four."

After that, Fatty's "confession" continued only amid a rapid-fire staccato, "kidding" interrogation from Abrams, who seems to have missed his real vocation, interviewing. Elgin Lessley, the only man who ever photographed Fatty for the screen (unless two or three cameras were being used at once), also was "on stage" for the repartee about "opposition" and "real actors," etc.

"What is your real name? What school did you attend? What university?" demanded Abrams all in one breath.

"Through the fourth grade!" answered Fatty, forgetting his Santa Clara college days.

"I got my first movie job at $40 a week with Keystone," continued the hippopotamic comedian, after Abrams and I had run out of breath. "For a month I walked around out there without working. Every time I turned around, Sennett was looking at me. To this day I guess he doesn't think I'm funny.

"But somebody does--Zukor will pay me over $3,000,000 for the 22 pictures I began making last March and selling outright to the Famous Players company. It'll take me about two and a half years to make them.

"I played mostly policemen in the two or three hundred pictures I was in at Keystone, but I played everything from cops to GRAND DAMES. Mabel Normand and Ford Sterling were there, and Sennett and Henry Lehrman were the directors. All my mechanical knowledge of pictures I learned under the direction of Lehrman, who directed all but about two of my pictures.

"During my three and a half years there I was never starred or even featured--the exhibitors played me up. Then I formed a partnership with Joseph M. Schenck--he's the husband of Norma Talmadge and director of both Norma and Constance--had my own company, and released through the Famous Players on a percentage basis.

"I'm working now on the fourth picture under my new contract--with the same people, but on a 'flat rate' basis--making my own pictures, directing my own company.

"How did I become a star? I don't know how it happened. It just happened. When I look at my old pictures I can't tell how it happened!

"It was only last March that I began to be a real star. When you can sell outright 22 pictures in advance of making them, when they accept you on your face value, you're a star."

One word more--and this is the most important of all--from the puffy mass of adipose tissue whose income makes that of the President of the United States look like a sick nickel and whose genius I had so much belied in my thoughts.

"I'VE NEVER USED MY WEIGHT TO GET A LAUGH YET! That is, used my size as the subject for humor.

"You never saw me stuck in a doorway or stuck in a chair. If you'll

analyze my pictures you'll see that they are humorous in themselves, except, of course, that the audience remarks about the agility on account of the weight.

"Titles, trademarks don't count. It's all no good unless the picture is funny.

"You only star in movies from picture to picture. If two or three pictures are bad, you're not a star any more. It's a constant worry. That's why movie people are temperamental. It's a terrible strain!"

P.S.--And yet, despite this "strain" neither Roscoe's own figure nor his bank book shows signs of emaciation!

* *

November 3, 1919

Reed Heustis

LOS ANGELES HERALD

This is, primarily, the story of a small young studio down Culver City way and of a large, young fellow.

To mention the name of a studio is to mention the young fellow. And here you have it--Arbuckle.

Roscoe Arbuckle, if you remember, has been played up in type time and again as the young Behemoth who, once seated, needs a block and tackle to start him on his way again.

But this is wrong, entirely erroneous.

Roscoe is not so fat--that is, not in the way he has been hailed as being.

Moreover, once seated in a chair he needs nothing to get him under steam again. He can do that all by himself.

We know a lot of persons who know Roscoe who will wager that he can get over 100 yards of terrain in almost 10 seconds--well, 12 anyway, and if you ever traveled 100 yards--hoof power--in 12 seconds, you realized you were spurning the earth.

That for Roscoe and his rotundity.

In breezing into the Arbuckle studio--which is merely stage space and

equipment stuff rented from a producer named Henry Lehrman--in breezing into the studio you will first of all meet Lou Anger, one of the many pioneers who put windshield eyeglasses on the peak of popularity.

The windshield glasses serve a double purpose. Not only do they add to the general de luxe of the person so equipped, but they afford a shield behind which the wearer may plot and plan at leisure and unobserved.

A gentleman may think many things when hidden behind the optic shields and his audience gain no inkling of what it's all about.

This went wrong only once. And that was when, in his salad days, Anger was wearing the glasses and a sweet young thing breezed into his office. Lou's glasses immediately fell off, for "what" said he, "was the use of keeping 'em on. Taking them off helped my eyesight and she knew what I was thinking about, anyhow." You see?

You will find Roscoe upstairs in his dressing room, one of a series of rooms which reminds one strongly of Atlantic City and the bathhouses there.

Roscoe's dressing room is composed of a lounging room--where no one is permitted to loaf; a shower bath section and a dressing room. Also a strong armed young gentleman with a bottle of alcohol--external purposes only--and a wicked gleam in his eye.

It is this man's duty to grab Roscoe, as we have said, to slap him on a slab upon his--that is--well, face down and give him the knuckle drill with the external alcohol as the unguent.

This massage having been duly completed, Roscoe shaves to the quick, dons fresh clothes, from socks to suspenders, and orders up one particular car, which, according to Roscoe, possesses one fault: the rear wheels skid and bounce most menacingly. Having explained all this to you, Roscoe carefully puts Lou Anger beside him at the wheel and invites you to ride in the rear.

But we've taken Roscoe from the studio before we've hardly planted him there. So behold him--not de luxe, but clad in the old familiar one-piece pants--at work.

No entrances nor exits to these pants. When Roscoe's in, he's in.

Sewed up for the day, so to speak.

With Roscoe will be Buster Keaton, also sewed up. Buster is the pleasant faced young acrobat who will rise to stardom some time in April and who truly beyond the mere laudations which are so easy to write and which so seldom ring true is of big league timber.

Roscoe and Buster and Dan Crimmins--the same Dan Crimmins who starred years ago in "By the Sad Sea Waves"--are on the stage and due for a mess of water stuff. It is a chill October morn, too, but never mind that. The three boys must be wet and wet they get. Each in turn dives into a big vat of water standing on the stage and then go into their "gag," which consists largely of resuscitating Dan, nearly drowned, by a means of a garden hose and a flow of ice water.

Earn their salaries! Thrice over.

Then Buster and Roscoe warm up, go through a sort of clog dance--not for the camera, but for the corpuscles--which ends in the familiar thunk, de thunk, thunk, thunk, the last two thunks when Roscoe and Buster do a fall which shakes even the stage and many a stout heart.

Leave them there for a minute. We'll pick 'em up later. Let us visit Jean Havez and Harry Williams, "gag" men, whose chief aim in life is to discover something new in the world. And it's a tough old job.

Jean is as rotund as Roscoe and has spent most of his life in writing lyrics for musical shows and all that. Had a finger in a mess of Broadway--the other Broadway--productions. And is now enjoying the fruits thereof, plus the Arbuckle harvest.

Harry, too, has followed the same line. Songs, the writing of them, have been his chief asset. Remember that soul stirring ditty, "Oh, let us have just one more drink, and then we'll all go home?" That's Harry. And, if we know anything about Harry he has, until recently, had a mess of these little drinks.

You will hear Lou Anger pattering around overhead massing with bills and discounts and other things and wondering if such and so comes F.O.B., C.O.D., or C.O.N., the latter meaning, "Cash on the Nail."

Back to Roscoe. Here we find that Molly Malone, Roscoe's leading woman, has arrived, done up in dainty overalls and silk shirtings and the rest of the atmosphere. Molly is toying with the making of a handkerchief, a sheer little thing. It may not have been a handkerchief--we didn't look too closely.

Harry McCoy, the juvenile, is with the party by this time, garbed in cavalry officer boots and filled to the ears, like the mocking birds--with song. He imitates Al Jolson in something about playing poker with Pocahontas and you could almost swear Jolson was at your elbow. We hasten to add that Harry wore more than those cavalry boots.

Then the luncheon call.

Havez is a noted trencherman; chili and beans, pork sandwiches, pumpkin pie, maybe a glass of milk and no encores. Harry Williams the same. Lou Anger pulls a wheeze: "This apple pie is immense." It goes over well. Lou repeats. It goes just as well a second time and Lou marks it down in his book for future use.

Then back to the studio, more of the water stuff and then as they say in continuity writing, we reach the sequences which deal with the dressing room: the alcohol rub and the car with the bum rear wheels.

We head for home, after having learned that Roscoe's camera man is named Elgin Lessley--here we pull a Lou Anger wheeze--"look out"--no, we made a mistake--"watch out," and while we're heading for home seated just above those jackrabbit wheels, we'll delve a bit into the history--that is the family history of the Angers, the Arbuckles and thus bring into the scene a noted baseball pitcher, Byron Houck.

Lou Anger is Arbuckle's business manager and confidant. Lou is married to Sophye Barnard, than whom no more patriotic woman ever lived.

Miss Barnard--the then Miss Barnard, is the singer who laid New York at her feet when she featured "Poor Butterfly," the song, at the New York Hippodrome. Miss Barnard during our share of the world war was one of the devoted women who gave their entire time to making the Red Cross Shop and Eighth and Alvarado streets a monumental success. Day and night Miss Barnard

labored singing, planning, welcoming and--seeing that visitors spent money to help the boys abroad.

Miss Barnard is--you may believe us--a very fine young woman. She has a sister, Kathryn, who married Byron Houck, the Vernon ball pitcher, who, in his turn, was one greatly responsible for Vernon winning the Coast league championship this year.

Thus, Byron Houck becomes brother-in-law to--well, figure that out for yourself.

And meantime we get home O.K. O.K, the hind wheels having done their best or their worst, but when one's fingers are sunk deep into the upholstery, it is to laugh at swerving wheels and skidding tires.

A last word. If you who read are dazzled by the stories of Arbuckle's wealth, remember this: Roscoe hustled for it--and in his memory are stories of meals he missed, hungry, grey days. Now he's in the sunshine.

* *

December 12, 1919

VARIETY

[following an announcement that Ince, Sennett, Neilan, Tourneur and Dwan had joined together to form Associated Producers, an independent film alliance]...Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle arrived in New York Monday morning. Asked if there was any truth in the report he contemplated joining the combination of directors, he stated he had been approached, but had no desire to enter into the business end of the game.

He added that he had had a lot of fun monkeying with the baseball game, and having sold out, now contemplated buying the Los Angeles ball club, merely for his own amusement.

"I have all the money I want," he said, "and at the conclusion of my present contract, I will stop making pictures myself, but may be interested in having others appear before the camera, just to keep occupied. While I am east, I am having 'Buster' Keaton make a picture on his own. Let 'em all have a chance. I don't want to be hoggish."

* *

May 30, 1920

Frances Agnew

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Probably the most expensive cast ever assembled will be that for the production of "Arizona" to be given as a benefit for the Hollywood Post of the American Legion at Clune's Auditorium, June 3, 4 and 5. It will be an event long to be remembered and a credit to the generosity of film folk. Theodore Roberts is stage director, having the original script which was sent to him by the author, Augustus Thomas.

Dustin Farnum will play Denton; Hobart Bosworth, Colonel Bonham; Ethel Clayton will be Estelle; Theodore Roberts, Henry Crosby; William Desmond, Tony Mascano; Bessie Barriscale, Bonita; Lewis S. Stone; Sergeant Keller; Roscoe Arbuckle, the Doctor; Sessue Hayakawa, Sam, the Chinaman; Gloria Swanson, the Schoolma'am; Wanda Hawley, Lena; Lydia Yeamans-Titus, Mrs. Canby; Milton Sills, Captain Hodgeman; and Bryant Washburn, Lieutenant.

* *

June 1920

Delight Evans

PHOTOPLAY

My intention had been to have a quiet, serious talk with Roscoe Arbuckle. I see now how wrong I was. Just as we entered the dining-room, Fa--Mr. Arbuckle sneezed. He couldn't help it. Neither could you. But--it came at the wrong time--and I'm never going to criticize again that old film situation in which the hero and heroine, successfully hid from their pursuer, spoil it all with a good, healthy, old-fashion kerchoo. That's what Roscoe did. Immediately it was as if he was the only customer. The captain and the waiters came running and fairly begged him, with tears in their eyes, to accept the best table...

"I'm giving up slapstick," said Roscoe, "I've signed a new contract to make only features in the future. I'll do 'Brewster's Millions' and 'The Travelling Salesman' instead of the two-reelers which take me twenty-four hours a day to make--and I can't sleep nights when I'm making one. No--I'm

going to let the other fellow have the trouble of directing--and devote my own time to thinking up original comedy touches..."

Roscoe said dreamily the show he'd enjoyed most, not even excepting the new Ziegfeld Roof, was "Abraham Lincoln."

And that, after all, it was serious things that counted--you have to take things seriously to make good.

And that he's never going to let anything unlifelike creep into his comedies.

And he likes Harold Lloyd's work...

* *

October 24, 1920

Frances Agnew

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

(Los Angeles, Oct. 18)--And last Monday was the day that Buster Keaton, Metro comedian, also celebrated a birthday, his twenty-fifth. The party given in the evening by the star's father and mother, Joe and Myra Keaton, was enjoyed by everybody associated with the funmaker, from his big boss of affairs, Lou Anger, down to the office boy, Luke McGluke, while other guests were Roscoe Arbuckle, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Alice Lake, Lew Cody and Bernard Durning.

* *

November 19, 1920

VARIETY

Arbuckle Marrying?

(Los Angeles, Nov. 17)--Supposedly reliable sources here are buzzing with word of the matrimonial plans of "Fatty" Arbuckle and Dorothy Wallace, former Ziegfeld show girl, now said to be in New York buying a trousseau. The marriage will take place in New York, according to the bridegroom's confidants, though starting talk to this effect may be another of his practical jokes or a return play on the part of his friends.

* *

November 26, 1920

VARIETY

Roscoe Arbuckle failed to leave New York on the Imperator last week, but his baggage left by that steamer. The trouble was "Fatty" had too much farewell party and both he and Fred Ward missed the boat. He sailed in the Aquitania Tuesday.

Regarding the report of marriage Arbuckle stated before sailing that one could never tell what might happen in France and he might come back with a French wife.

* *

November 30, 1920

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris edition)

Aquitania Lands "Fatty" Arbuckle

Cherbourg, Monday--The Cunard liner Aquitania arrived here tonight in bad weather. The passengers landed about 9:45 p.m. and left at 10:15 for Paris...

One of the first to land here was Mr. Roscoe Arbuckle, known in all the world's moving-picture shows as "Fatty," he was met by a number of representatives of film companies and stated that he was delighted with the prospect of seeing Paris.

* *

December 1, 1920

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris edition)

French Receive "Fatty" Warmly

That Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle, the American movie star, is as popular in France as in his native country has been firmly established by the reception accorded him during his first day in Paris yesterday. From his arrival at the Gare Saint-Lazare from Cherbourg yesterday morning at six

o'clock until the curtain was rung down on the final scene at the Folies-Bergere, which "Fatty" attended as a special guest last evening, he was fully occupied, and when he turned in last night after going forty-eight hours without sleep, he took pains to give instructions that he be not awakened early this morning.

An hour before "Fatty" was scheduled to leave Claridge's Hotel, where he is stopping to get a daylight view of Paris for the first time, numbers of persons, mostly Frenchmen, began to gather outside the hotel, and when at eleven o'clock the cinema star stepped into the automobile awaiting him, a group of about three hundred people had congregated, all anxious to see the beaming, chubby, rosy "Fatty." The car, which was adorned with two large American flags, hesitated for a minute while movie and camera men took their shots before it headed for the Arc de Triomphe.

At the Arc de Triomphe "Fatty" alighted to place on the spot where the Unknown Soldier is to lie a handsome bouquet of flowers, which a young French admirer had presented to him before leaving the hotel. He then drove to the Bank of France and subscribed liberally to the French loan before lunching at Claridge's Hotel.

The movie actor was received at 4 p.m. at the offices of the "Matin," where his reception was the most demonstrative of the day. Hundreds of Frenchmen and many Americans crowded into the building to get a glimpse of jovial, happy "Fatty." But those outside, the several hundred others left, were far from being satisfied and began to set up a howl. Meanwhile three French girls had managed to get close enough to the movie idol to kiss him on both cheeks, in spite of his inate bashfulness. Finally a stand was improvised for him outside the "Matin" office, and for the first time during the day everybody was able to get a full view of "Fatty."

Then a member of the "Matin" staff made a short speech in which he cordially welcomed the actor to France, telling how "Fatty" had helped to cheer and comfort the French nation during its trying period. "Fatty," in response, immediately drew a laugh when he declared that "the only place in America to get a drink is the police station."

"Fatty" had scarcely entered the door at the Folies-Bergere last night before he was recognized by the whole house, which was particularly crowded because of his expected appearance. As he moved toward the seats reserved for his party, murmurs of "There's Fatty! There's Fatty!" ran through the audience.

Mr. Arbuckle told a correspondent of the New York Herald last evening that he thoroughly enjoyed his Transatlantic trip, which was decided upon just two days before the ship sailed. He expects to remain in Paris for two weeks before going to England. While crossing he was a great favorite with the passengers, being permanent guardian of the "pool" on the ship.

"It is needless to say that I appreciate the warm reception that has been extended to me by the French," he said. "I have always had the greatest admiration for this country and although I have seen but little of it as yet, I feel quite satisfied that I shall want to remain here much longer than I can. I was especially impressed by my reception at the 'Matin' office."

"Fatty" was recognized wherever he went yesterday by many French people, who waved or cheered or gathered about the automobile containing his party. His one drawback was that he cannot speak French. "But you don't have to speak French over here to be understood," he added.

Accompanying him is Mr. Fred Ward, a retired movie actor, of New York.

* *

December 2, 1920

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris edition)

"Fatty" Arbuckle, the American movie star, will be the guest of honor at the second of the series of dances given by the Women's Auxiliary, Paris Post No. 1, American Legion, which is to be held on Saturday evening [December 5] at Salle du Parthenon, 64 rue du Rocher.

* *

December 6, 1920

NEW YORK HERALD (Paris edition)

"Fatty" Arbuckle's sojourn in Paris has been cut short, and he will leave tonight for a short visit to London before sailing for America on

December 15. He had expected to stay here two weeks before going to England, but a cablegram from New York telling of urgent business at home caused a change in his plans.

* *

January 9, 1921

Frances Agnew

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

(Los Angeles, Jan. 3)--Much has been written and a lot said to the effect that Cupid has been interested in the affairs of Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle and Dorothy Wallace. The latest story printed locally Friday had it that Mr. Arbuckle, who has just returned from New York, would announce the engagement at his New Year's Eve party. We couldn't get in touch with Miss Wallace, but denials were forthcoming from the rotund comedian via the Lasky publicity office who insisted that the story was merely the result of the batch of rumors which have been floating around the colony of late.

* *

March 19, 1921

DRAMATIC MIRROR

Fatty Arbuckle was in Cleveland last Thursday. During the afternoon he appeared personally at the State Theatre where his picture "Brewster's Millions" was the current feature.

* *

May 1921

Cal York (Adela Rogers St. Johns)

PHOTOPLAY

The American Society of Cinematographers (which Fatty Arbuckle says is French for cameramen) gave a ball at the new Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles the other evening that was quite THE social event of the season, pictorially speaking.

Roscoe Arbuckle helped lead the orchestra part of the evening and did very well, but his prize performance of the night, to my way of thinking, was the last dance, which he had with a lovely little Follies girl. The rotund

comedian had had a hard day, apparently, the evening had been long--and rather wet--and Roscoe went to sleep on the floor, resting his head gently against his partner's rosy cheek and continuing to move his feet occasionally to the music. If they covered more than six feet the whole dance, San Francisco is a suburb of New York.

* *

August 6, 1921

DRAMATIC MIRROR

Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle and his company which includes Lila Lee, returned to Hollywood last week after filming scenes for "Freight Prepaid" in Chicago.

* *

August 7, 1921

Louella Parsons

NEW YORK TELEGRAPH

Roscoe Arbuckle has lost eight pounds. The hot weather in Chicago did it, assisted by the row he had with the waiter at the Congress Hotel.

* *

September 11, 1921

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

Late in 1920 "Fatty" sailed for France, and was greeted there so enthusiastically that he was severely injured. A number of men in a crowd attempted to carry "their hero" on their shoulders, but they did not calculate his avoirdupois carefully enough, and "Fatty" fell to the pavement.

...His most recent escapades, however, were in the dignified Congress Hotel in Chicago this summer.

"Fatty," with James Cruze and Ed Keyes, directors, were lunching in the hotel dining room, with Joe Greenberg, a waiter, serving the trio. For the delectation of all "Fatty" took a club sandwich and flattened it on his head, making Joe double up in guffaws.

"Mr. Arbuckle," he said, "you're the funniest man I ever saw," to the tune of "Fatty" throwing a sandwich past the waiter's nose.

"Wait," said "Fatty," here's a funnier one," and, according to reports, he proceeded to slam a platter of creamed chicken in the waiter's face.

Joe fled, dripping creamed chicken as he ran.

But in a few minutes he returned with two officers and "Fatty" had a free ride to the Clark Street Station, where he was compelled to put up a $50 deposit for his appearance in court. As he never appeared for trial, Judge Haas forfeited the bail.

* *

July 12, 1941

Alan Hynd

LIBERTY

[The following is from a lengthy serialized biography of Joseph Schenck, based on interviews with him. After charges were filed against Arbuckle concerning the death of Virginia Rappe, Schenck contacted Arbuckle.]

"Tell me, Roscoe," said Joe, "are you guilty of any crime in connection with this death?"

"Joe," said Arbuckle, "as God is my judge, I wished that girl no harm. The whole thing was an accident."

"Have you any money [for the legal defense], Roscoe?"

The comedian shrugged, and his chubby face took on the expression of a boy deeply hurt. "You know me, Joe," he answered. "I spent it as fast as I made it."

"All right," said Schenck. "I have a hundred thousand dollars for you. There's more where that came from if you need it."

Arbuckle began to cry. "Don't blubber," said Schenck. "Tell me. What does Minta think of this mess?"...

"She's sticking by me," said the film clown. "She believes in me, too."...

* *

December 24, 1921

Mrs. Minta Durfee Arbuckle

MOVIE WEEKLY

The True Story About My Husband

As surely as God is above me, and I believe in Him very sincerely, I know that Roscoe Arbuckle did not do the thing for which he has been made to face trial.

My reasons are as powerful as they are simple. He has told me what happened and what did not happen in that hotel room, and I believe him. And I know, after thirteen years of married life, that he is not that kind of a man. He simply could not do such a thing.

I first heard of his trouble when I walked into a hotel parlor and saw a newspaper with the name "Arbuckle" in great headlines. It was a terrible shock. My first thought was that he had been killed in some motion picture stunt. Then the fear came that perhaps there had been an automobile accident --perhaps he had killed someone with his car, but I knew that he is such a splendid driver that that could hardly have happened.

Then I learned what really was the matter, and my first thought was to get to him as quickly as I could. I knew that he could not be guilty, but I wanted to hear the from his own lips the true story of the affair, and I wanted to be with him in his trouble. It was for that reason and no other that I traveled three thousand miles to San Francisco, and it is because I believe implicitly and firmly that what he has told me is the absolute truth, confirming my own trust in him, that I have been with him ever since.

The moment that I learned he was in trouble, I knew there was only one place in the world for me, and that was with my husband, for he is my husband, although differences of temperament--and nothing more, except perhaps a little stubborn pride on both sides--have kept us apart for five years. When this affair happened, the little things over which we had disagreed seemed utterly unimportant.

Perhaps I have old-fashioned beliefs about marriage, but it always seemed to me that a real wife must be as much sweetheart, friend, pal, and even mother, as wife. I'm not pretending to be a saint, and I like a good time as well as anybody, but being a wife has always appealed to me as a

life's work.

When we like anyone, we Durfees, we like them for a long long time. My faith in Roscoe Arbuckle is too great to be shaken by any attacks upon him, even if they were supported by real proof.

It hurt me when the rumor spread that I had come to him because I was looking for notoriety or because I had been paid to do it, as was intimated in some places. I am his wife, and my place was with him. I believe that even if we had been divorced I would have come, just the same. I could not have seen the man I know to be the victim of unjust accusations, face his trouble and not have me with him.

As for the party itself, knowing Roscoe Arbuckle as I do, I can very easily understand his share in it. Mr. Arbuckle is just a big, easy-going, good-natured boy. I can understand just how he found himself the host that afternoon, without ever intending to invite anybody there. As a matter of fact, he did not invite any of the guests. The party was not his suggestion. Other people got the crowd together, and simply used his rooms.

Mr. Arbuckle has told me that so far as the liquor that was there is concerned, he actually does not know where it came from or how it got there. Perhaps the best proof of that is that with all the bills he has had to pay, he has never paid one cent for the liquor that was served--and in these days, no one gets liquor without paying for it.

I can picture him that afternoon as the involuntary host at a party not of his invitation or suggestions; perhaps enjoying it, for although he scarcely ever starts a party himself, he likes company and enjoys being with people. Certainly no one can blame him, if the party became noisy and too lively. As a matter of fact, he has told me that he did complain of the actions of certain members of the party and told them that they were going too far. Perhaps that very thing aroused a spirit of revenge that was responsible for the charges made against him.

As for Virginia Rappe, the minute I saw her name in connection with the case it made me more sure than ever that my husband was being made the victim of circumstances. I do not want to say anything against her; in fact, both

Mr. Arbuckle and myself urged from the very beginning that nothing be brought into the case that would tend to besmirch her character if it could possibly be kept out. We were not responsible for published statements attacking her. That was done by other persons, evidently fearing that we would try such measures and wishing to forestall us. They were very much mistaken. Nothing has been farther from our thoughts.

I knew Virginia Rappe as long as Mr. Arbuckle did. Henry Lehrmann, her manager, was also my director at one time. I knew the girl, not only from personal acquaintance but from acquaintance with many of her friends.

I do not believe that Virginia Rappe was a conscious factor in any maneuver directed against Mr. Arbuckle. If there were a deliberate plot against him, I do not think that she knew anything about it. She was in Los Angeles, financially hard up, out of work and unable to get help from her friends. She came to San Francisco, I believe, merely on a pleasure trip. She went to that party, not because Mr. Arbuckle invited her, but because she was asked to meet Ira Fortlouis, a gown designer and salesman, who had seen her and thought she would make a good model. That we know from the words of Fred Fishback, who told us that Mr. Fortlouis had seen Miss Rappe, had admired her possibilities as a model, and finding that she was in San Francisco, asked to meet her.

If Miss Rappe had not died, I believe that nothing would ever have been heard of the affair, because there would have been nothing to talk about. There are hundreds and hundreds of just such impromptu parties all the time. People drink and dance and have a good time, and no one is the worse for it.

I believe that the whole trouble started when someone who thought that Mr. Arbuckle would be an "easy mark" and perhaps was further moved by anger against him for some reason, seized on Miss Rappe's death as the reason for wild statements and unfounded charges. It is difficult to discuss that point without making direct accusations, and that I prefer not to do, but it seems perfectly evident to me that this motive was back of the whole thing.

Ever since he was a boy--and he practically grew up with our family--Mr. Arbuckle has been careless with money. He never considered expense.

Money simply meant the means of getting what he wanted, of enjoying himself, of helping other people. Incidentally, helping other people is the way a great deal of his money has gone. He has been most generous with me, even since our separation. He has supported relatives. He has always been ready to help anyone who needed it. He has half a dozen pensioners about whom nobody but his own people know. Even during his trial, when he knew that the tremendous expenses he was under and the loss of the salary he had always had were making him actually a poor man, I have known him to give $5 bills to beggars who stopped him on the street.

And speaking of expenses, I want to say that Mr. Arbuckle and no one else has been paying the costs of his trial and all the rest of it. It has been said that the motion picture interests were behind him. They were not. Every cent has come out of his own pocket or out of mine.

As a matter of fact, so far from receiving support from the picture interests, Mr. Arbuckle has been out of a job since the day after he was arrested--out of work for the first time since he began his motion picture work. He did not know it until after I came to him. I learned it just before I left New York; learned that as soon as the news reached the East, he was dropped. It was a terrible shock to him. He has always had such faith in his friends, that it hurt him very much.

With a reputation of being a good spender, always ready to listen to a hard luck story, and not at all a good manager of his own business affairs because of this generosity, it is no wonder that he attracted people who were after him for what they could get, to put it bluntly.

I know of many cases: men who have persuaded him to give them money, girls with whom he was friendly who have actually made him a joke because it was so easy to get money away from him. Everyone thought of him as an easy-going fellow, ready to accept people at their own valuation, and not at all difficult to manage. I can see just how a clever and unprincipled man or woman who was looking for an easy victim would select him.

Moreover, Mr. Arbuckle has been not only financially successful but prominent in his work. There is something about success and prominence,

particularly in the theatrical world, that makes men and women targets for the malice of others. As soon as an actor becomes known in his profession, it seems to inspire lies and slander and scandal about him, started by those strange people who believe that the theatre and good morals cannot go together, and helped along by people who should know better, but who seem to take a delight in repeating unproved gossip, and the more scandalous gossip, the better.

I was not surprised, then, when the moment the news of his trouble became known, the newspapers were filled with the most malicious attacks on him. It hurt me terribly, of course, as it hurt him, but it is one of the penalties of being well-known; there is always someone waiting for the chance to do just that thing.

Mr. Arbuckle and I want just two things: first, of course, that he be cleared of these charges, and then that the public we love so much will take him back into favor, not because of any material interests, but because it will mean that the public recognizes that he is the innocent victim of a malicious attack rather than the terrible creature he has been painted.

He wants, particularly, to have the women and children of the theatre-going public know his innocence and receive him again as they have always received him. He always has the children in mind when he makes a picture; he never does a scene that could offend or that would be harmful for a child to see. In all the many pictures he has made, he has never appeared in a scene that has been censored.

A great deal was said when the trial began about there being women on the jury. Some people expressed surprise that our attorneys did not try to get a jury entirely of men. They thought, I suppose, that women would be unwelcome because of the traditional stand of a woman in judging a case involving such charges as are brought in this case.

Absolutely the contrary was true. We did not try to keep women off the jury. We all hoped that women would be drawn, and Mr. Arbuckle and I were delighted when the final selection left five good sensible women in the jury box. Both of us have great faith in a woman's intuition, and we were

perfectly confident that the women would give us a fair deal.

And speaking of women, I do want the women of the country to know that in spite of all the insinuations and ugly stories that have been circulated since this thing began, Roscoe Arbuckle is the most modest of men. Certainly I should know. I have been his wife for thirteen years. For eight of those years we were hardly out of each other's sight, and in all those eight years I never remember a single action or a single word that, by the farthest stretch of the imagination, could be called even immodest, to say nothing of vulgar or lewd.

He is minutely careful about his dress. Even in our own home, he is as particular with the members of his own family as he is with strangers. It is an actual fact that in all the years I have been his wife, I have never seen him when he was not clothed.

A great deal has been made of the fact that on the afternoon of this party, Mr. Arbuckle was wearing pajamas and a dressing gown. On the face of it, without any explanation, it sounds odd--that a man should receive guests, including women and some women who were strangers to him, in such a costume. As a matter of fact, the explanation clears up everything. Not long before the trip to San Francisco, Mr. Arbuckle was accidentally burned with muriatic acid. It was a serious burn and very painful, and he had to wear a thick cotton dressing. He always had his clothing made rather tightly fitting in order to keep him from looking any fatter than he is, and tight clothing over the burn was anything but comfortable. Whenever he could, he wore loose clothing, and that was why he was dressed in pajamas on the day of the party. Remember, he did not suggest the party; it simply moved in on him, as they say, and the whole thing happened so unexpectedly that he let his costume go.

And I wish the people who have criticised his attire could see the pajamas and the dressing gown. The pajamas were of the thickest silk he could buy, as heavy as the heaviest linen. The dressing gown was of thick brocade, lined with heavy silk, and it was long enough to reach to his ankles and double-brested. Actually, although his costume was informal, he was much more thoroughly covered than any man on the tennis court or the beach.

In line with his modesty regarding dress, I want people to understand Mr. Arbuckle's personal modesty, particularly with women. As a matter of fact, he prefers to be with men. He likes nothing better than to get a crowd of men together and sing and laugh and enjoy themselves like a crowd of college boys.

All his life, Mr. Arbuckle has been embarrassed by his size. He has believed that women could not like a fat man, and for that reason he has hesitated even more than might be natural about developing friendships among women. He is not the type of man who caresses a woman. If he likes a girl, he will tease her or make her presents or generally be nice to her, but he will never think of putting his hands on her. In fact, he carries it so far that it is almost an obsession.

Knowing that trait of character, I cannot imagine him doing what it has been said he did. I have known all about his affairs, and I know that he never forced his acquaintance on a woman. If she were friendly, and he liked her, he could be good friends, but he has always been so conscious of that traditional "nobody loves a fat man" idea, that it has influenced him in his friendships.

For eight years I was constantly with Mr. Arbuckle, and in all that time I never heard him use vile language or tell disgusting stories or do anything of that sort. He likes a good time, but he likes a clean good time. He likes machinery, and loves to tinker with the cars. He is fond of dogs, and likes nothing better than to take a day off and wash our three dogs. He and the big St. Bernard have wonderful times. Mr. Arbuckle gets into his bathing suit, and puts a tub in the garage, and he and the dog are perfectly happy there for half a day.

In the eight years that followed our marriage, I came to know my husband in every particular. Few married couples are together as much as we were in those years.

We met at Long Beach, where he was principal comedian in a musical comedy company and I was in the chorus. We were married in 1908, and for the next eight years we were hardly out of one another's sight. Not very long

after our marriage, we went to Los Angeles, where motion pictures were just beginning to become a great industry. We found work at the same studio, doing comedy pictures.

Every morning we rode to the studio together. All day long we worked in the same studio and the same picture. In a year and half I played with Mr. Arbuckle in forty-seven pictures.

If either of us went anywhere in the evening, the other always went along. I was brought up in the belief--they call it old-fashioned now--that a wife's place was to suit herself to her husband's wishes, and to go where he wanted to go. In fact, I so thoroughly fitted myself into Mr. Arbuckle's life, that I almost lost my own interests. He does not care for reading, and I am very fond of it. I love books, and I love to find my own problems solved in them. However, he did not care particularly for reading, so I let my books go. It was the same with other things. His interests became mine, absolutely.

Perhaps we made a mistake by being so much together. It is the safest thing for married couples to take an occasional vacation from each other. I know that now, but you couldn't make me believe it then. We had our careers. Roscoe was on the way to becoming a star, and I was doing well with my work. We were both busy, and busy people are often nervous and irritable. Two busy people in a family frequently clash, not because of any dislike, but simply because they get on each other's nerves, and neither one, because of the continual strain of work, has the time to acquire sufficient calmness to meet the other's needs.

Roscoe has no great faults; that I know. But he is human and like other men, he has his minor difficulties. He has always been inclined to be stubborn in spite of his easy-going nature. It sounds like an impossibility, but every wife will know that it can be true.

Well, if he can be stubborn, so can I. Probably our separation was as much my fault as it was his. We began to clash a little, probably over some very unimportant thing. He wouldn't admit that he was wrong, and neither would I. He is like a boy; he wants to be coaxed; and as for myself,

I cannot force myself on anyone, least of all a man, if I have the slightest feeling that I may not be welcome.

So we simply got on one another's nerves, and it never got properly straightened out, until this thing happened, and all our little disagreements were swept out of sight.

Even during the years that we were separated, we were friends. We corresponded frequently; Mr. Arbuckle often called me up over the long distance telephone when I was in New York and he was in Los Angeles; and whenever he was in New York, he came to see me. That doesn't sound much like being enemies, does it?

All during the trial, I have sat in the courtroom and prayed over and over a little prayer that Mr. Arbuckle would be cleared and that the real truth would become known. I dislike to make direct charges concerning anyone, but I can simply say that the circumstantial evidence that was brought out against Mr. Arbuckle sounded to me very weak indeed, and as for direct accusations, I do not believe them. It seems perfectly clear to me that every circumstance developed in the case can be explained as effectively in Mr. Arbuckle's favor as against him, and as for anything further, it must be remembered that Mrs. Delmont, who first made the charges and who was really the only one to accuse Mr. Arbuckle directly, was not put on the stand by the prosecution. Surely they would have insisted upon her testimony, unless they did not believe her story after all, or unless they feared that we could discredit her.

I know that Roscoe Arbuckle is innocent, and that he will be acquitted, but I hope that the case will go so that he is clearly acquitted on the facts and not simply by legal technicalities. As much as he wants his freedom from these charges, and as much as I want it, it will mean little if he is still under a cloud. He has been deeply hurt in many ways during this affair. He has seen fair-weather friends fall away from him, and he has learned the value of his true friends.

Roscoe Arbuckle looks on every man, woman and child who has ever enjoyed him in the films as his friend, and those friends he wants to keep.

* *

December 31, 1921

Roscoe Arbuckle

MOVIE WEEKLY

Roscoe Arbuckle Tells His Own Story

The hardest thing I have ever done in my life was to keep still for the twelve weeks between September 10th, when I heard that Virginia Rappe had died in a San Francisco hospital, and November 28, when I went on the witness stand to tell my story for the first time.

As soon as I was told that I was being held responsible for Miss Rappe's death and that I would have to clear myself in the eyes of a jury and of the world, I wanted to tell the truth. No one but myself could tell the whole truth of the affair, for no one else knew. Other people knew part of the story, and some of them thought that they knew a great deal more than they really did, but I alone could tell everything.

However, I realized that my attorneys knew best and that if I spoke too soon there would be danger of hurting my case and that the wisest thing would be to keep silent until the right time came to speak. So although I did not look forward with any pleasure to going on the witness stand--no man likes to have to defend himself against charges that he knows are unjust--I was really glad that at last the chance had come to let the whole world know that I was not guilty of the crime charged against me.

I did not hurt Virginia Rappe in any way whatever. I never had any intention of hurting her. I would not hurt any woman.

Whatever motive inspired the people who accused me, it was not knowledge that I had done the thing they said I did. It seems almost impossible to me that anyone could be so cruel and malicious as to make such terrible charges against a man without the most positive proof to support those charges, and yet that is what happened.

I was accused of saying and doing things that never entered my mind,

and not only that, but things I did say and do were twisted and misinterpreted until they sounded very different from the truth.

People have talked about me as entertaining a gay party in my rooms at the hotel that day. It has been referred to again and again as the "Arbuckle party."

It wasn't my party at all. The only person who came to those rooms that day at my invitation was Mrs. Mae Taube, with whom I had made an engagement to go driving in the afternoon.

Other people invited all the other guests. Most of the guests I had never seen before that afternoon. Miss Rappe came at the invitation of Fred Fishback, and he invited her at the suggestion of Ira Fortlouis, who had seen the girl and thought she would do for a model. Mrs. Delmont came with Miss Rappe. I really don't know how the others happened to come. The first thing I knew, they were there, and that was all there was to it.

I had arisen that morning about 11 o'clock, and had put on my pajamas, bathrobe and slippers. If I had had any idea that people were coming to the rooms, I certainly would have changed my clothes, but, as I say, the people simply walked in. When they were there, they made themselves at home, went back and forth between the rooms, and I had no time to dress. I hadn't invited them, but they were in my rooms, and I couldn't be rude.

There were three rooms in the suite, 1219, 1220 and 1221. The sitting room was 1220, and the other two were bedrooms, one on each side of the sitting room. Most of the time the people stayed in 1220, but they went into the other rooms whenever they wanted to.

Early in the afternoon I saw Virginia Rappe go into Room 1221. I did not see her come out again. It was almost time for my automobile to arrive, and so I went into Room 1219, which was my bedroom, intending to dress. I had no idea that there was anybody in the room.

I closed the door into 1220 and locked it, because the people were going back and forth between the rooms, and I wanted to keep them out while I was dressing.

I went straight to the bathroom, and as I opened the door, it struck

against something. I pushed in, and saw Miss Rappe lying on the floor, clutching her body with both hands and moaning. Of course, I thought right away that she was ill, and my first thought was to help her.

As quickly as I could, I picked her up from the floor and held her while she suffered an attack of nausea. She seemed to be very sick, but she had been drinking some liquor, and I thought that was the trouble.

And by the way, the liquor which was served that afternoon was not mine. All I know about it is that Fred Fishback went to the closet in Room 1221 and brought out a couple of bottles of Scotch whiskey and a bottle of gin. Some orange juice and seltzer were sent up from downstairs, and everyone helped himself to drinks. Miss Rappe drank gin and orange juice, about three drinks.

As soon as Miss Rappe was able, I helped her out into the room. She said something about wanting to lie down, and I set her on the edge of one of the beds. She lay down, and I lifted her feet to the bed and left her there for a minute, as I thought that she was simply ill from too much liquor and would be all right if she could lie quietly.

I stepped out of the room for a minute, and when I came back, Miss Rappe was lying on the floor between the two beds, again clutching her body and moaning. All this time she said nothing that I could understand, just moaned and seemed to be in pain.

I picked her up and laid her on the bed. Then I went out into 1220, and found Zey Prevost [Prevon] there.

I said: "Virginia is sick" and Miss Prevost went into Room 1219.

Mrs. Delmont was not in 1220 when I came out. I know that she has said and Miss Prevost has testified that they knocked at the door from 1220 into 1219, and Mrs. Delmont has insisted that she kicked as well as knocked, but I never heard a sound, and when I came out to get somebody to help Miss Rappe, Mrs. Delmont was not in sight.

She came in a moment later from Room 1221, and went into Room 1219 with Miss Prevost.

I followed them into the room, and saw Miss Rappe sitting on the bed,

tearing at her clothing. She had both hands gripped in her waist, and was ripping it to shreds, gritting her teeth and making noises. She tried to tear the green jacket she was wearing, but she could not tear it. Then she took hold of her stockings and garters and ripped them off.

I told Mrs. Delmont and Miss Prevost to make Miss Rappe stop tearing her clothing, but she wouldn't stop. She acted like a person in a terrible temper, almost beside herself. She didn't scream or say anything, just moaned and tore at her garments.

One sleeve of her waist was hanging by a thread. I thought perhaps the best thing would be to try to quiet her instead of opposing her, so I sent over to her and took hold of the sleeve, and pulled it off, saying: "All right, if you want it off, I'll help you." All I meant was that she seemed in an uncontrollable spasm of some kind, and I was afraid that if tried to argue with her, she might hurt herself.

After that I went out of the room, and when I came back a little later, Miss Rappe was lying unclothed on the bed and Mrs. Delmont was rubbing her with a piece of ice. I picked up a piece of ice that was lying on Miss Rappe's body, and asked Mrs. Delmont what was the idea. It seemed to me pretty dangerous treatment for anybody but a doctor or a nurse to try.

Mrs. Delmont turned on me angrily and told me to shut up and mind my own business--that she knew how to take care of Virginia. It made me angry, for all I wanted to do was to help the sick girl, and Mrs. Delmont was talking to me in a way I didn't like, so I told her to shut up or I would throw her out of the window. Of course, I wouldn't really have done it; it was just one of those things one says in a moment of anger without any idea of literal meaning.

That is an example of how things I really did say have been twisted and turned against me. It has been made to sound as if I had said that to Virginia Rappe while she lay there suffering and ill. I said it, but I certainly did not say it to Miss Rappe, nor did I mean her when I said it. I would have been a brute to have spoken to a sick girl like that.

I realized by that time that Miss Rappe was probably more seriously ill

than I had thought, and should have a room to herself, so I went back into the other rooms and asked Mrs. Taube to telephone to the manager of the hotel and ask for another room. The manager came up in a few minutes, and told us where we might take Miss Rappe.

We rolled her up in a bathrobe--she had been lying nude on the bed all this time, and uncovered except after I had managed to pull the spread out from under her and cover her with it. Then I took her in my arms and started down the hall toward the other room. When I was nearly there, she started to slip from my arms; she was limp and half-conscious, and very hard to hold. I asked the hotel manager to lift her up a little, but he took her in his arms and carried her into the room.

After she was put to bed, I told them to get a doctor, and then I went back to my rooms.

I did not know that Virginia Rappe was even seriously ill until I got word of her death. I went back to Los Angeles the next day, because I had reservations on the steamer for my party and my car. There was never any thought in my mind that Miss Rappe was suffering from anything more than the effects of too much liquor or an attack of slight illness. The news of her death was my first intimation that it was serious.

The State's witnesses have testified that they heard screams coming from my rooms. I know that all afternoon the window was wide open, and any sound louder than an ordinary conversation could have been heard without any difficulty; and people who occupied adjoining rooms have declared that they heard nothing.

They have made a great deal out of some finger prints that were found on the door of Room 1219--the door that lead into the hallway. Experts have tried to show that the prints must have been made by Virginia Rappe's fingers and mine, and that when they were made, her hand was against the door and I was trying to drag it off.

I don't know where they get such ideas. There seemed to be marks on the door when it was brought into the courtroom, but I certainly did not put them there. I am positive that I never touched that door with my hand all

day, as I had not gone out into the hallway, but only into the other rooms of the suite. Certainly I never touched it in the way they said I did. It's a mystery to me.

Jesse Norgaard, who said he was a janitor at the Culver City studios when Miss Rappe and I were both working there, testified that once I asked him for the keys to her rooms, saying that I wanted to play a joke on her. I suppose the idea was to show that I tried to force myself into her room when she didn't want to let me in.

That is absolutely false. I never made any such request of Norgaard, nor did I offer him money for the keys, as he said I did. In fact, when I saw Norgaard on the witness stand, I couldn't remember ever having seen him before. He may have been at the studios, but there were so many people there that I couldn't remember them all.

All this talk of my having been infatuated with Miss Rappe or trying to "get her," is absurd. I knew her for several years; we had worked at the same studios, and I had met her in other places, but that was absolutely all.

I knew when I went on the witness stand that my cross-examination was going to be as rigid as it could be made, but I had no fear, for I was telling nothing but the truth. I know that the lawyers tried many times to catch me on details, but they couldn't, because everything I said was true, and there was no need to remember what I had said the first time.

No man can do any more than to tell the truth, and it was the truth I told on the witness stand.

A great many very harsh and unjust things have been said about me since this affair began and they have hurt me very much. I have always had many friends, but I found when this trouble came, who my real friends were.

It has hurt me deeply to think that the people to whom I have tried to give good clean enjoyment for so many years could turn on me and condemn me without a hearing. I suppose every man accused of crime must expect that, but it didn't make it any easier for me.

I have been very grateful to the other people who refused to believe that I was guilty merely because I was accused of crime. There have been

many of them. I have received many many letters and telegrams from people all over the country, assuring me that they believed in me, and I am glad to know that I have these real friends.

If everything is straightened out at last and I am cleared of all the charges, I hope that these friends will be as ready to welcome me back on the screen as I shall be glad to get back. I like to make people laugh and enjoy themselves. It pleases me because children are amused at my pictures, and I have always tried very hard not to do anything in any picture that would offend or be bad for the children.

One really good thing has come out of all this trouble. It has been the means of reuniting my wife and myself after five years of separation. We are happy to be together again, and we have discovered that the things that kept us apart were very unimportant after all.

Mrs. Arbuckle has been wonderfully loyal to me during all this trouble. She came all the way across the continent to be with me, and every minute she has stuck by me. Her faith and love, and the faith and love of her mother, who is like a mother to me, have been my greatest helps all these long hard weeks.

While, through the technicalities of the law, I have not been legally acquitted of the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death of Virginia Rappe, I have been morally acquitted.

After the organized propaganda, designed to make the securing of an impartial jury an impossibility and to prevent my obtaining a fair trial, I feel grateful for this message from the jury to the American people. This comes, too, after hearing only part of the facts, as the efforts of the District Attorney succeeded, on technical objections, in excluding from the jury the statements from Miss Rappe to several people of high character, completely exonerating me.

The undisputed and uncontradicted testimony established that my only connection with this sad affair was one of merciful service, and the fact that ordinary human kindness should have brought upon me this tragedy has seemed a cruel wrong. I have sought to bring joy and gladness and merriment

into the world, and why this great misfortune should have fallen upon me is a mystery that only God can, and will, some day reveal.

I have always rested my cause in a profound believe in Divine justice and in the confidence of the great heart and fairness of the American people.

I want to thank the multitude from all over the world who have telegraphed and written to me in my sorrow and expressed their utmost confidence in my innocence. I assure them that no act of mine ever has, and I promise them that no act of mine ever shall cause them to regret their faith in me.

* *

February 2, 1922

SAN FRANCISCO BULLETIN

Word of [William Desmond] Taylor's death was brought to Roscoe Arbuckle, film comedian, as he sat at the counsel table awaiting the verdict of the jury in his manslaughter trial, by a reporter for The Bulletin. Arbuckle's eyes filled with tears. He was visibly affected.

"Taylor was the best fellow on the lot," he said, using a theatrical expression. "He was beloved by everybody, and his loss is a shock. I cannot begin to say how much everyone liked him. There has never been a breath of scandal connected with his name. I cannot understand why anyone would wish to murder him as he was the last man in the world to make an enemy."

* *

February 15, 1922

Jack Jungmeyer

LOS ANGELES RECORD

Fatty Philosophizes on Taylor Case

"The American public is ardent in its hero worship and quite as ruthless in destroying its idols in any walk of life.

"It elevates a man more quickly than any nation in the world, and casts him down more quickly--quite often on surmise or a mere hunch.

"This latter disposition so curiously at variance with the American tradition and ideal of justice is just now being driven home particularly to the motion picture people of Los Angeles on the heels of Billy Taylor's mysterious murder."

Such was the comment today by "Fatty" Arbuckle on one aftermath angle of the noted picture director's assassination in his home here on the night of February 1. He was decrying certain innuendos cast against William Desmond Taylor, his life and his relationship with women screen stars whose names have featured the investigations.

Arbuckle is back in his West Adams mansion after his second court ordeal in connection with the death of Virginia Rappe in San Francisco.

"It is the general inclination, when trouble happens to strike in film circles, for the thoughtless to whisper, malign and gossip and to speak with that mock sagacity of the times of 'the inside dope' and 'the low down,'" continued Arbuckle.

"This was brought out quite forcibly in my own case and has been accentuated in the case of William Taylor. That I will acquit myself I am quite sure, but poor Billy is not here to defend himself from speculations which have no basis in proven fact.

"Taylor lived as he died--a square shooter, absolutely on the level with his fellow beings, charitable and kind. His death removed from the motion picture industry one of its outstanding characters. To this hundreds who knew him best testify.

"And yet, because of that curious and pervading psychology of suspicion to which I have referred, Billy Taylor's name is in many quarters being smirched with utter disregard for the facts of his personal and professional life.

"That is far from the dominant trait of our forefathers, who held a man innocent until proven guilty. And I know the full weight of this vilification and innuendo because I was a victim of the same campaign.

"Never in history, perhaps, have men and women been so quickly elevated to prominence as have the successful folk in pictures. That is because of

the millions before whom they appear via the screen almost nightly. Their names become household words. Their features widely familiar. They are virtually next door neighbor to everyone in the land.

"The man and woman who thus accepts as worthy of esteem this filmland neighbor should do himself or herself the moral honor of refusing to accept tattle and shouldershrugs in place of fact--as he undoubtedly would in the case of his respected physical neighbor."

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

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For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 29 -- May 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

Taylor's "Lost Years" -- 1908-1912
Wallace Smith: February 25, 1922

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

Taylor's "Lost Years" -- 1908-1912

William Desmond Taylor deserted his wife and child in October 1908 in New York; he obtained his first film industry job in December 1912 in Southern California. Where was he during those intervening years? In Sidney Sutherland's 1929 recap of the Taylor case (see TAYLOROLOGY #16) it is stated that there is no definite data for Taylor's whereabouts during that time. On the contrary, there is considerable specific data, although some gaps remain. The following items provide some information on Taylor's whereabouts and

activities during that time.

* *

Taylor in Dawson, Yukon Territory

February 11, 1922
LOS ANGELES TIMES

Dawson, Feb. 10--Careful inquiry here indicates that William Desmond Taylor, the murdered director, did not arrive in Dawson until 1908 or 1909, ten years after the big rush to the Klondike. He was here as a timekeeper for the Yukon Gold Company until November 1912, on dredge and hydraulic operation...His application with the Yukon Gold Company, filed here May 25, 1909, shows him to have been an Englishman, then 35 years of age, said he had worked for the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway during the construction of the Skeena River division and gave as reference Manager MacKinnon of the Canadian Pacific and the Sulphide Pulp Company of Swanson Bay, British Columbia.

* *

February 8, 1922
LOS ANGELES TIMES

Dawson City, Feb. 7.--Records of the Yukon Gold Company indicate that William Desmond Taylor, motion-picture director who was found dead with a bullet wound in his neck [sic] in Los Angeles recently, added to his multifarious lists of trades during his sojourn in the Yukon. In Dawson he worked as timekeeper and commissary clerk from 1908 to 1913 [sic]. He is remembered as an efficient commissary clerk in several creek stations of the Yukon Gold Company.

At Claim Seventy-six "below" on Bonanza creek, he is referred to as a record-breaker in holding down grub allowances. He rode horseback for pastime and wrote short stories, which were published, it was said, in outside magazines. It is believed that he originally came from England. In the four-year period mentioned, he was absent from the Yukon one winter when he went to

Honolulu with a theatrical company.

* *

February 5, 1922

SANTA BARBARA PRESS

During most of the time after he disappeared from his home in New York in 1908 and until he went to work for a motion picture company in Los Angeles in 1912 or 1913, William Desmond Taylor, slain motion picture director, was working in the Yukon as an associate of George Morrison, Santa Barbara city engineer.

Taylor, or Tanner, came to San Francisco from New York early in 1909, Mr. Morrison said last night, and there was engaged by the Yukon Gold company, a Guggenheim corporation, as a timekeeper for one of its Yukon mines. He arrived in Dawson, Y.T., in March 1909, and there formed an acquaintance with Mr. Morrison which lasted until Taylor left in 1912. Mr. Morrison was employed by the same company as hydraulic engineer and Taylor made something of a confidant of him. He told Mr. Morrison that Taylor was an assumed name and that he had left New York because of an overwhelming burden of debt he had contracted while an art dealer in New York. Mrs. Potter Palmer, Chicago society leader, he told Mr. Morrison, was his principal backer.

When Mr. Taylor came here in the employ of the American Film company the acquaintance formed in the Yukon was renewed, Mr. Morrison said, and there is no doubt in his mind that his friend in the Yukon and William Desmond Taylor of motion picture fame were the same man.

* *

February 8, 1922

LOS ANGELES TIMES

William D. Taylor, slain film director, was the dude of Dawson City, according to Adelbert Bartlett of Santa Monica, who knew him in Alaska [sic] in 1910.

He wore tweeds, a soft crush hat, tasteful haberdashery, and was immensely popular with the women. He played crack tennis, was a card expert and attended most of the big functions in a dress suit, one of the few dress

suits in the town.

At that time Mr. Taylor was timekeeper for the Yukon Gold Company at $175 a month.

"Mr. Taylor gave me the impression of a man on a mysterious mission. At times he would obscure himself and nobody would know where he was and then again, he would embark on the heights of sociability. All of the women were interested in him. The country was more or less unconventional and he was frequently the escort of married women. In a perfectly proper way, of course.

"There was one case in particular, however, that impressed me at the time as liable to lead to trouble. Every morning at 10 o'clock he would have a tete-a-tete over the telephone with a woman. One woman was the wife of a high employee of the company, and there was some gossip.

"I used to wonder why a man of his personality and culture should spend his time there at such meager pay and the fact that he was always somewhat mysterious enhanced this question.

"He was thoroughly familiar with the Yukon Territory and I understood that he had been there in 1898 and 1899. He used to show me many places of interest. Robert W. Service, the poet, Mr. Taylor and myself have played together.

"Mr. Taylor was rather a quiet fellow, but always an outstanding figure. He attended the society affairs given by the Governor of the Territory and by the local celebrities and made himself generally agreeable, too.

"Lots of us guessed that he was a typical English remittance man. If Mr. Taylor was murdered because of any of his actions up there in the Klondike the grudge must have been harbored for a long time."

* *

Taylor in Bellingham, Washington

February 3, 1922

BELLINGHAM HERALD

William Desmond Taylor, prominent moving picture director who was shot

and killed under mysterious circumstances a Los Angeles Wednesday night or early Thursday morning, will be remembered by patrons of Beck's theater who attended the plays produced by the Beck's theater stock company early in the winter of 1909. The company was organized by Mrs. S.M. Bruce, who was in charge of the theater for a season, and staged several plays here which proved to be of exceptional popularity among Bellingham theatergoers.

Mr. Taylor, who is described by Mrs. Bruce as "a splendid chap to work with and to work for," well bred, well educated and of charming personality, took the leading parts in some of the stock plays. Although he was not here in time to appear in the opening play, "Are You a Mason?" he took the part of Don Jose in "Carmen" and also took the lead in Clyde Fitch's "Climbers," as well as other production. Victory Bateman was the leading lady and Sedley Brown, whose wife is now prominent in character parts in moving pictures, was the director. Mr. Taylor came here from Vancouver, B.C., at Mrs. Bruce's request and made many friends among local people during his stay in the city.

* *

February 8, 1922

BELLINGHAM HERALD

It was just twelve years ago last week that William Desmond Taylor, slain moving picture director of Los Angeles, closed a stock company engagement in Seattle. This is the statement contained in a letter received by Mrs. S. M. Bruce, of this city, from her daughter, Mrs. George C. Murphy, known professionally as Olive Adair.

Taylor, known to his friends and the profession as "Bill," was in stock company in Bellingham during the early part of 1910--or during part of the period following his mysterious disappearance at New York.

"You know how spooky he always was," the letter to Mrs. Bruce said. "He was well liked professionally, but he had few intimates. I have frequently spoken to him about the old times in Bellingham and Seattle."

Olive Adair, then Miss Olive Adair Leonard, was a member of the original Beck Theater Stock company, organized here when the old Beck theater was under the management of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce. She went with the company to Seattle

and after a time went into moving pictures. In her letter she said that she had appeared in two pictures recently produced by Taylor. Incidentally she mentioned the fact that Victory Bateman, who also was a member of the Beck Theater Stock company here in 1910, is also in moving pictures at Hollywood.

Taylor was well liked during his stay here. He appeared to be a polished, affable sort of man who made friends of those with whom he worked.

...Olive Adair played in the stock company, that being her first professional work on the stage. The stock company was organized for her benefit. She has been in Los Angeles since 1914 and from time to time has mentioned Taylor in her letters to Mr. and Mrs. Bruce.

* *

January 2, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

The Beck theater announces with a great deal of pride the fact that it has secured one of the handsomest and most talented leading men in the profession in the person of William D. Taylor, who will join the company in that capacity next Tuesday, to begin rehearsals of "Sowing the Wind," in which play he will take the superb role of Brabazon, which is one of the most sensationally beautiful parts ever written for a leading man.

In "Sowing the Wind," a powerful play from the pen of Sydney Grundy, no leading man could ask for a better introduction to his clientele than is offered in the role of Brabazon. It is powerful in every way and in Mr. Taylor the new stock company is fortunate indeed to find a man of heroic appearance and splendid intellectual capacity, fully capable of doing justice to this magnificent character.

Mr. Taylor has a splendid record in the profession. He was with Charles Hawtrey, the celebrated English actor, in "The Private Secretary," which duplicated in England the phenomenal success that characterized Gillette's appearance in the same piece in America. Mr. Taylor accompanied Hawtrey throughout his entire English tour, appearing with equal success in London and the Provinces. He was for many seasons in classic drama with Fanny Davenport, appearing with her in "Gismonda," "Cleopatra," "Fedora," "La Tosca" and "Joan

of Arc," playing juveniles and characters in all of these productions, and understudying Melbourne McDowell as leading man. He has played in "La Tosca" the different roles of Angelotte, Mario, Cavaradossi and Scarpio; Louis Ispanoff in "Fedora," Marc Antony in "Cleopatra" and similar roles. He was selected by Miss Davenport to be her special agent in the preparation of her renowned production of "Joan of Arc." Miss Davenport sent Mr. Taylor to Paris, where he was put in charge of the selection of all the armor and similar accoutrements used in "Joan of Arc." He was for several seasons leading man with the Castle Square Stock company in Boston, and played leading business in such standard attractions as "Butterflies," "Men and Women," "The Great Ruby," "The Charity Ball," "Trilby," etc. He was engaged by Daniel Frohman to play Morgan's part in "Trelawney of the Wells," and he played with Arthur Elliott in stock in Australia, as well as in English melodrama from the Adelphi.

Mr. Taylor is a man of commanding appearance and charming manner, finely educated and of excellent English parentage. He has traveled the world over, and carries with him the air of a man who knows life in all its phases.

Beck's theater presents Mr. Taylor to Bellingham as Brabazon in "Sowing the Wind," and in all his later work with ever confidence that he will at once take and maintain an enviable position in public esteem.

* *

January 9, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

William D. Taylor, new leading man with the Beck Stock company, tells the following story on himself:

"One night during an engagement with Miss Davenport at the Baldwin theater, in San Francisco, I went in company with some friends to the Palace hotel for supper after the performance. We chanced to be seated at a table diagonally across the room from a table occupied by a stag party, the members of which had evidently been supping, not wisely, but--very well. For some reason one extreme attracted their attention and in the next few minutes we overheard several remarks which annoyed us exceedingly.

"I was on the point of calling the head waiter to expostulate when I happened to hear one of their number, a big, blustering fellow, make a particularly insulting remark. Involuntarily I jumped to my feet, realizing almost immediately the mistake I had made, as there were several ladies in our party. Just as quickly my ponderous friend started across the room, while I stood there in a quandary.

"To my utter astonishment, when within about ten feet of he, he suddenly stopped short, stared at me a few seconds, then wheeled and left the restaurant precipitately. Of course I sat down, vastly relieved, the more so as there were no more remarks from the stag party. Shortly afterwards, I heard their waiter say to ours in passing: 'Say, that's Jimmie Corbett you're waiting on.' I had been mistaken for the redoubtable 'Gentleman Jim,' who at that time was in the zenith of his glory." [1]

* *

January 11, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

Not since Mrs. Patrick Campbell gave her renowned performance of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" three seasons ago, has the stage of Beck's theater been the scene of such fine acting as Miss Victory Bateman offered the patrons of that house last night in the superb production of Sydney Grundy's masterpiece, "Sowing the Wind," the play selected for the stock company bill of the current week. It was a triumph of old for Miss Bateman, whose brilliant career long ago accustomed her to the deepest demands and the highest awards of the art of emotion depiction. This woman is an artist in every sense of the word and worthy of the appreciation of any discriminating public. She did what she willed with the audience at Beck's last night and reached a height in the climax of the great "Sex Against Sex" scene that has not been approached in this city in years.

...The story of "Sowing the Wind" is sweet and appealing. It held the audience bound to its thrill and left them happy and satisfied at its close. Its sweetness is like a benediction and its power and purpose challenge the best in everyone. It is the kind of play one never forgets. Its lines live

and grow in the memory like some hardy and sweet-scented perennial. There are not enough plays like "Sowing the Wind" seen nowadays. "Sowing the Wind" has always been considered too high-class for the West, but its reception at Beck's last night proved that idea to be a mistake. It is a splendid play done in splendid style, with fine attention to detail that becomes more and more prominent in the Beck production.

The company is much stronger in "Sowing the Wind" than in any previous play since they opened and gave a very even and artistic performance. Mr. William D. Taylor, the new leading man, appeared in the dominant but kindly role of Brabazon and gives promise of becoming an interesting and pleasing member of the stock company, though he was the last to be added to it...

"Sowing the Wind" will run all week without interruption and be followed on Sunday night by a big spectacular production of "Held by the Enemy," the play that made William Gillette famous.

* *

January 17, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

Another success was added to the increasing list of the Beck Stock company in the presentation Sunday afternoon and evening of "Held by the Enemy," the big Gillette war drama, which drew a large house to the evening performance and scored heavily. Frederick Warde, the distinguished tragedian, who was passing through the city and witnessed the play, expressed warm admiration for the company and complimented the theater management upon the quality of production and ability of the players.

That the Beck Stock company is becoming solidly recognized in Bellingham is proven by the steadily increasing patronage. The receipts last night were three times as large as those of any preceding Sunday since the season opened, and were second only to the Christmas receipts.

The exciting realism of "Held by the Enemy" stirred the house to enthusiasm, while the dainty comedy furnished by Philip Sheffied and Olive Adair, in their respective roles of the magazine artist and Susan, kept everybody laughing and made the hit of the piece. The vivid spectacular

features of "Held by the Enemy," its intense atmosphere of personal danger, the fascination of thrilling and unexpected dramatic moments, the tender appeal of love and the stern demands of duty, the opposition of affection and patriotism in both Northern and Southern hearts, the pathetic struggle of the women of the South to protect their lives, loves and homes during the terrible period of the early 1860s when the Civil war directed its grim engines of destruction through their plantations and their pride alike, are thrown onto the stage in brilliant relief in this picture of the South, called "Held by the Enemy."

The staging of the play is truthful and elaborate. In the first and fifth acts is shown the drawing room of the McCreery mansion, and once proud room of elegance and luxury, but which at the opening of the play the encroachment of poverty caused by the war is seen in the last few remnants that remain.

In the second and fourth acts are shown the forbidding accoutrements of strife; the rough and ready details of a fort interior; the rushing feet and booming voices of men too intent upon their errands of destruction to know or care whether or not speech became either intelligible or offensive. It is all very grim and thrilling and when across the black background of tumult and confusion there flash the brief episodes of personal sacrifice and devotion that grip the heart and make men human and sincere the interest of this play culminates and holds the listener bound.

Miss Bateman played Rachel, and gives an earnest and womanly performance. Mr. Taylor makes a heroic looking Colonel Foskett and the remainder of the company have excellent support in their various capacities. The work of the fourth act is especially commendable in the big scene where Rachel tries to smuggle her wounded fiance, who is a prisoner of war, through the Federal lines, under the pretext that he is dead, and where, during the suspense of a breathless situation, he really does expire.

Mr. Williams, leader of the orchestra, once more demonstrated himself an artist by the sympathetic support he lent the various scenes throughout the action. His intermission music is charming and suggestive of the South in

every way and elicited hearty and repeated applause.

"Held by the Enemy" runs all week with Saturday matinee. Next Sunday afternoon there will be something entirely new, since arrangements have been made to present "A Fallen Angel," which will have its first production on the Coast in this city.

* *

January 23, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

For the first time in the history of theatricals in Bellingham, a play is to be staged here under the personal direction of its author.

"A Fallen Angel," which opens this afternoon at popular prices with the Beck Theater Stock company is the work of Sedley Brown, stage director at Beck's theater. This play is a strong, wholesome and interesting melodrama with a long reputation for big business behind it. It was selected for presentation here from a large list of similar plays on account of its deep heart interest and strong moral lesson...

"The Fallen Angel" is a thoroughly impressive and wholesome story. It teaches that there are still good men and women and that Christianity in the hands of over-zealous bigots is often made the tool of Satan rather than the instrument of the Master. Two love stories and a hilarious vein of comedy run through the play. There are several strong character parts that give the stock company fine possibilities...

Mr. Taylor, the handsome leading man, plays a strong role of a minister whose fine character and stalwart Christianity arouses audiences to enthusiasm. It is an excellent part for Mr. Taylor to which he will undoubtedly do justice...

The first performance of "The Fallen Angel" will be given this afternoon at 2:30.

* *

January 24, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

The production of "A Fallen Angel" at the Beck theater this week by the

Beck Theater Stock company is without doubt the most creditable that not only Bellingham has had the privilege of witnessing in stock, but that the present organization has thus far presented. Two crowded houses evinced the greatest delight throughout the play. It combines all the elements of pathos and comedy, and in many ways is unique. "A Fallen Angel" is melodramatic in effect, but without the usual blood and thunder and knock-about accessories, and the story is clean, wholesome, and the moral is an exceptionally good one.

The plot involves woman's unforgiving attitude toward the fallen members of her sex; of man's more liberal spirit; of a sister's unselfish love for her brother, which prompts sacrifice which would mean the giving up of love and happiness, and the voluntary surrender to misery; of the cunning and cowardice of the villain whose selfish, self-seeking infatuation which runs its baleful course and ends in his downfall, and of the fallen woman, womanliness rising superior and triumphant to her surroundings, to her happiness. The story of "A Fallen Angel" is laid in Pennsylvania, its opening scenes being in a small interior town. Later the scene takes place in Philadelphia. As usual the scenic and stage effects were perfect, particularly so the churchyard, which was very realistic and demanded applause from the audience...

Mr. Taylor's conception and execution of the minister was excellent...

"A Fallen Angel" will run all week with a special matinee on Saturday. Next Sunday night a fine dramatic version of "Carmen" will be put on here for the first time.

* *

January 31, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

"Carmen" swung itself loose last night at the Beck theater into a booming and bewildering success. Delightful hardly expresses it, for the play, in addition to possessing a great deal of merit as dramatized from the thrilling opera, is produced by the Beck Theater Stock company in a superior manner to any of the productions that they have thus far offered. They proved themselves a stock company of most capable people, in fact, every part was in such able hands that even the smallest role in the play was portrayed as in

real life. It was not only the realistic manner of acting, but so convincingly real was the play staged that the large audience enjoyed every moment of the drama.

"Carmen" is a picture drawn in glowing colors and is full of actions and thrilling in its situations. It depicts life in the locale of the story as it would be depicted only by those intimately acquainted with the passions, impulses and motives which inspire the life of Gypsies. Every act is represented in a careful and painstaking manner, no expense having been spared in furnishing elaborate scenery, and every accessory is in perfect harmony with the picturesque surroundings. The stage fairly swarmed with people last night, with a beautiful and cleverly acting chorus. They made a dazzling show and helped to keep things lively. The costuming is elaborate and the whole production was most worthy, and that is saying much.

Victory Bateman was altogether fascinating as Carmen, with her melodious voice and her tempestuous, fiery outbreaks. This is one of the best characters she has been seen in here and it is doubtful if one might mind a more pleasing presentation...William D. Taylor, as Don Jose, takes advantage of his opportunity and was at his best last night...

* *

February 4, 1910

BELLINGHAM HERALD

Tonight, tomorrow afternoon and Saturday night will see not only the last of the present stock company at the Beck theater, but the last performance of "Carmen," the beautiful spectacular drama that has made so excellent an impression upon the theatergoers here...

* *

Taylor in Seattle, Washington

February 7, 1910

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

New Stock Company at Seattle Theater

The new stock company at the Seattle theater made its first bow yesterday afternoon to a packed house and again at night was the announcement that nothing was left but standing room. The opening bill is "The Night Before Christmas," by that astute dealer in human emotions, Hal Reid, who has provided more than one melodramatic success. The entire story is told in the third act, where the events of the two earlier acts are rehearsed in a courtroom scene that stretches possibility to the limit, and which is so technically legal that it threatens in places to become tiresome. In the third act a judge is compelled to pass sentence of death upon his own wayward son, who has been falsely accused and convicted of a murder. The curtain descends upon the last speech of the judge, who is sending the boy to the electric chair.

The final act is that of the governor's office, to which place the judge has been elected, and in which he declines to reprieve the boy because it conflicts with his stern sense of duty. In the same scene the real murderer enters and confesses that he committed the crime, and that it was done to revenge himself upon the man who had broken his home and sent his child out into the world with a blight upon her name. As a means for introducing another interest, Mr. Reid makes the daughter of the murderer the sweetheart of the accused Jack Philip, whose marriage had been forbidden by his father, the judge, on account of a doubt as to the girl's parentage. The only act in "The Night Before Christmas" that is keyed up to the Seattle theater notion of things is the second, showing a graveyard, in which the murder is committed. The particular interest in the occasion is the return to Seattle of a couple of favorite players and some new people who are going to make themselves popular down Cherry Street way. The reception of Robert Webb Lawrence and Philip Sheffield must have been encouraging in the way of saying, "Welcome to our city," or something like that. Each of these players acquitted himself creditably, Mr. Webb, as Judge Philip, the dominant figure of the play, and Mr. Sheffield, as Billy Pickerell, a character study of a blind man.

Miss Victory Bateman, who is celebrating a honeymoon on the occasion of

her return to local dramatic activities, found that the old Third Avenue theater clientele, before which she played, has been transferred to the Seattle theater, and many of the youngsters of her previous days on Third Avenue are now grown-ups. Miss Bateman is not afforded any emotional opportunities as Marion Williams, a couple of instances, however, requiring repression, showing good taste and excellent reading. Mr. Will D. Taylor plays the limited part of Jack Philip, the wrongfully accused young man, intelligently, and Mr. Kilbride made the long scene in the courtroom less tiresome for his good work as the attorney for the defense...

* *

February 11, 1910

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

The Hal Reid comedy-drama, "The Night Before Christmas," has served to give the Beck Stock Company a very favorable introduction to local play-goers, and the size of the house of the opening week is assurance of continued popularity during the period of its engagement here..."The Night Before Christmas" will close with the performances of Saturday afternoon and evening. "Held by the Enemy," the famous war drama, is next week's bill.

* *

February 12, 1910

SEATTLE TIMES

Beck Players at Seattle to Be Reorganized

In order to bring it up to the standard demanded by Seattle Theater audiences the Beck Stock Company is to be reorganized. Several new players will be added, these to include a new leading man. Victory Bateman and William Taylor, who have been playing leading roles, will leave the company next week and they will be replaced with capable players, whose contracts are now being considered.

Miss Brenda Fowler succeeds to the rank of leading woman for the company, and will head the company for the first time in "Held by the Enemy," which opens Sunday afternoon. "The Night Before Christmas" continues as the bill for the remainder of the present week. This comedy-drama is a play that is of

general interest, and particularly to women and children.

* *

February 14, 1910

SEATTLE TIMES

Reorganized, The Seattle Theatre Company, as the players at The Seattle hereafter will be known, opened for the week yesterday afternoon in what is far and away one of the, if not the, most finished and delightful performances offered patrons of the Russell & Draw house in the last six months.

"Held By The Enemy" has seen many presentations in Seattle within the last decade or so. Its treatment at the hands of the new company, it is safe to venture, will compare favorably with any that have gone before, for in practically every instance the parts are undertaken by men and women to whom they are admirably suited, and nothing has been spared in the way of scenic investiture to make it thoroughly consistent with the stirring period--the Civil War--about which the play is written.

This week sees Miss Brenda Fowler playing the lead, Rachel McCreery, and if she displays the same capabilities in the next few succeeding productions shown in the offering now running she very probably will be continued in stellar roles. Her worth is brought out strongest in the tense, emotion scenes with which "Held By The Enemy" is replete.

William D. Taylor's "Col. Charles Prescott" is a finished piece of work. Unintentional injustice was done this competent player in a recent announcement concerning the reorganization of the company. The fact that he is to accept a place with another company was accompanied by the comment that his place would be filled with a capable leading man. The natural inference was that he is not capable, one that is manifestly unfair to him since he is a player of recognized ability and one whose services are highly valued by the Russell & Drew organization.

It is in the juvenile and ingenue parts that "Held By The Enemy" carries a secondary love theme providing a wholesome brand of comedy that is irresistibly winning as presented by winsome little Olive Adair, as Susan McCreery, and Phillip Sheffield, as Thomas Henry Bean. Both Miss Adair and

Sheffield won scores of friends yesterday by their delightfully natural work.

To Leo Lindhard, as Lieut. Gordon Hayne, falls the work that draws the big hand. It is at the end of Act II, when Hayne, on trial for his life as a spy, admits his guilt rather than see dishonor attached to Col. Prescott, who withholds damaging testimony because of his love for Hayne's cousin, Rachel McCreery...

The cast follows:

Co. Chas. Prescott.....Wm. D. Taylor

...

* *

February 14, 1910

SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER

"Held by the Enemy" has been raised to the dignified plane of a melodrama, and it is doubtful if William Gillette would recognize more than the skeleton of his war-time play if he were to drop in and see what is being done at the Seattle theater. At the same time he could find, upon investigation, that the changes wrought in "Held by the Enemy" have not been a tampering with lines or situations, but that the production has been keyed up to what the Seattle theater following wants. There are a dozen good situations in the five acts, and some exceptionally strong lines, and they are emphasized solely with the notion of increasing their melodramatic value. Probably the most intense situation is that of the fourth act, in which an attempt is made to get the wounded Lieut. Hayne through the lines, upon the representation that the man is dead.

...Mr. Taylor plays the manly Col. Prescott to its advantage...

[On February 19 the run of this play ended. The subsequent play, "The Cow Puncher," did not have Taylor in the cast. From these items it is unclear whether Taylor played the full week's run of "Held by the Enemy" or left the cast during the week.]

* *

Taylor in Denver, Colorado

May 1, 1910

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

Arthur C. Alston's new play, "As the Sun Went Down," will be presented at the Tabor Grand [in Denver] this week beginning May 8. The company will be headed by Estha Williams, who played Parepa, the Octoroon, in "At the Old Cross Roads."

The supporting company includes Edwin Walter, W. A. Whitecar, Arthur E. Chattedon, George A. Cleveland, Arthur W. Bentley, R. F. Sullivan, William D. Taylor, Victory Bateman and Flora Byam.

The scenic production is an elaborate one. [This play was presented from May 8 to May 14, 1910.]

* *

February 8, 1922

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

Fate in one of her capricious moods has made the murder of William Desmond Taylor, motion picture director of Los Angeles, particularly tragical for one of Denver's popular actors, George Cleveland, a member of the Wilkes Players.

William Desmond Taylor, known to his friends of years ago as Dean Tanner [sic], was the best man at the wedding of Miss Victory Bateman and Mr. Cleveland in a small town in the state of Washington in 1909. The couple whose marriage he witnessed have been separated for years and soon will be divorced. [2]

Dean Tanner, or William Desmond Taylor, and Cleveland had been friends for years and were inseparable companions for more than a year and a half.

"I do not understand all of these things they are saying about Bill Taylor," Mr. Cleveland said last evening. "He was always open and above board and there was certainly nothing mysterious about him. He made no attempt that I know of to keep the fact that he changed his name a secret. We were going to open an engagement in New Jersey in 1908 and he took the name of William Desmond Taylor. Why, he never said, and we never pryed into each others

affairs.

"I have toured the country with Bill Taylor and at one time, years ago, we were stranded in Denver, and Bill went to a small town in the hills, where he obtained a job as night clerk in a hotel. I have forgotten where it was, but I went to California."

Producing plays with local talent found in the far off cities in Alaska, Mr. Cleveland and Taylor toured that part of the country for several months.

"Bill was a queer chap when he drank, which he did at times, and when one of these spells came on him he devoted all of his attention to the job," the actor continued. "You ought to know a man pretty well, sharing the adventures that come into life in Alaska, but I certainly never knew such a man as they have described in the papers."

During his long acquaintance with the director, Mr. Cleveland never heard him mention having a family, and sweethearts and enemies never seemed to enter his life.

"Taylor was the last man in the world to have had enemies, everyone liked him," he declared. "Of course, he may have changed when he became very prosperous and attained fame, but it does not seem possible."

Mr. Cleveland is a clever and popular member of the Wilkes players, and the circumstances surrounding the death of his friend have affected him deeply. It is all a mysterious tangle which he is unable to unwind, and particularly is he mystified concerning the manner in which Taylor's character has been described.

"Just before I came to Denver last autumn I heard from Bill," he remarked. "He was dropping his work for several months, he informed me, and previous to that time I corresponded with him in Australia."

According to Cleveland, Taylor was an interior decorator of ability and he believes that it was because of his skill in this field that he attained fame in the motion picture industry. Many of the handsome residences in New York have been decorated and designed by Taylor, Cleveland declared.

"Bill was a mediocre actor, but certainly an artist," he said. "Despite the fact he was born in Ireland, he was exceedingly English in his ways, a

fine fellow, and it is hard to realize all of these things that they are saying about him out there." [3]

* *

Taylor in Telluride, Colorado

February 5, 1922

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

...In 1910, according to J.A. Segerberg, proprietor of the New Sheridan hotel at Telluride, Col., Taylor answered an advertisement that he (Segerberg) had inserted in a Denver paper. Taylor wrote in his letter of application that he was in Denver without funds, but that he was eager to get located in the Telluride district.

Segerberg forwarded the transportation fare to Taylor, who went to Telluride and remained several months as a night clerk in the New Sheridan hotel. During his leisure time in the afternoons, he is said to have prospected about the hills near the little mining town.

"He never seemed to have any luck," Segerberg declared. "He was down and out all right, but we all liked him. He made friends with everybody at the hotel, and was quiet and unassuming.

"He didn't talk much, but on one occasion he confided in me that he had been to Alaska, had made a fortune and had lost it. He said he was just trying to get on his feet again. I considered him a most exceptional man. He had a fine education and was very much alone, receiving letters but seldom."

...Segerberg said that Taylor went by the name of William D. Taylor while at his hotel, had no one with him and, as far as he knew, had trouble with no man. Segerberg considers himself a close friend of the former director, having heard from him once since he became associated with the world's largest moving picture foundry.

"When he left Telluride, it was following one of those rare occasions on which he received any mail. I believe it was a letter, tho it might have been

a telegram. He said that he was called to California by the illness of his brother. I did not hear from him for several years thereafter, and then only a single letter."

When the press dispatches first began carrying the details of Taylor's death, one of the most baffling murders in the history of Pacific coast police annals, Segerberg recognized the name of his old friend and sent notice of the dead man's previous residence in Colorado to The News.

* *

February 5, 1922

DENVER POST

Broke, a fortune scattered behind him in Alaska where his numerous mining ventures had failed, William Desmond Taylor, slain film director, drifted into Denver late in 1909 [sic] and after spending a few days here accepted a position as a night clerk in the New Sheridan hotel at Telluride...according to the statement of Miss Fannie Ball of 2018 California Street, cashier at the Oxford dairy lunch room, Denver, who was cashier at the New Sheridan hotel during the time that Taylor was there...

"I recognized Mr. Taylor's picture the minute I saw it in the paper," said Miss Ball, cashier at the Oxford dairy lunch room. "I was working as cashier at the New Sheridan in Telluride all the time he was there as night clerk. I never had any idea that he was interested in a career on stage or in the movies. He didn't talk much. He didn't associate with anybody and he didn't go anywhere, but most everybody that came into the hotel got acquainted with him anyway and liked him."

"I never knew where he went from Telluride, but I remember that we were all surprised when we learned he was in the movies.

"I never heard of his having any kind of trouble with women or anybody else while he was in Telluride. He was about 40 years of age at that time and was one of the finest men I have known."

* *

February 5, 1922

LOS ANGELES EXAMINER

...Taylor appeared in Telluride when apparently at the end of one of the low ebbs of his financial endeavors. He acted as night clerk for the New Sheridan Hotel there from June 10, 1910, until December 15, of the same year.

* *

Taylor in Hawaii

February 9, 1922

NEW YORK AMERICAN

New light on the past of William Desmond Taylor and his missing brother Dennis was thrown yesterday when Harry Corson Clarke, Actor-manager and world traveller, arrived from California and gave an exclusive interview to the New York American.

The interview clears up for the first time the whereabouts of Taylor following his disappearance from this city in 1908 and his reappearance on the Pacific Coast some years later. The missing man was in the Klondike.

It also furnishes an opinion of Taylor's character from one who knew him well. Mr. Clarke declares that "Taylor was one of the finest gentlemen that God ever made, and to be with him was an education."

This opinion was formed after three months with Taylor, who joined Clarke's stock company and went with him to the Hawaiian Islands, where for the first three months of 1912 they played a variety of popular plays, with Taylor as leading man.

Clarke is now staying in this city preparatory to his fourth tour of the world, and is outspoken in his loyalty to his dead friend. He said yesterday:

"Bunk! That is what I think when I read all this stuff about Taylor being mixed up with these hop-heads. I don't believe it.

"Women? Sure; women would go crazy about a man like Taylor, particularly when they had had to associate with the sort of men they are thrown in with in most movie studios.

"I first met Taylor in December of 1911, in San Francisco. He had come down from the Klondike and he had been on a spree and he was absolutely down

and out.

"He was fierce to make money. Craved money. Had to have money, and he told me a story about a claim that he and his brother Dennis had in the Klondike that he said would sure make them fabulously rich if they could develop it. He had come down to collect the money to make it a winner.

"Well, I wasn't staking any Klondike claims, but Taylor could act, and I was just starting for the islands with a show and I took him on.

"I don't remember where they say Taylor was in the first three months of 1912, but I can tell you just where he was. He was playing leads with me in Honolulu nights and working as a carpenter by day in a theatre which we were building there.

"We had a great three months.

"Taylor played leads in all the old favorites. 'Why Smith Left Home' (that must have made him do some thinking); 'Christopher, Jr.'; 'Lost 24 Hours' and a number of those shows which had been popular on Broadway some seasons before, but went big with the Hawaiians.

"And don't forget that Taylor went big, too. He was a gentleman and we were received by the best English and American people in the islands. We went big with the natives, too.

"Once the Princess (I forgot her name, but she was the daughter of Queen Lilluokalani) and Cleghorn, the Scotchman, received us at Alulua and gave us a native party. Taylor charmed the natives just as he charmed everybody else he met.

"After the Islands I was headed for Australia and I wanted him to go bad, but he wouldn't hear of it.

"All his mind was focused on his old mine in the Klondike, and every cent he got went up to brother Dennis to develop it, and I left him at the boat for San Francisco, headed back toward the Arctic.

"Six months ago I met him again in Hollywood. He was riding down the avenue in a big car, and when he saw me he pulled up. I told him it was not much like December 1911. He told me for God's sake to forget it.

"I never knew him to have anything to do with any women and I don't

believe he did.

"Oh, yes, there's one other thing I remember about him. He was a mighty fine actor. And I guess that sums him up. A good man, a fine gentleman and a good actor. It's a complete characterization, and it sums up Bill Taylor."

* *

January 13, 1912
HONOLULU ADVERTISER

CORSON CLARKE TO COME NEXT WEEK

"I am going to bring as nice a company of actors as ever visited Honolulu, so don't be afraid to say so," writes Harry Corson Clarke, the comedian, to D. W. Douthitt, his local representative. Mr. Clarke said also that although he was to bring only thirteen people, he is bringing eighteen.

His letters indicate that he is coming to Honolulu largely as a matter of sentiment, because of his visit here in the latter part of the nineties. He wants to renew old acquaintances, and to see the Islands once more.

...Mr. Clarke and his company will leave San Francisco next Wednesday [January 17, 1912] on the Wilhelmina.

* *

January 25, 1912
HONOLULU ADVERTISER

PASSENGERS

Arrived.

Per M.N.S.S. Wilhelmina, from San Francisco, Jan. 24--..Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Clarke...Wm. D. Taylor....

ACTOR TALKS OF HOPES AND AIMS

"I had the pleasure of taking Will Lewers of Honolulu back to the mainland when I was last here in 1897," said Harry Corson Clarke, the comedian, yesterday. "I am very glad to say that he has risen high in the theatrical profession and has been leading man in many of the most notable American successes. He has latterly been in Maude Adams' company."

...Mr. and Mrs. Clarke are stopping at the Young while others are at the Pleasanton, the Donna and the Hawaiian, the scarcity of hotel accommodations compelling them to break into small parties.

"I know that we'll do well in Honolulu," says Mr. Clarke. "I have kept in touch with the sentiment here and knows that the newspapers have expressed the hope that clean, wholesome drama could be given. I have always desired to return here with my own company, and still believing that what the papers said was true, selected a company which I believe is one of the best to be picked up anywhere. In all my stage career I have never descended to slapstick methods and I trust I never shall. It is my intention to close with the presentation of a play I have called 'Vollendam,' and this will be the first production of it in English on the American stage. This is something I reserved especially for Honolulu.

...The prominent members of the company are Margaret Dale Owen (Mrs. Clarke), Betty Tracy, Alma Murphy, Nell Franzen, Vail Hobart, Bernice Pierson, William L. Taylor [sic], Richard S. Barbee, Joseph Cox, Robert Ryles and William Morris.

The company attended the Kaai Hawaiian musicale last night as the guests of W. D. Adams.

* *

February 1, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

The Harry Corson Clarke company will present for the first time in Honolulu, Logan Fuller's and W. A. Tremayne's clever farce, "Lost--Twenty-Four Hours," beginning tonight and for the remaining performances this week. The play is full of laughs and is a worthy successor to "What Happened to Jones." Originally played by Robert Hilliard at the Madison Square Theater, New York, it ran for three hundred nights. This play will introduce to the playergoers of Honolulu Mr. Clarke's clever leading man, William D. Taylor.

Mr. Taylor will appear as Richard Swift, the part originated by Robert Hillard, while Mr. Clarke will play the younger brother, "David," and it goes without saying he will create the usual amount of merriment. Mr. Taylor only

recently was induced to return to the stage after having spent a winter or two in Alaska. He was in the Boer War [sic] and is to some extent a "Soldier of Fortune"...

* *

February 6, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

Beyond question one of the best comedies ever presented in Honolulu is now on at the Opera House, in "Why Smith Left Home," put on by the Harry Carson Clarke Company. The comedy is new in Honolulu and is not only worth seeing, but worth going to see again. It is an amusing skit upon trade unionism, one at which the fieriest union man may laugh as heartily as the plutocratic employer, while marital complications include every member of the cast and add to the success of the piece.

Mr. Clarke appears at his funniest in this play, taking the part of the "cook lady," who combines in her one red-headed person a tyrannous domestic, a walking delegate of the Cook Ladies' Union, a schemer and a danseuse. His appearance last night was always the signal for merriment, the laughter at times being so general that some of the lines were drowned out.

This play, which is handsomely staged, gives the whole company an opportunity to really show itself, while a surprise was presented through the appearance in the case of Marion Dunn, a local favorite. W. D. Taylor was first-class as the misunderstood husband who cannot get a chance to enjoy his honeymoon, while Margaret Dale Owen, as his wife, completed the captivation of those among her audience who had heard and seen her before. As the bride, anxious to believe her husband in the face of strong evidence against him, but egged on to rebellion by her shrew of an aunt, she was a picture of charming irresolution...

Taken altogether, Mr. Clarke appears to have struck the gait that pleases in "Why Smith Left Home." The piece is one that should fill the Opera House while it runs and which should set a standard for his company to ensure a successful engagement. It is a good, clean comedy, worthy of all the support this city can give it.

* *

February 9, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

American equality, as typified by a Chicago millionaire pork-packer, and German aristocracy, personified in a Graf whose family history ran back to a Crusaders' battlefield, clashed on the boards of the Opera House last night in the opening production of "Mr. Foster of Chicago" by the Harry Corson Clarke Company. A marriage between the heiress-daughter of the pork-packer and the only son of the aristocrat brought the irresistible force and the immovable body into frequent contact, with the result that the audience heard much that was instructive and a great deal that was mirth-provoking.

The play proved another success for Mr. Clarke and his company, the former adding to his laurels in the name role. Mr. Clarke did not come on until well towards the end of the second act, but his frequent appearances thereafter were the signals for the many gusts of laughter that swept the Opera House.

In this play, which is splendidly staged, only seven of the cast have parts that amount to anything, and of the seven there are only three that really count. Those three were enough, however, to make the piece a go and satisfy the audience. Mr. Clarke is immense, the second best part that played by Margaret Dale Owen, the widow of a wealthy brewer, who concealed her wealth and landed a German Captain. The third leading part was that of the irascible man of family, played by William D. Taylor.

It was noticeable that the Opera House was much nearer to being filled last night than on any night since the opening, showing that Honoluluans are waking up to the fact that an exceptionally good company is in town. As a matter of fact, were it not that there is also a good show running at the Orpheum, the Clarke company would be playing to capacity.

* *

February 15, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

Christopher Jr. has been selected by Mr. Clarke as the bill for tonight

and the remainder of the week with a matinee on Saturday. This play has always proved a popular one with ladies and it is for that reason that it is put on for the end of the week, giving the ladies an opportunity to witness it at a matinee performance. It is a delightful comedy with a charming love story running through it. It had a long run at the Empire Theater New York when first presented there by John Drew and Maude Adams.

Harry Corson Clarke will assume the part of Mr. Glibb, a most original part and one that gives full play to the comedian's undeniable talents. Mr. Taylor will appear as Christopher Jr. and Miss Owen will be seen as Dora, the part originated by Maude Adams. But one more week remains of the present theatrical season at the opera House and it is expected that capacity houses will hold sway for the remainder of the time.

* *

February 16, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

Dragging through the first two acts, waking up in the third and concluding with a splendid fourth, "Christopher Junior" was played before a slim house at the Opera House last night, the first production of the piece by the Harry Corson Clarke Company. The dragging of the opening scenes appeared to be as much the fault of the audience as of the players. The occupants of the chairs simply would not enthuse, although the stage setting was good, the orchestra had played excellently as usual and the actors began with plenty of ginger. When the house refused to warm up, the actors began to cool down and at the second curtain it seemed that the play was going to be a dismal failure.

It was Robert McKim who saved it. When he came on in the third act the audience came out of its trance and applauded. The applause woke up the actors, and then, having broken the silence, the crowd kept on applauding, the company struck its gait again and all was well.

In this play, Mr. Clarke has a walking part which he makes one of the leading parts. The fact that he doesn't say anything, even when the dialogue appears to corner him, makes his playing a feature of the comedy. William D.

Taylor carried the bulk of the work and did it well, while the rest of the company played up to their general good standard.

* *

February 24, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

Opera House

Last Performance Tonight

8:15 o'clock

Harry Corson Clarke

and Margaret Dale Owen

Supported by the

Harry Corson Clarke

Stock Comedy Company

The Three Act Comedy

"Strategy"

* *

February 28, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

PASSENGERS

Departed.

Per str. Mauna Kea, for Hilo, via way ports...Harry Corson Clarke and wife...W. D. Taylor....

* *

March 21, 1912

HONOLULU ADVERTISER

PASSENGERS

Departed.

Per O.S.S. Sierra, for San Francisco, March 20...Wm. Taylor....

* *

Summary of Taylor's Whereabouts 1908-1912

October 1908 -- Leaves New York

Early 1909 -- in San Francisco

May 25, 1909 -- Begins work for Yukon Gold Co., in Dawson, Yukon

January 5 - February 5, 1910 -- Acting in Bellingham, Washington

February 6-13, 1910 -- Acting in Seattle, Washington

May 8-14, 1910 -- Acting in Denver, Colorado

June 10 - December 15, 1910 -- Working at New Sheridan Hotel, in Telluride, Colorado

1911 -- Returns to Dawson

January 17, 1912 -- Sails for Honolulu from San Francisco

January 24, 1912 -- Arrives in Honolulu

January-March 1912 -- Acting with Harry Corson Clarke in Hawaii

March 20, 1912 -- Sails for San Francisco from Honolulu

mid 1912 -- Returns to Dawson

November 1912 -- Departs Dawson, goes to San Francisco

December 1912 -- Obtains first job in the Southern California movie industry, acting in "The Counterfeiter" for Thomas Ince's film company in Santa Monica

There were also reports that Taylor was working in Ouray, Colorado and Cheyenne, Wyoming, presumably during the early part of 1910. Several of the clippings imply that Taylor was with his brother during part of 1910-1911, however Denis Deane-Tanner did not desert his family in New York until August 4, 1912, which would indicate that Taylor and Denis could not have been together until Taylor's last few months in Dawson late in 1912.

Thanks to William Sherman for providing some of the clippings.

Wallace Smith: February 24, 1923

The following is another of Wallace Smith's sensationalizing dispatches on the Taylor case.

February 25, 1922
Wallace Smith
CHICAGO AMERICAN

Hired guards, armed with pistols and clubs, were rushed to the home of the one woman suspect in the murder of William Desmond Taylor today, following the report that detectives investigating the weird case were ready to mutiny, ignore their superiors, seize the famous player and submit her to a real examination. [4]

They were prepared, it was said, to storm the house in which the woman is hiding, overpower the guard and kidnap their quarry. The report declared motors were to carry the kidnapping party into the foothills for questioning -- for the "third degree," such an extreme if it was found necessary, to unlock the screen beauty's stubborn lips.

Officials were quick to deny that such a mutinous plot existed. But it was known that they had checked carefully on the activities of their men supposed to be running down various angles to the strange case and it was known, too, that the mutinous spirit has been seething.

Word of the heroic plan, at any rate, was not slow in reaching those most interested in the protection of the woman. And the guards were placed on duty, alert for any attempt to pierce the barrier they made and under order to fight to the last any officer who attempted to force his way into the refuge without a warrant for the woman's arrest.

Reports of the mutiny started when it was found that all trails uncovered in the hunt for Taylor's assassin led finally to the door of this woman. She remained the one tangible thing -- beside the fact that a man was murdered -- in all the fog of rumors, theories, bungling and misinformation.

Whatever the motive advanced -- the woman lurked in the back of it. Jealousy, revenge, the drug hunger, a mad quarrel -- always this woman.

Despite these discoveries, the officials have been lenient, to state it mildly. The woman was questioned secretly and most politely, according to all information obtainable.

And it is quite certain that she lied.

She denied that she ever used "dope," although her slavery to drugs has been notorious for years. She swore that her friendship with Taylor was that almost of daughter and father, although it is known that he was madly in love with her and although it has been narrated that she was observed in passionate love scenes with him.

The weary hunters on the trail of the murderer were disheartened and desperate by the apparent immunity of the woman. They made an effort to conceal their discontent as each suggestion of clue or evidence forced them to the belief that she, if she can be made to talk, can solve the mystery.

They feel, too, that there is a way of "making her talk," -- if not to confess the murder herself at least to reveal who did the murder.

These investigators have found that ten weeks ago she received a consignment of forbidden heroin. They have long been aware of her reputation as a dope slave. Through their experience with such persons, they are convinced that she would speak freely after being deprived of her drug ration for a short time.

If she actually knows the secret of the crime, the woman can easily be considered concealing the information to save her own reputation. Just as well, she can be reasonably pictured fearing the exposure of her slavery to dope.

Regardless of the truth or falsity of the story told by "Harry, the Chink," Fields in Detroit -- whose yarn, by the way, has not been entirely discarded as yet -- the dope ring that has been growing wealthy in Los Angeles becomes more deeply involved as the investigation goes forward. [5]

Wong Lee, named by Fields as the tong hatchet man who Killed Taylor, remained a shadowy mystery in Chinatown. The slant eyed Celestials did not

"sabe" Wong Lee. Nor was there any trace of "Johnny Clarke" or "Jenny Moore," also named as death plotters.

But it was reported that two sisters, known as dope peddlers employed by the ring, had fled to Bakersfield and, it is believed, farther north following the crime. Both of these young women, according to police information, had been most violent in the underworld in urging the killing of Taylor.

Back of this appeared another story of Taylor's personal encounter with a drug ring agent -- this time at the home of the woman he sought to save from the grip of the ring. Taylor was visiting at the woman's home, it was said, when the peddler arrived. Taylor threw him bodily from the house.

This peddler seemed inclined to "let it go at that." But he told his story to the two sisters, one of whom was his sweetheart. They were less forgiving. They dinned into his ears the gospel of revenge. Their best argument was the fact that he would lose a "customer" who paid him as much as $2,000 a month if he allowed Taylor to protect this woman.

The report of the flight of the two sisters seemed to dovetail with the story of Assistant United States District Attorney Green that Taylor had started a fight against the drug ring to save the woman he loved.

The police of Bakersfield and cities to the north were warned by Los Angeles officials to be on the watch for the two sisters. [6]

At the same time Detective Sergeant Herman Cline hurried to San Francisco on a secret mission. It was stated that he was attempting to trace the telephone call sent by the suspected woman from Los Angeles to San Francisco the night of Taylor's assassination.

She is known to have telephoned a friend in a San Francisco hotel. She was heard to cry out:

"I'm in trouble; I'll need all the help I can get."

District Attorney Thomas Lee Woolwine assigned two detectives to the motion picture studios after hearing the report of Federal Attorney Green. Other men were assigned to seek a wealthy Los Angeles man, named in a letter from a New York attorney as the man who did the crime.

Deputies under the direction of Undersheriff Eugene Biscailuz undertook the search of Chinatown to trace the very loose threads of Fields' story. They were interested in the sudden return of a Chinese smuggler who disappeared abruptly the day Fields was arrested in Detroit.

The returned Chinese turned to them a bland, unsmiling countenance.

"No sabe," he replied to all their questions. He didn't understand what they were talking about.

From the home of Mabel Normand, the subject of Taylor's "blessed baby" letters, it was reported today that the actress was "considerably improved," following the relapse reported by her physicians yesterday. Shortly after the report was made public word came from the Mack Sennett studios, where Miss Normand has been performing, denying that she was "gravely ill."

According to physicians, Miss Normand was suffering from an attack of influenza and her condition was aggravated by the shock she suffered following Taylor's death.

It was to be remarked that William Davis, chauffeur for Miss Normand, has been questioned for a fourth time by detectives. He clung, they reported, to his corroboration of Miss Normand's story of her visit to Taylor's study.

Edward F. Sands, alias Edwin Fitz Strathmore, [7] also was sought. The newest clue was a pair of shoes found in Taylor's home, an especially wide pair, from which, detectives said, Sands' feet could be picked out in a crowd.

NOTES:

[1] James Corbett was at that time the boxing Heavyweight Champion of the World.

[2] Note the above item from the SEATTLE POST-INTELLIGENCER (February 7, 1910) which refers to Victory Bateman's recent marriage.

[3] It appears that Cleveland and Taylor may have indeed been together from 1908 to 1910. The press reviews of the Bellingham and Seattle plays do not

mention George Cleveland, but they do mention George Clawson, perhaps he changed his stage name between Seattle and Denver; George Clawson and Victory Bateman were also in the first Seattle play, "The Night Before Christmas," and were both absent from the Seattle cast of "Held By The Enemy." (Coincidentally, Carl Stockdale was also acting on stage in Seattle during February 1910.) Taylor was never an interior decorator, but during his work in an antique shop he undoubtedly learned a great deal about the subject. Taylor was probably never in Australia; Cleveland's statement can be interpreted to mean that Cleveland was in Australia at that time. Could this George Cleveland be the same actor with that name who later had an extensive career playing character roles in films during the 30's and 40's, and who is today best remembered for his role as "Gramps" in the Lassie television series?

[4] Once again, Smith is referring to Mabel Normand.

[5] As stated in previous issues, Harry Fields was not Chinese, and it is not known why this derogatory nickname was applied to him. It is included here only for historical purposes, to reprint Smith's article as it originally appeared.

[6] The two sisters were reportedly Jessie and Maudie Cooper. See WDT:DOSSIER, pp. 353-355.

[7] The correct alias was Edward Fitzwilliam Strathmore.

Back issues of Taylorology are available on the Web at any of the following:

http://www.angelfire.com/az/Taylorology/

http://www.etext.org/Zines/ASCII/Taylorology/

http://www.uno.edu/~drif/arbuckle/Taylorology/

Full text searches of back issues can be done at http://www.etext.org/Zines/

For more information about Taylor, see

WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)

* T A Y L O R O L O G Y *
* A Continuing Exploration of the Life and Death of William Desmond Taylor *
* Issue 30 -- June 1995 Editor: Bruce Long *
* TAYLOROLOGY may be freely distributed *

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE:

"The Sins of Hollywood: An Expose of Movie Vice"

What is TAYLOROLOGY?

TAYLOROLOGY is a newsletter focusing on the life and death of William Desmond Taylor, a top Paramount film director in early Hollywood who was shot to death on February 1, 1922. His unsolved murder was one of Hollywood's major scandals. This newsletter will deal with: (a) The facts of Taylor's life; (b) The facts and rumors of Taylor's murder; (c) The impact of the Taylor murder on Hollywood and the nation; (d) Taylor's associates and the Hollywood silent film industry in which Taylor worked. Primary emphasis will be given toward reprinting, referencing and analyzing source material, and sifting it for accuracy.

In the aftermath of the Taylor case there were many published revelations of scandal in Hollywood. The most prominent such collection during that time was the book THE SINS OF HOLLYWOOD: AN EXPOSE OF MOVIE VICE, published in May 1922. Although real names were not used, most subjects are easily identified. Our conclusions regarding the identities of those subjects can be found in the endnotes (of course, the fact that the subjects can be identified does not mean that the incidents are true). The booklet was published anonymously, the author listed as simply "A Hollywood Newspaper Man." But in the film industry's backlash against this book, the author was

revealed as Ed Roberts, the former editor of PHOTOPLAY JOURNAL, and Roberts admitted authorship of the book. The complete book is reprinted below. [1]

* *

THE SINS OF HOLLYWOOD: AN EXPOSE OF MOVIE VICE

A Group of Stories of Actual Happenings
Reported and Written
by
A Hollywood Newspaper Man [Ed Roberts]

May 1922
Hollywood Publishing Co.

* *

The Reasons for the "Sins of Hollywood"

TO THE PUBLIC:

The sins of Hollywood are facts--NOT FICTION!

The stories in this volume are true stories--the people are real people--

Most of those involved in the events reported herein are today occupying high places in motion pictures--popular idols--applauded, lauded and showered with gold by millions of men, women and children--ESPECIALLY THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN!

To the boys and girls of the land these mock heroes and heroines have been pictured and painted, for box office purposes, as the living symbols of all the virtues--

An avalanche of propaganda by screen and press has imbued them with every ennobling trait.

Privately they have lived, and are still living, lives of wild debauchery.

In more than one case licentiousness and incest have been the only rungs in the ladders on which they have climbed to fame and fortune!

Unfaithful and cruelly indifferent to the worship of the youth of the land, they have led or are leading such lives as may, any day, precipitate yet another nation-wide scandal and again shatter the ideals, the dreams, the castles, the faith of our boys and girls.

It is for these reasons that the SINS OF HOLLYWOOD are given to the public--

That a great medium of national expression may be purified--taken from the hands of those who have misused it--that the childish faith of our boys and girls may again be made sacred!

Fully eighty per cent of those engaged in motion pictures are high-grade citizens--self-respecting and respected.

In foolish fear of injuring the industry, Hollywood has permitted less than one percent of its population to stain its name.

The facts reported in these stories have long been an open book to the organized producers--No need to tell them--they knew!

They knew of the horde of creatures of easy morals who hovered about the industry and set the standard of price--decided what good, clean women would have to pay--have to give--in order to succeed--

They knew of the macqueraux--of the scum that constituted the camp followers of their great stars. They knew of the wantonness of their leading women--

They knew about the yachting parties--the wild orgies at road houses and private homes--

They knew about Vernon and its wild life--Tiajuana and its mad, drunken revels--

They knew about the prominent people among them who were living in illicit relationships.

There was a time at one studio when every star, male and female, was

carrying on an open liason--The producer could not help knowing it.

Eight months before the crash that culminated in the Arbuckle cataclysm they knew the kind of parties Roscoe was giving--and some of them were glad to participate in them--

They knew conditions--knew about the "hop" and the "dope"--but they took the stand that it was "none of our business"--

Their business was piling up advance deposits from theater owners and manipulating the motion picture stock market.

They frowned upon all attempts to speak the truth--

Any publication that attempted to reveal the real conditions--to cleanse the festering sores--was quickly pounced upon as an "enemy of the industry"--A subsidized trade press helped in this work!

Any attempt to bring about reform was called "hurting the industry."

It was the lapses and laxities of the producer that precipitated the censorship agitation--that led a nauseated nation, determined to cleanse the Augean stables of the screen, into the dangerous notion of censorship--almost fatally imperiling two sacred principles of democracy--freedom of speech and freedom of the press!

They have made "box office" capital of everything--Nothing has been too vile to exploit--

They created the male vamp--

Nothing was sacred--nothing was personal--if it had publicity possibilities--

In the Daniels case they exploited the courts and made them a laughing stock-- [2]

At this moment Taylor's tragic death is being exploited in connection with his last production--

If the screen is to be "cleaned-up" the sores must be cut open--the puss and corruption removed--This always hurts! But it is the only known way!

THE AUTHOR

Hollywood, April 1, 1922

* *

Dope!

During the throbbing, feverish years of the World War all roads let to France or--Hollywood.

The conglomerate, nondescript mass of beings of every hue and type that swept over the battlefields was no more complex in its composition, no more a mixture of oil and water, than were the high and the low, the vile, the vain and the vicious that made up the mob which swarmed into Hollywood to dip its fingers into the pot of gold that was being poured from the movie crucible.

No mining camp ever equaled it. No mad, lurid, wild and woolly border town every attracted so many men of women of so high a station in life or so vilely sunk as did Hollywood.

None of the country's historic bonanza towns every beheld one half the real money that Moviedom bathed in.

The Hollywood of those days will go down in history as the Rainbow Age of the mountebank and the mummer.

The circus, the Uncle Tom show, the medicine show, the carnivals, the physical culture fakes, the pony shows, the wild west outfits, the concert halls, the dives, the honk-a-tonks--and in many cases--the bawdy houses--all contributed their quota to the studios of Hollywood.

With them came men and women who had achieved world wide fame--actors, authors, dramatists, composers, dancers, whose names are indelibly written in the list of the world's great artists.

When the shower of gold fell this latter group held its wits--in the main. Here and there one dropped into the mire of licentiousness and incest. But this was rare.

The great actor of the spoken drama rarely got very far in the movies. He refused to fit into the scheme as laid out by those who held the purse strings.

It was the upstarts, the poor uncouth, ill-bred "roughnecks," many of

whom are today famous stars, and who never knew there was so much money in the world, who made the Sins of Hollywood the glaring, red sins they are today.

After the first few weeks of plenty, of full feeding, the days of penury and vagabondage faded into the dim vistas of the past. Then came indulgence in the common, ordinary vices of the average being. And still the money lasted and even increased. Then the appetites became jaded and each tried to out-dissipate the other.

Strip poker parties of both sexes, wild drinking debauches and lewdness, motor cars in designs and colors that screamed and shrieked--dogs and cats as aids to stimulate the imagination. The odors of the Tenderloin and the lobster palaces. Poor, futile mimicry!

Then one day a certain well-known and muchly adored heart-breaking star of the so-called "manly" type taught them something new. And this is how it came about:

This star--who shall be called Walter [3]--had tried out something. In his mad endeavor to provide for himself a thrill not written down in the Movie Vicealogue, Walter sought out several habitues of the underworld of Los Angeles and visited with them, consorted with them for the purpose, he explained, of obtaining "local color."

Once they induced him to try "a shot of hop." It was great, he told some of his friends and "Yes men." They agreed that if he said it was great, it was indeed great.

Yes, Walter smoked an opium pipe and went back for more. He then tried "snuffing" a bit of cocaine. That too gave him the desired kick. He "took a few shots in the arm." Ah, that was still better. He was getting on.

But why have his pleasures all alone? Walter was a good sort. He wanted his friends to taste of the sweets of life as he found them. Here's what he would do--he would give a "dope party."

Obviously he could not hold this party at his own home. His wife--she, too, a star [4]--would object. She didn't even know that Walter had been trying out various kinds of dope.

But that was easy. Walter merely leased a cabin in Laurel Canyon and invited a few select friends to come and enjoy something new. Many attended: Margaret and Mae, Vincent and Jay, Frank and Louise, Mary and Jack and Juanita--all good fellows and friends of Walter.

Oh, yes, there was a Chinaman there with his layout--pipes and little pellets of opium.

But first they must try "a shot in the arm." My! How they enjoyed that "shot in the arm." It thrilled the blase actor folk as they had not been thrilled since Clara Kimball Young auctioned off her teddy bears, removing them right before all the crowd. [5]

"Sniffing cocaine" through a little tube, one end of which hung inside a vial of "snow," was another pastime which all hugely enjoyed. It exalted and made other beings of them. It was thoroughly a worth-while party, his guests told Walter, and he was pleased--very pleased, indeed, if he had succeeded in bringing a few thrills into their uneventful lives--lives, too, made up of many thrills, but little else.

But the crowning event was when the Chinaman entered and gave each of them a pipe and a pellet of opium.

Walter had fitted up cozy lounges for them to lie in. Soft, clinging curtains hung about them, pink-shaded lamps shed a soft glow, and the Chinaman worked fast and soft-footedly.

Luckily the night was long--it was Saturday. None of them had to appear for work on Sunday. So all the rest of the night and far into the next day did they loll there upon the soft cushions and dream--and--well, there are things that cannot be printed even for truth's sake.

One by one they staggered homeward, vowing to return--any time--and partake of handsome Walter's hospitality.

And they did. For that was but the beginning. Today the Chinaman has increased his output of pipes and pellets. He has two assistants and he holds himself in readiness to answer a summons at a moment's notice to appear at somebody's home and help to make the night short and the dreams long.

Today the dope peddler is a common sight around the streets of

Hollywood. And once, not so long ago, the Federal officers called upon Handsome Walter and talked things over with him. They wanted to know if he was the go-between--the man who acted as middleman for the actors and the peddlers of drugs. Somehow he got out of it. At least, he is still in pictures and out of jail.

But the dope users are increasing; dope peddlers prevail.

There is a handsome home, closed temporarily, on a certain fashionable street in Los Angeles, where if you could enter you would find the finest equipped dope outfit in America.

Here come the players--mostly stars and near stars--to revel in Popplyand; here are held high revels--or such was the case only a few months ago--and here are the wildest of wild parties stages.

Not so long ago Dottie Pitchfork [6] fought a duel with a former Follies girl [7] with fists and vases; though it is claimed that hair pulling constituted and really ended the argument.

But they are interesting parties for all that. They must be interesting, for there have been as many as a hundred guests at these "affairs," not all of them dope fiends, but many of them are.

Most of them are easy to pick out. Their nervousness betrays them. The twitching of their mouths, the "snuffles," the listless air of many of them.

A rather new and somewhat unusual dope lately employed is that of bromidia, a drug which taken in teaspoonsful drives the user to continuous sleepiness, swelling of the limbs and a lassitude that brings great surcease.

There are but a few of these, however, more of them preferring cocaine, a "shot in the arm," and an occasional drag at the pipe.

Take for instance a certain young actor [8], son of one of the country's foremost exponents of the spoken drama. [9] His face is yellow as saffron. He is a pipe smoker. Twice his father has had him committed to sanitariums. When his father's company comes to Los Angeles now the son secretes himself and after his father's departure writes and tells him how sorry he was to be away on location during his stay in the city.

Then there is the case of the blonde with the Scandinavian name. [10]

Last year it cost her a thousand dollars a month for her dope supply. She uses cocaine and heroin, goes to sleep on the set, slips over to her dressing room, takes a few "sniffs" and returns full of ginger, only to fade away in a short time again.

A once noted song writer, now a movie scribbler, spends the greater part of his income for drugs. [11]

An actor who has had a long and successful career with two of the big companies is one of the list.

A well known director is another. [12]

A young woman star, whose name has been very much in the public print of late, is still another. [13]

The list is interminable--almost inexhaustible.

These indulgences are not always confined to the privacy of the home, either. In certain more or less public resorts one may upon occasion find well known movie people partaking of ether cocktails or other concoctions--perfume dipped on sugar, for instance. Anything and everything in the nature of what the jazz mad world knows as a "kick."

Walter, they say, still persists in giving an occasional party, though his wife has long since learned of his condition. But Walter has stamina. He is still the handsome young devil he always was. He gets away with it.

And even whiskey still has a thrill for him. He dearly loves to go out--to some other town, of course--and fight a couple of policemen, tear out sections of the hotel lobby and throw dishes at the head waiter.

But there are two young girls who regret that they ever attended one of Walter's parties. They were new at the game, but they wanted to be "good fellows." They "hit the pipe," they "took a shot in the arm," they snuffed cocaine, just as the others did.

One has returned to her home in Illinois--back to her parents--where they say that the drugs have so eaten into her system that she is dying of tuberculosis.

The other, driven to desperation because of the insistent demand of her nerves calling for the drugs, is now an ordinary street walker. Her place of

"business" is a shabby rooming house in the underworld district of Los Angeles; her "beat" is Main and Los Angeles streets. Occasionally when she can lure a sailor or a stranger to her room she gets from him whatever money she can and then, as soon as she can rid herself of her companion, she rushes frantically down to "John" and buys another "shot." It is all she lives for, that "shot." And she prays nightly that she will not live very long.

There are other cases, of course. For it is the young and inexperienced who suffer most. It is they who are driven to despair, and there are many in Hollywood today.

The Federal officers are trying to stamp out the plague, but somehow the dope users manage to obtain enough to keep them happy. It has made wrecks of several good men. One of them, in his efforts to break off the habit, has gone into the wilderness. He is trying to make a little farm pay him a livelihood, and his estimable wife is helping him. She has had a hard fight, but they say she is winning over the drug.

But Walter, handsome, debonair, smiling Walter, goes serenely on, having a handsome salary, feeling, no doubt, that he is a benefactor to his friends.

Didn't he give them a new thrill?

* *

Duck Blinds!

There are no houses of prostitution in Hollywood. No foot-weary Magdalenes patrol the night. [14]

Hollywood looks with contempt upon the hunger-driven sisterhood that haunts the streets and bawdy houses. Here the merchandising of sex has been made a fine art--its devotees are artists. The unskilled worker is a pariah--unwelcome.

The old Barbary Coast--the old Tenderloin--Armour Avenue, at their height, are not Hollywood. There is no restricted district--no "other side of the railroad track."

There is nothing crude or tawdry about Hollywood. Hollywood loves refinement.

Wherefore, the "joy parlors" and the "love nests" of Hollywood are not all in Hollywood. The "artists" pay a little more for what they get than anyone else--go where they will and are welcomed.

Foul fingers reach far out from the city into the green hills and valleys. The reek of city vice mingles with the scented air of the open places--Hollywood overlooks no bets.

A thousand roads lead to canyon cabin, sequestered cottage or mountain shack. There are easy routes to a score of hidden bays and inlets where wait lavishly furnished yachts and house-boats. From San Diego to Del Monte, from the beach to the desert Hollywood drips its ooze.

The private dens--or retreats, as it,--where the idols of our boys and girls disport and indulge their vices span a hundred miles in any direction.

It is in these snug bowers that the "domesticity" the fan magazines so lovingly and so lyingly prattle of is revealed of in its true form. Here the veneer assumed for box office purposes vanishes--

The language of the gutter resumes its place as the mother tongue--a space is a spade or even a harder name--passion is mad passion and nothing less.

No frowning "Madam" calls a halt to maintain a show of order. Hollywood has eliminated the "madam" and the grafting policeman. They belong to the crude days.

Hollywood knows no curb but sanitation and exhaustion.

Half a dozen miles north of the Ridge Route on what is known as the inland highway between Los Angeles and San Francisco lies a small lake that nestles between the foothills and the highway. On its shores are scattered clumps of brush and a few blinds for duck hunters.

In the stories we read of Sodom and Pompeii there is nothing about duck blinds. Hollywood is creative--requires no precedent.

Hollywood has found a new use for duck blinds--

On the far side of the lake about two hundred yards from the water's

edge stands a frame house. It is painted a dark shade of green.

The house and the acres that lie back of it are the property of two nationally famous film producers and a Los Angeles business man who runs with the film crowd.

Silence holds the green house most of the time. The nearest neighbor is some distance away. Many shade trees hide his view of the green house. A few turkeys roam the hills.

To the passing motorist the green house is but a speck on the landscape. The general aspect is one of serenity and peace. The scene is truly pastoral. The spot exudes an air of rural innocence.

Hollywood knows the value of "atmosphere." That is part of Hollywood's business. In studio parlance "atmosphere" and camouflage go hand in hand.

During the summer months the hills are hot and few visitors come to the green house. But as the days grow cooler and October draws near, signs of life appear. The duck season is approaching. Automobiles wind over the road back of the lake and unload their cargoes. Everything is made ready for hunter and huntress. By the first of October all is in shape for the season's sport.

The green house duck hunter travels like the Mexican army. His women go with him. The laws of California are the same for men or women who hunt ducks. You must carry a hunting license.

The law says nothing about a marriage license. So the little green house complies with the law. Also the law says nothing about chaperones for house parties of married people--who do not happen to be married to each other. Again the green house complies with the law.

More than one noted screen beauty has spent the week end in the green house. More than one famed portrayer of sweet innocence has "hunted" on these shores. It is not every passing motorist that carries field glasses--and the naked eye does not carry across the lake far enough to recognize faces--

Form Friday to Sunday night through October, November and December, the greenhouse walks with kings and queens of shadowland. It sees them at play--

in what the naturalist would call their native habit, untrammeled as it were by the artificial conventions of society or the demands of business.

It sees them shorn of their gloss and their glamour.

Not long since a certain beauty [15] who was once the wife of a widely advertised male vamp [16], a hunting went on the far shore of this lake. This lady has achieved much fame. She first won her way into the heart of a noted producer [17] by "hanging crepe" on the "lamp" of a rival who was at that time basking in the sunshine of his favor and the public smile. Carmen stuff comes natural to her. Although she and the producer in question are not the pals they once were, their names are more or less interwoven, and they are still very good friends.

Yes, very dear friends. He has a wife and family and must be more or less careful.

Just as day was breaking the beauty was escorted to one of the blinds. It was not quite light as yet and her escort, a noted screen celebrity, had to help her. The blind is constructed in front of a row boat moored to the shore.

It was cold. He had a bottle of which both partook freely. He emptied it and produced another. It was real cold. So they partook freely--and cuddled close against the wind.

There were few ducks that morning. In fact, the waters of the lake had been particularly low and the birds hardly alighted before they flocked off again on their way southward. There were chances for but few shots.

It grew a bit lighter but the cold wind grew colder. The sport began to lag. Pretty soon she dropped her gun and snuggled closer to him and took a few more drinks. He continued peering into the distance in search of passing birds.

Up over the edge of a hill some distance back from the house a man with field glasses gazed intently. As the woman cuddled closer he fixed his gaze more intently. For weeks he had been watching the place unknown to its owners.

Of course, he had no idea of the prominence of those he spied upon or he

might have hesitated. There is not much spice in the life of ranch hands. When tales of strange carryings on came floating over the hills early in the season, the man with the field glasses bethought himself of a good use for them. More than once his vigil had been rewarded. But this time he was puzzled. He could not tell what was coming. He did not know a new thrill when he saw one. He was not an "artist."

His eyes remained riveted on the scene before him. Soon the woman's male companion dropped his gun, rested his arm on the side of the boat, slid down into the bottom with his legs sprawled over one of the seats and appeared to have fallen asleep.

The beauty yawned, took another drink and sat down on the same seat. For a long time the watcher on the hill could detect no sign of life. Clouds came up and hid the sun. There was no stir in the green house. The other occupants, if there were any, were evidently fast asleep.

A flock of birds made a sweep over the edge of the lake and settled. Another bunch came and joined the first. Sun and sky remained obscured. The pair in the boat will still inert. The watcher on the hill grew more puzzled than ever. What had happened?

He stepped down and started to circle to the lower reaches of the ridge over toward a pass in a canyon that led to the house. Cautiously he drew nearer until he was on the rim of a high bluff directly overlooking the blind.

On this bluff a hole had been dug into the ground and crawling toward it he slid out of sight until he was entirely covered. From this vantage point he could, with the aid of the glasses, see all that transpired.

More ducks came. No shots were fired. The mystery deepened. A slight ripple danced away from the side of the boat as it slowly rocked. The ripples grew larger and came more often. The boat rocked more violently. The watcher lifted his glasses and gazed again. This time he did not remove them from his eyes. The glasses remained fixed or rather transfixed. The watcher was oblivious to all else but what was going on in the row boat on the water's edge.

Suddenly the boat rocked more violently than ever. It seemed to be having a spasm. The watcher jumped to the edge of the hole. He could stand it no longer.

He waved his hands aloft.

"The dirty dogs," he cried out aloud as he walked into the open. There was a flurry of wings as the startled ducks took to the air. The boat gave a final lurch like a ship in a gale.

The watcher on the hill had recognized the beauty--he knew the face. Had seen her in pictures a thousand times!

But he had never read of Sodom or Pompeii!

* *

Strip Poker and Paddle Parties

"There surely must be some way of getting into the movies without stooping below one's own level."

So thought Jane Evans, who had been in Hollywood some weeks without making any impression on casting directors other than to invoke insinuating invitations.

Surely the high-class stars were not so coarse. These men who talked so openly were just the riff-raff. It could not possibly be otherwise. The newspapers said such nice things about the great actors and actresses--

Soon opportunity came to Jane to mingle in the social whirl of the much talked of celebrities. She had left her telephone number at all the studios. One day she was telephoned to by some mysterious person. She was told it was a business call. She went to the studio designated and found a young man pawing over some photographs in a wire basket. She noticed that a picture of herself, that she had left hopefully, lay segregated from the others. She entered without being seen and was almost taken off her feed when she heard the young man say: "I am rustling up some new ones for the Boss' party tonight."

The young man picked up Jane's photograph and was going to say something else when he noticed her presence.

"Ah, this is Miss -------?"

"I am," said Jane, "you telephoned for me."

"Do you ride and do you swim," he asked with a peculiar glance towards another man that sat playing with another photograph and who was just then ruining it utterly by poking a hole in it with a paper knife.

"I do a little of each."

"All right," said the young man. "Wait."

The youth went into an inner office and threw the picture on a desk by which sat a very handsome man, well known as a screen favorite. He was playing with a dog and drinking a cocktail.

"Not bad," he said, and sized up the picture. "I'll take a look."

He went towards the door and peeked out carefully. He came back and said in a very cool and deliberate way:

"She is a new one on me. She'll do."

The young man came back and was all attention and politeness.

"Mr. -------, well, the boss, says that he will be pleased to have you meet some of the members of the company at his house tonight," he said, "and he wants you to be there promptly at midnight."

He wrote an address and a telephone number and gave it to Jane and showed her the way out.

"Midnight?" asked Jane of herself. "How odd."

But then it occurred to her that perhaps the great men worked late and she thought nothing more about it. She made up her mind to take the opportunity and to let no chance to meet the great and near-great go by.

She spent the evening at her apartment and, after having written an optimistic letter to her mother, she dressed in her best and soon looked very charming.

Promptly at midnight she arrived at the address given. It was one of the largest houses in the city and stood buried among magnificent trees in the middle of a park-like garden. She approached the entrance. But the

house was dark, but for a small light in the hall. She thought at first that she was at the wrong house, but rang the bell. At length the door was opened by the young man she had met at the office and he asked her in.

"You are on time," he laughed. "That's enough. I know now that you haven't been long in the movies. Nobody gives a whoop for appointments or time. I guess they'll show up, though. They do at times."

The young man asked her to take a seat. Whether she removed her wraps or not did not seem to bother him. He sat down and lighted a cigarette, threw the match on the floor and smoked. He remarked suddenly that his name was Mack. He made a move now and then as if he would sit down close by Jane, but he looked towards the door and refrained from doing so.

Jane saw a light-button and deliberately turned on the lights.

"Go as far as you like," said the young man with a raucous laugh. "Most o' them don't want no lights."

Jane pretended not to hear him.

"Is that you, Mack?" suddenly came a drawling voice from upstairs.

"Yes, sir" replied Mack, all attention. "I didn't know you was in."

"Is the little one there?" asked the voice.

"She has just came. She's kicking about more light."

"Give her a drink or two till I get down," said the voice. I'm having a row with Clara."

"Who is Clara?" asked Jane, and rose to her feet.

"Nobody," replied Mack. "I think she is his wife. That's nothing."

Jane, frightened, got ready to leave when she heard a volley of laughter outside and four boisterous persons came rushing in.

Jane now could see that they were under the influence of drink. They made a rush for the decanters and the sideboard.

They all seemed to know where everything was in the house and helped themselves liberally. Then one of the men noticed Jane and said to Mack.

"Mack, who have we here?"

"Gee, you didn't give me a chance to introduce her," said Mack. "She is a new friend of the boss--and--"

"Great God," snapped one of the women, "Is he through with Clara already?"

"Of course," laughed the other woman, "Clara has lasted longer than any of them. Gee, what do you expect?"

"Where is his Nibs?" asked one of the men.

"Upstairs, scrapping," said Mack. "But he's told me to tell you--"

"That's enough," cried one of the women. "Get the cards and the lubricants and we don't care if he never comes down."

Jane found herself swept on to a chair at the card table and soon a poker game was in full progress. She was given an allotment of chips and had no idea whether they represented money or not, or if so, how much. She did not know what to do or say and nobody seemed to care.

"Ante-up," said Mack. "Gee, it's hell to be popular."

The game progressed. Jane knew enough of poker to keep up her play. Soon one of the women lost all her chips. Jane thought she would now learn what the stakes represented. She had heard of games where thousands of dollars changed hands in a few minutes.

The losing woman stood up. Jane then witnessed a remarkable performance. The woman calmly unhooked her shirtwaist and stripped it off her and threw it on the floor. She picked up her cards and continued to play, after lighting a cigarette.

"Are you warm?" asked Jane in bewilderment.

"Yes," laughed the woman. "Wait till you get your turn. Quit your kidding."

The other woman was the next one to lose out and she calmly removed her skirt and flung it away.

Jane had never heard of the popular game of "strip poker," and consequently concluded that her companions were losing their minds as well as their chips and clothes.

She felt a sinking feeling as she suddenly saw her last chips gone. She noticed that they all stared at her, the men especially.

"Pay your loss," laughed one of them. "Strip off something."

She said she did not understand. They explained to her that the game consisted of a system of undressing and that the losers had to strip off some garment each time he or she lost their last chips.

Jane kicked off one of her slippers and smiled. The men looked disgusted and the women turned up their noses and the game went on.

While Jane was so busy trying to devise some plan by which she could get out of the house, she found her last chips again swept away in a large jackpot.

"Nothing can be stripped off that some other player has removed before," laughed one of the men. "Now be a good sport and pay your bets. No waists or skirts or shoes."

She became fearfully indignant. She arose and said she thought it was time to leave.

"She is crawfishing," cried one of the women. "Make her pay, Al."

The man who answered the name of "Al" put his cigar more firmly into the corner of his big flabby mouth and arose. He took hold of her and unhooked the back of her dress.

The others roared and the other man wanted to know if "he wanted any help?"

Jane began to cry. She tried to tear away from the man. He sunk his dirty fingernails into her white full arm.

Just then the "boss" was heard coming down. He reached the scene at the poker table with incredible haste.

He looked at Jane who was wiping a tear and tried to look calm.

Mack tried to intervene and explain. The big, handsome host took him by the neck and flung him into a corner. He picked Jane up bodily and carried her to a nearby sofa.

"There'll be no rough stuff while I am here. This is one of my homes," he said with apparent chivalry. "Nix on that."

"Who dragged this nice, young girl into a strip poker game?" he demanded. For God's sake, don't you know a lady when you see one?"

The two men stood like whipped dogs and Mack sneaked out of the room.

But Jane did not see how her supposed champions winked to the men and how they exchanged glances.

The big man walked over and sat down by Jane.

"Look here, he said, consolingly, "nobody is going to get neither me nor any of my homes in bad. I am going to be your friend."

At last, thought Jane, she had met one of screenland's noblemen, although he was rather rough in manner. But he seemed to have a heart as big as his body.

It was past two o'clock and Jane said something about departing.

"Don't spoil the party," pleaded the host. "There ain't nobody here yet. I expect a raft of ladies and gentlemen. The bunch seldom gets here before two."

Little did Jane know that the foregoing was merely an overture to one of the great bacchanalian parties, to one of the nauseating orgies which are the order of the day in Movieland. Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to style them the order of the night, or nights.

It was not long before the parlors of the house began to fill up. The most remarkable etiquette seemed to prevail. Whether a man preceded a woman through an open door, or if he conversed glibly with his cigar or cigarette in his mouth, mattered not at all. Everybody called each other by their first name and all of them smiled in a peculiar way when they met Jane. The men smiled pleasantly and the women critically.

Jane recognized some of the leaders of the profession and was glad to have a chance to view them and hear them at close range.

In a semi-circle, around a fire-place, sat a young handsome man with a name like one of the country's most famous playwrights. [18]

He was jabbing a hypodermic needle into the pretty white arm of a young girl, and then others were watching him intently, and still others sat in a stupor and leered.

The girl evidently had not the courage to inject the narcotic drug into her own arm. She was a novice. Then the needle was passed around just like the pipe of peace was passed by the noble American Indians on the same spot

in days of yore.

A famous girl, in the meantime, was drinking perfume and another was pouring perfume from the bottles on the dressing table on lumps of sugar, and eating it.

The supply of liquor seemed inexhaustible. As fast as the bottles were emptied fresh ones took their places. Bottles that had cost as much money as would maintain an ordinary family for a week were emptied almost in one swallow. Concoctions were mixed that even old time drinkers had never before heard of.

The women were the first to show the effects. Their high kicking left nothing to the imagination. The men encouraged them. One pair shimmied three-quarters nude. There was nothing concealed in the climax to their dance. The onlookers shook their shoulders and bodies in unison with the dancers.

Suddenly the host, from the far end of the big room, called for silence. In his arms he carried what looked like ordinary flat sticks of wood. Painted on each one was a number.

At the same time Mack, his assistant, passed about among the women pinning a paper tag with a number on it to each of their backs. Not knowing what was coming, Jane permitted him to give her one. She thought it was a new game. It was--to her. Possibly something like the old time donkey parties they used to have at home? Not a bit!

Then Mack went around among the men and collected twenty dollars from each of them. This money he placed in a heap on the table in front of the host. The girls were told to gather in a corner and turn their backs to the men leaving their numbers exposed to view.

"The new one is 18," said Mack in a low tone as he approached the table. The host slipped that number into the table drawer.

"Awrit lesgo," cried the host. Mack spun the wheel that lay on the table.

"Number 6," yelled the host. A dozen men grabbed for it. The victor turned about and made a rush for the girl marked "6." Maudlin shouts and

suggestive grimaces greeted them. Mack handed the girl twenty dollars as the pair walked to another part of the house. They were seen no more.

"Some paddle party," said Mack, as without hitch of any kind, one man after another drew his girl. The girl took her money and each pair in turn vanished.

During the sale of the "paddles," as Jane learned the wooden disks were called, she had overheard enough to let her know what it meant. One of the women even told her of a "paddle" party she had attended and what a "fine" time everybody had--and money besides.

Jane found it easy to slip upstairs and find her coat. It was four o'clock. She passed out of the house unnoticed, walked and ran until she was a dozen blocks away. It was broad daylight when she reached home.

Her absence was not remarked until the room was almost emptied. Then Mack noticed she was gone. He hunted everywhere. He went back and told the host.

"Why in hell didn't you watch her," he growled at Mack, as he slipped Jane's number out of the drawer and on to the table and replaced it with another.

In this way the host drew a girl. Mack drew the blank that represented Jane.

The big room was empty now but from every part of the house came suppressed laughter. The lights went out.

Thus ended the function. It was regarded as a great success.

The morning sun shone through the windows, but the house was stale with tobacco and liquor reeks and the sickening odor of "dope." Here and there lay torn women's garments and in the halls were bits of lingerie.

* *

How the Great Letty Played Her Cards

Letty had aspirations to be somebody. [19] Early in life she learned

that if a girl cannot be good she must be fairly careful. This grew to be her motto.

Born in a Western state where men see fit to provide for more than one wife--brought up among these strange surroundings the girl had talent in more ways than one. She learned to play the piano at first, then she took up the violin. When fifteen years of age she sought and obtained a position playing for dances with an orchestra.

Thus she was able to purchase the baubles and dresses which appealed to her as the greatest possessions a girl could acquire.

But Letty was young then--only fifteen. She is older now--and wiser--much wiser. The Past has a baleful look to her--a saddened chastened look. A forbidding Memory haunts her, taunts her. And this is the story:

Growing into a fairly pretty girl who knew how to wear clothes, a winsome expression, an innocent face, with a simulated poise that was always on tap, Letty heard of the movies. She had played in a theater where pictures were shown. The lure of the silent drama called to her in such determined tones that she forsook her violin in the land of many wives and hastened to Hollywood.

Letty found that the job of "extra girl" brings little remuneration--unless--well, Letty didn't know the ropes--then. It was an assistant director who first taught her the things she wanted to know. Assistant directors are sometimes wonderful artists at teaching young girls many things--many tricks of the movie profession.

By the time the assistant director had shown Letty how she could be successful as an actress, she was granted an opportunity to give her education a test. The assistant had found a blonde who looked particularly good to him, anyway. He was finished with Letty.

As a bathing girl, Letty got her first part. The director of comedies merely wanted to see if she could screen in a bathing costume, he said. He "looked her over" in the privacy of his office. The bathing suit was particularly daring--even for the movies. The director approved of her form--and in comedies he was one of the big directors. [20] That was Letty's

cue. She is a bright girl, is Letty.

Some girls would have started right in to vamp the great director--who, incidentally, is part owner of the studio where he directs. Not so, Letty. Letty had been schooled--by an assistant director. She had learned all about the fine art of "yessing." Vamping is old.

True she displayed her physical charms as best she could--as much as she dared. Not too much--just enough. She had been an apt pupil.

So Letty did bits and atmosphere--as a bathing girl. But this did not last long. Letty came to life when she thought the time was ripe. She showed a decided interest in the great comedy director. She patted him on the cheek--she leaned against him when she conversed with him; she tantalized him--and walked away. Letty had learned a great deal more than some of the other girls--they had not all been schooled by an assistant director.

Soon the great director was seen out with Letty at a few of the roadhouses at Venice, Playa del Rey, Beverly Glen. Letty and the great director often exchanged knowing glances on the lot.

And with the passing of each day Letty kept getting wiser. She was wise enough not to tax the great director too much. She needed clothes and other things. There was a certain shoe merchant in Los Angeles. He liked movie girls. Letty saw to it that she was the particular movie girl he liked.

Letty was nice to her director and nice to the shoe merchant--but each had his place in her scheme for the future. The former was to be her stepping stone. The latter supplied the wherewithal to keep her dressed for the part until--well, one day his wife went to a department store and got the wrong bill--it amounted to over Five hundred. Letty had to be more careful after that--but not less ambitious.

There was heralded throughout Hollywood one day the news that a wonderful director was coming to town--a master builder. [21]

Letty read the news with avidity. She began to plan. She had sense enough to know that as a comedienne she never would arrive. No girl ever amounted to anything in comedies. They were good enough to rub off the rough spots, but that was all. She must have a chance a drama. She had tried

innumerable times--when the great comedy director did not know it--to get even a bit in the big pictures, but always she had been turned away.

So she decided to use her wit--and her physical charm.

Patiently she waited till one evening the opportunity came when she could meet the Great One--the wonderful director of master pictures. The introduction was simple and brief. To Letty it was an event upon which she was determined to capitalize.

The Great One gave her but passing notice. But Letty was patient as ever. She bided her good time. There was but another step. The Great One needed a girl to play the role of a woman member of a gang of thieves. With the aid of a booking agent, she succeeded in selling herself--her services--to the Great One for his big masterpiece--a picture that has been called the equal of anything Griffith every produced. [22]

Letty's work made an impression. She knew how to be hard--to play the embittered woman. She was wise but--it had cost something and the hardness in the picture was not all acting.

By degrees she began to appear at places the Great One frequented--just as if by accident. By the same slow process she practiced the wiles she had learned from her two teachers--the assistant director and the great director--and soon she began to see progress. Slowly, but none the less surely, she broke down the Great One's reserve and then--

Step by step she builded the foundation for her success. She intrigued the Great One--without shame she permitted him to come to her in the great silences of the whispering night; and in the pink tinted hours of the dawn she bade him begone lest someone learn of their illicit love.

Then she twisted her mouth and to herself she smiled a smile of cynicism and scorn. She had won over the Great One in spite of himself--

Later she told him many things and--he believe her. She had not realized all her ambitions yet. She needed him.

At a cafe in New York he agreed to provide the funds for her own company--her triumph was complete. She had her publicity man call in all her bathing girl pictures of the earlier days. The publisher of a motion picture trade

paper agreed to get a release for her pictures--It cost her only a smile to secure this service without pay. The publisher and the Great One were friends of long standing. The publisher had helped make the Great One great and--it had paid well.

Mystery surrounded the formation of the company--Letty paid all the bills at the studio--her name appeared on the pay checks. Hollywood suspected but did not know. The Great One was involved in law suits over his big picture and his name must not appear. The Great One chose an air of mystery--well and good. Hollywood was used to mysteries--none of which were really mysteries to Hollywood at all.

But Letty had started something--she had succeeded in making a slave of the Great One. She had won him from his relatives, his friends and his backers. She had made of him a servant who answered her every whim--he lived only for her.

It was strange, too. For here was a brilliant man--a man with a reputation for big things--a scholar, a gentleman, a connoisseur--yet he was a veritable groveling slave to Letty, an uneducated, unrefined, mongrel type of middle western girl.

But it was all too true--and sad.

Now there was a handsome young chap--and actor of a class--who frequented the lot [23]--the young son of a famous theatrical father. [24] He looked good to Letty, did Waldo. He was clean-cut, husky, clever and a good dresser. Better looking by far than her Great One--and younger. Why, he had no gray hairs at all.

So Letty fell really in love--or at least she thought it was love. Anyway, Waldo appealed to her in a different way than did the Great One. She began to cultivate Waldo, the young one. And Waldo appeared to like Letty. Perhaps he was flattered, for Letty was now a star; the newspaper clippings said so. For the Great One maintained a fine staff of press agents for the express purpose of exploiting Letty.

Soon Waldo and Letty began to go about the roadhouses together; to appear at public places in each other's company. He was always by her side

at the studio. Indeed, it soon became noised about that the young couple were engaged, and neither one of them took the trouble to deny it. Even the press agents failed to capitalize upon the choice bit of material.

The Great One called Letty into his office.

"What is this I hear about you--and young Waldo?" he wondered, as if afraid to learn the truth.

"Search me," replied Letty, flippantly. "I haven't the slightest idea what you have heard."

"It isn't true, is it, Letty? You are not going to marry him--and leave me are you, Letty, dear?"

"Aw, what's the matter with you again?" burst out the girl. "You always manage to think up something to razz me about. What's eating you, anyhow? Haven't I got a right to do as I damn please? Who the hell do you think you are, anyway--King of Ireland, or something?"

And she walked away from him.

Had she looked back she might have seen the Great One drop his head in his hands as he settled back in his chair. The Great One was very, very tired.

Letty's picture was finished and released. It was regarded as a good one. The Great One was given little time to rest.

In order to hold the girl, he supervised another picture--and his assistant completed it. This picture, of course, starred Letty. It was not such a wonderful picture--mediocre, in fact. But the publicity brought about by the success of the masterpiece made of Letty a well known actress. It made her famous. And her name carried the second photoplay past the booking offices and into the projection rooms of the theaters throughout the land.

By this time Letty was flaunting the Great One openly. She turned from him, head uplifted, eyes straight ahead. But she had succeeded only too well in her efforts to drive the Great One from her. Indeed, she had broken his heart.

He took to his bed and for many weeks lay there, paying no attention to anyone. Apparently he did not want to get well.

Before his death the company which he had formed for the purpose of starring Letty went into the discard. But Letty was "made." The death of her benefactor brought about the solution of her problem--a problem she had been trying to solve for several months. That problem was How to Become a Star for One of the Biggest Companies in the Business.

For immediately one of the Biggest Directors sent for her. Letty knows men. She had clothes now, and a name. She wore her clothes well. They displayed just enough of her physical charms to attract the Big Director. And she knows just how much to say--and how much to hint. Letty is a very intelligent girl--along certain lines.

Today Letty is listed among the Stars. Every day she climbs higher. Her position appears to be secure. Her escapades seem to be confined to playing a quiet game with those who can do her the most good.

* *

The "Gold Digger" and the Wife

He is famous now, this comedian--famous and rich. [25] Children of all ages laugh in joyful glee at his screen antics. His salary extends into the thousands per year. For he is one of the greatest in his line.

But it was not always thus. Time was when he was a plugger--a worker in another line of endeavor--a newspaper man.

Happily married was this comedian whom we shall call Parry. He stayed at home those days and employed the society of his loving wife and happy little child--his daughter.

Through the years of struggling for a livelihood, fighting off the spectre of debt which followed in the wake of the birth of their baby, the wife was ever at his side cheering him, praising him, helping him to make a success in life. That was her job--she was a helpmate.

Then--he became a motion picture actor.

At first he was only ordinary and commonplace. But his trained

newspaper sense showed him that many comedians who were funny were overlooking some important features--ideas which make for fun on the screen. "Gags," the comedians call them.

So Parry began to try out new stunts--"gags." From the first he was successful in his new idea. His employers saw that he "had something" and they permitted him to spend all the money he required to properly "put over" his stunts.

And soon he became known as a real comedian--not because of his acting, for he is not an actor--but for the reason that his "gags" were novel and new.

Soon his head became slightly enlarged--he was becoming famous. His letters to his wife, who still remained in New York, became more and more infrequent.

He was so busy.

There came to the "lot" one day a dark-haired, fair-skinned girl of, say, twenty years. [26] Her smile--to Parry, was infectious. She had "a way" about her. And, indeed, she had. The "way" had become a habit with her. She had employed it for many years for just the purpose of decoying men to do her bidding. She was clever, none can gainsay that.

It was no trick at all for her to ingratiate herself in the good graces of the comedian. And at once she became his leading woman. She was a comedienne. She admitted it to Parry and he believed it.

In time he bought her a handsome light blue car--a limousine. Parry was her slave. He visited her apartments. Virtually he lived there--day and night. A paid chauffeur drove her to the studio. Parry drove a nondescript car. Of course, they did not arrive at the studio together. That would be too crude.

Back in New York a little woman began to eat her heart out. The cry of mate for mate went out across the continent, but Parry heard it not. His tiny daughter, now a beautiful young girl, sent tearful messages to her daddy, but Parry ignored those appeals.

Came the time for action. The wife had been receiving a fairly liberal

allowance, but no endearing words from her now famous husband. She wondered why. Later she wondered why her allowance was being gradually cut down. The little daughter, too, now old enough to see that her mother was terribly worried and sad, wondered. She tried vainly to cheer her saddened mother--to tell her that "Daddy" would come home some day--or perhaps send for them--and they would all be happy together once more.

But the long days dragged themselves out and no word came from the comedian. True a small check occasionally drifted along, but nothing accompanied them--no words of love for the wife and little one.

The wife could stand it no longer. She decided that once and for all she must find out what the trouble was--what influence was turning her own lawful husband against her--and their baby.

So she packed up and with her daughter they came to Hollywood. Vainly did she try to get on the "lot" where her comedian husband was employed. The gate keeper had his instructions--for she had wired that she was coming. Yes, she had telegraphed Parry--but he did not meet her at the train. The little daughter mingled her tears with those of her mother that night in the gloomy hotel room.

Telephone calls received no response--Parry was not at home. Than it began to dawn upon the wife of the comedian that he was deliberately turning her down--flaunting her love.

The wife learned of a noted attorney--a lawyer who knew all the movie folks, for they were his clients--many of them. To this attorney she went.

The gruff, old lawyer's heart was touched at the pathos of it all. He knew the kind of a man Parry was--of his philandering, of his infatuation for his leading woman.

So he sent for Parry. Parry came at the lawyer's bidding. Many of the film workers do. They know what he knows. They are afraid not to answer when he beckons.

Parry came--and met his loving wife and his tearful daughter at the gruff, but kind hearted lawyer's office.

Joyfully did the little girl bounce to the side of her "Daddy."

"Daddy! Oh, my Daddy!" she cried, throwing her arms about the comedian's neck.

Roughly the comedian loosed the tiny arms that encircled his neck. Then he turned to his wife--the wife he had promised to love and cherish--the wife who had helped him when he needed help most. The woman stood aghast at his actions. It was incredible!

"Still nagging, I see," he said, sneeringly. "Still hounding me! Well, what do you want?"

The wife fell upon her knees before the comedian, begged him for the sake of the baby to make a home for them--to love them--to live with them.

But her turned away from her--whistling.

"Let's get it over with," he said to the lawyer. "What does this woman want?"

"She wants--and we intend to get--all that is coming to her--in money," answered the attorney. "She wants your love and your kindness--she wants a father for her daughter--she wants a home. But this she sees now she cannot have. She wants happiness--and you are denying her that. So she must have money--to properly bring up your daughter--and hers."

"Well, how much?" asked the comedian. "I'm not a millionaire, you know. It costs me a lot of money to live here--"

"We know your salary--never fear. We'll get what she wants--in our own way--unless you see fit to be fair right now."

The comedian did not see fit to be fair. But before he left the attorney's office he had paid--paid in hard coin--and he is still paying. And he will continue to pay--for the contract is iron bound and certain. That is the kind of contracts the lawyer draws--because he knows some of the movie folks for what they are.

Tear-stained faces now peer from the windows of their apartments in New York--two saddened hearts beat dully, yet occasionally with a faster beating of hope--for some day, maybe, "Daddy" will see the error of his ways and come home--some day--maybe.

For Lucy--as she shall be called--now has the upper hand. She is what

is termed in Hollywood "a gold digger." She has extracted every dime she can from the comedian--her rent, her car, her jewels, her clothes, her pleasures.

But even to the man who has brought her all these she oftentimes is not at home.

And why?

Because oftentimes other men are there--men she has lured; men who are fond of her charms; men who do not leave her apartments until daybreak--and later.

Every know and then she makes a trip to New York--fatigued from being too closely wedded to her art--she needs a change.

And Parry pays the bills as she flits in and out of the Tenderloin's mazes. Her face is familiar in every hotel lobby on Broadway. She has many telephone calls--many midnight suppers.

Parry pays for these jaunts to the same city where a little fatherless girl sits and waits with her face pressed against the pane--waits alone for her "Daddy" who never comes.

Every day Parry talks to Lucy from Los Angeles--if he fails to reach her he comes home sick. She disappeared for two days on her last trip and they had to get a doctor for Parry. His assistant and his "Yes Men" were sorry for him so they tried to frame lying excuses, but they knew where she was and under their breaths they cursed her.

Finally she wrote and said she was not coming back--the going was too good in New York. So after a couple of weeks of illness, during which he was under the doctor's care; the doctor knew what he needed and didn't dare tell him--Parry went to work with a new leading woman.

His friends and faithful assistant were happy--Parry was cured. He was through with Lucy, through with his parasite. But they did not know Lucy. When she tired of New York she came back, smiled and Parry and the next morning the new leading woman was fired. Lucy resumed her place as sole occupant of the harem--

That evening she recounted to a group of laughing and screaming studio pals the wonderful time she had in New York. She told of all the men she had

met, and set the bunch roaring with glee again and again as she re-told her adventures.

Lucy enjoyed playing the wanton, and her friends enjoyed hearing about it.

Yes, she is wanton--wanton and cruel and selfish. Think not that the "entertains" other men because she is so fond of their society--because she is a "man's woman." No, she is just a "gold digger." Parry's money is good--but it is not enough. She wants more--always more. And then Parry may be a great comedy star but he is not much for looks. She wants more and more and more. And that is her way of getting it. Soon Lucy will be rich--for in proportion as their men grew poorer. the "gold digger" grows richer.

And back in New York with her little face pressed against the pane a little girl waits and watches--alone she waits for her "Daddy" who never comes.

And a lone woman dreams of the days when she was the helpmate--the happy wife of a poor newspaper artist--and in her heart curses the hour motion pictures came into being.

But some time--some day--there may come a familiar step--and with a great joy, that will fill their tender hearts to overflowing, they will dash down the stairs and fall into the arms of their "Daddy"--if he sees the light in time--in time.

But, of course, that will only be when Lucy gets ready.

* *

A Battle Royal That Led to Stardom

Love brings strange contrasts--it upsets traditions and turns precedent all topsy-turvy. But what is love?

Long years ago when motion pictures were struggling along in baby clothes there was a man whose total histrionic experience had been confined to carrying a spear on the speaking stage. He was a "super."

It was D. W. Griffith who gave him his first chance in the pictures--and he still carried the spear well. That, in fact, was about all he ever could do successfully.

But it did not keep him from becoming a maker of pictures--of many popular pictures.

But right at first it was a struggle. Somehow he managed to break away from a job--induced half a dozen others to put in their wages along with his and take a chance on making a comedy.

Finally, they sold their finished production and realized a profit. With this money they made another picture and by degrees the spear-carrier became the sole owner of the company--the others worked for him.

Such is the law of humans. The man with the executive ability wins always in business. This man was an executive. To make it easier to comprehend his title we shall call him Jack--which is not his name. [27]

Now there was a girl--a comedienne--who started out with Jack. She was his leading woman through all the vicissitudes which accompanied the first experiments in pictures. It was Molly [28] who cheered Jack up when things went wrong, who kept all the players in good spirits.

And so it came about that Jack learned in his crude way to care for her. So did many another. But from the beginning it seemed that Molly's affection leaned more toward Jack than any other of her pals in the "good old days" when custard pies and stuffed bricks were coined into golden ducats.

Time went on and gradually the other suitors pulled away--Jack was winning out. True now he had much money and fame was beginning to look in on him when he was at home. The world looked particularly good to Jack.

With some of his now easily earned money he fitted up a handsome apartment. To this love nest Molly came often. No, they were not married.

It seemed fair enough to Molly, she who had been reared to look lightly upon moral conditions. She could see the point. As a married woman she would not be so popular in pictures.

And so they drifted along for a year--two years--and then--

One day there came on the "lot" an attractive brunette. Straightway the

girl [29]--shall we call her Mae?--and Molly became friends, then pals. It was Mae who proposed that they be good friends. At first Molly demurred, then she agreed. It was a diplomatic move. There was a good deal of talk going on around the "lot." She wanted to stop that talk. So she frolicked with Mae.

Jack was true to her--this the girl knew. Of course, there were a large number of new faces around the studios these days--they were necessary in the sort of pictures Jack was making. But Molly worried none about them. Her Jack was hers--always.

And so blissfully working her way along toward stardom. Molly drove to the "lot" with a song in her heart each morning, and with a happy smile on her face in the evening. Wasn't she "kept" by the great maker of pictures, himself? Was not she soon to become a star? Was she not earning a wonderfully big salary?

But Jack began to get young ideas. True, in his way he loved Molly; he does yet. But Temptation tossed her curls and beckoned him to come and play along the Highways of Immorality. Temptation, guised as a shapely maid with alluring lips and firm, rounded bosom called to him and he began to take heed.

Temptation's other name was Mae--

There were little parties arranged--quiet parties in secluded places. Molly, all blissfully ignorant of these meeting places, still went about her work with a song in her heart.

Once she was called out of town for a couple of days. She returned one day ahead of her planned schedule. A friend whispered a word to her. She was dumbfounded. Certainly it could not be true. Her Jack would not do such a thing.

The friend offered proof. All she needed to do, she was told, was to quietly go to a certain apartment that evening--late--and she would learn something.

Molly dashed to the apartment, the friend following. They took Mae by storm. She opened the door. Mae was naked to her skin.

Molly's worst fears were confirmed. For there, occupying the bed, was--Jack.

Like a tigress Molly tore at the head of the sleeping Mae. But she reckoned without her adversary. Mae was the stronger, the more cat-like of the two. With a bound she was up and fighting her former chum. Grasping her head, Mae thrust Molly's head against the wall. Time and again she battered it against the wooden casing of the window, lacerating the scalp, tearing long gashes in her cheek.

Jack hurriedly dressed and like a slinking coward, sneaked out and down the elevator and fled.

Molly fell unconscious, her head bleeding, her breath coming in gasps. Mae, waiting only to see the havoc she had wrought, too hurriedly dressed and went to a hotel for the night.

Molly, with beating head and too weak from loss of blood to go downstairs, called in her physician.

The next morning, Jack quaking with fear, called up the apartment. She was deathly ill, he was told. No he could not see her. The doctor said she was too ill. Well, then, was there anything he could do.

He was told to go to Hell!

That scared him all the more, just as Molly and her friend expected it would. So he called up the doctor. Yes, Molly was in bad shape--the end in grave doubt--only hope for the best.

Jack started sending flowers and gifts of every description and wanted to hire all the nurses and doctors in town. But it was no use, they would not let him see her. Every day he was told she was getting worse.

Then about a week after the eventful night, one of the Los Angeles papers came out with a seven column scream headline "MOLLY DYING."

Jack was petrified with fear. He called in his man Friday--at that time a cadaverous young man with a reputation as a clever fixer.

Friday got busy. The first thing to do was to quiet the papers. By the pulling of a few advertising strings the newspaper stuff began to abate. The journal that ran the seven column head in its first edition on the first page

buried the story in the center of the second edition under the smallest head it could find type for.

Of course, the editor had been convinced that he was in error, that the lady was really getting better already--was mending rapidly.

Jack had a very busy fortnight following the battle. Between keeping the papers under control and trying to find out just how ill Molly was, he didn't have much time to make comedies. Every request that he see Molly was denied. She was too ill, far too ill to see him or anyone else.

Yet, somehow or other the papers had allowed the story to drop--

It was two weeks later that Jack received a curt summons to call at the apartments of Molly. Her head was still swathed in bandages. She was pale and thin. The doctor said she might not get well.

Jack was offered an ultimatum. The ultimatum was this: He must immediately build a new studio away from his "lot." He must employ one of the finest directors obtainable. He must buy a first-class story--a comedy-drama, something to which Molly aspired. Then he must star her, advertise her, spend money in making her name know, offer her hundreds of luxuries to which she had never before been accustomed. And he must pay in an enormous salary--away into the hundreds of dollars per week.

There was another alternative: The doctor said she might die. Mae would be held for murder, Jack would be an accessory. The whole sordid affair would be aired. Jack would be ruined.

The producer faced either ruin--or the necessity of spending a fortune on the woman he said he loved--if she lived.

Now, as a matter of cold, sordid fact, Molly was not ill--she was not suffering from her injuries--she had been cured. But doctors are odd persons, and this one was her friend.

Nearly two years were spent on the production in which Molly was starred. Of course, the new studio was built; many a first-class director went down to defeat before the picture was completed. But she received everything she demanded--and what she demanded was a plenty.

The picture was not released for still another year. But it was a good

one. It made the star famous--and rich. Jack made a lot of money in the meantime, and he needed it. Molly took heavy toll.

Finally, when her big picture was cut, titled and released, she found that she must go to New York. There she remained until her name was spread about the land as a great star.

Daily there came to her frantic telegrams begging, pleading with her to come back--to her Jack. He needed her now more than ever, he said. And he wanted so to be forgiven--and they would start all over again.

There was a long silence; finally Jack received a telegram. It said:

"Just signed a long term contract with_____ [30] I am to be starred in comedy-dramas at a salary, the basis of which you started. You and I are all through. Goodbye. P.S.--You made me what I am today, I hope you're satisfied.

Molly."

* *

A Wonderful Lover!

"What a lover! Doesn't he just make you tingle all over!" cried the foolish wife of a prominent citizen.

"Oh, what wouldn't I give to go through that last scene with him. Where he hugs her as only he can hug. When I think of that kiss my head gets light," chirruped the idle spouse of the local usurer.

"Well, girls, those kisses and wondrous embraces are easy enough to get--if you have the price," remarked the big woman who sat between them. She had been doing comedy characters at the studios ever since pictures were pictures. She travelled in the train of the prosperous pair because she told raw stories rawly, was witty and clever, was their connecting link with the movies--they had nothing else to think of; no washing to do; and besides--her cosily furnished bungalow on the edge of the foothills came in very handy at times--very, very handy.

"I'd be willing to pay. He can have me any time he wants me. You only live once," said Mrs. Usurer.

"What my husband don't know won't hurt him," said Mrs. Prominent Cit. "And besides I've got enough on him to make him look sick. If ever Adolfo [31] comes my way watch me grab."

"You're both wrong again girls," laughed the big woman. "I don't mean what you mean. That's easy--any woman can give that. When I said 'price,' my good wimmien, I meant cash, spondulix, mazuma, golden ducats."

"What DO you mean," cried both in a breath.

"I mean, children, that Adolfo has put a cash value on what he's got. He accommodates the ladies at so much per accommodate or--well, you can have his services by the week, month, or hour. It's all according to how you feel."

"Right now?" cried Mrs. Prominent Citizen and Mrs. Usurer, in chorus.

"Now girls, don't get excited, don't be foolish. 'Right now'," mimicked the big woman. "Right now, he's a great star. The mammas and the daughters all over this dry nation fight like cave women to get good seats whenever and wherever his love making appears on the screen. He does not have to live the old way any more. He's just like the successful bucket shop operator--in the high finance class--probably contributes to the fund to clean-up the bucket shops--or the lounge lizards--take your pick.

"All right. Tell us the whole story, teacher," said Mrs. Prominent Citizen.

"Yes, please, teacher," implored Mrs. Usurer.

"Time was," began the big woman, "when our hero was not as prosperous as he is today. He wasn't very prominent (nodding toward Mrs. Prominent Cit.). And he did not have any money to loan out at high rates of interest. (Nodding toward Mrs. Usurer) So he had to do the best he could. Now, it happened that the boy had brains in his feet as well as his head. Also he had no scruples. No scruples a-tall. Adolfo was what they call a dancing fool. The 'dancing' part was okay, but they were wrong on the 'fool.' Very, very wrong.

"With his little old dress suit--that was his wardrobe, he came to Pasadena. There was in Pasadena in those days just as there is now a group of hotels that were as swell as--as--Hell. The papas and mammas of the War Babies--the sugar guys--the oil guys--the munition guys--all that bunch, came there to play. And more often than not mamma had to come alone because papa had to stay home and nurse little War Baby. And this made mamma a very lonesome and a very miserable woman.

"So that every night at the ultra ultra Hotel Miseryland and the also ultra ultra Hotel Wantington there were sundry women, not too good looking, not too fair of form, nor too young, who sat by the side lines and enviously eyed the young girls who had no difficulty in securing partners. What good were their diamonds and their gold embroidered dresses and their limousines 'n everything when they couldn't get them a dancing partner. So there was gloom, deep impenetrable gloom and disappointment among the mammas of the War Babies.

"Then along came little Dolfy. His appraising eye surveyed the field. He saw what he saw. The diamonds did not blind him. In the dazzling light he only opened his eyes all the wider. He looked over the young ones and he looked over the old ones. For the time being--at least until after the campaign was over--he determined to turn his back on the flappers. They would have to wait.

"He pulled no 'boners.' He was a bright young man. He danced the old girls dizzy. He started out by dancing with the young ones and flirting with the old ones over his partners' shoulders. No, he was not bold. This was work that called for a certain kind of finesse. No matter how much he needed them, he must hold tight until they came after him.

"You see, Adolfo had once read the story of Potipher's wife and how she chased little Joseph, a nice Jewish boy with black eyes and pretty hair, all over her husband's preserves just because Joseph handled the proposition right. He made her come after him. 'Them Jews have always been good business men,' he said to himself. Wherefore, he planned his campaign along Josephian lines. He made them come after him.

"Well, he danced and he danced and it wasn't long before he had the rivals for his attentions glaring at one another and saying little spiteful things about--and often right to--each other. The young girls laughed and sneered and the old girls cried--in the privacy of their rooms whenever they didn't get their full share of dances with him. And, believe me, the boy could dance. He made very dowager think she had it on Mrs. Vernon Castle. My, but he was the popular boy.

"There is no use in prolonging this story too much, children. Adolfo was going great. Funds were getting very, very low, when the contest came to a climax. The rivalry for his favors narrowed down to just two contestants. One was the wife of a very rich Easterner. She had come to Pasadena a month or two before with her young daughter. They occupied a lavishly appointed apartment near the Miseryland. The other was the more or less well known wife of a gay blade whose people had amassed millions in the packing game. Wherever people eat her husband's family draws revenue.

"For some time, he played with them both. On one occasion he rode home with the pair in a big limousine. They met the next day. Said the one from the East: "Dolfy was wonderful last night. He squeezed my hand all the way home." "That was when he wasn't squeezing mine," snapped the other.

"Finally the lady from the East forged to the front and took possession of Adolfo. He lived well, had plenty of money and prospered. The apartment was cosy and comfortable and there was always room for him. This lasted until the woman who ran the apartment house decided things were getting a little bold. The lady was asked to move. Which she did and Adolfo went along. But the time came for going home and her husband's insistence could be overcome no longer. She departed sorrowingly.

"After that it was one after another. He was making a good living. He finally began to drift over to Los Angeles. He enlarged his territory. He became a four o'clock tea hound at the principal downtown hotel. He walked about the lobby with his hat off. Was thoroughly at home. The four o'clock teas were patronized by a group of women who didn't care. He found many patrons here and basked in the sunshine of success and plenty.

"On one occasion a florist who had received a bad check from Adolfo went over to the hotel, where he had been informed he spent his afternoons. He found him and demanded payment in no uncertain terms. Dolfy asked him to wait. But the florist followed him into the tea room and there our hero whispered a word or two to a sportive looking matron and came back smiling with the money to make good the check.

"The Dolfy met a movie girl. [32] She was just on the edge of stardom, just going over the top. She helped him. Then she married him. That was his entry into pictures. He had done a few bits but was comparatively unknown.

"With the opportunities and the personal contact his marriage gave him, Adolfo moved fast. He met the right people. He had talent. Brains in both head and feet. His opportunity came and he took advantage of it. He could act. Had been acting all his life. That's how he lived. His lessons in love-making stood him in good stead. All he had to do was be natural.

"When he finally hit the high mark he didn't need the movie girl any more. She was a liability now, not an asset. So he canned her. Her career is about ended. His is just beginning.

"He draws a fat salary. His love-making is an art. He learned it in a great school and was paid while learning. He's a big star. Nice girls and nasty ones are all in the same boat. They all love Dolfy's way of loving."

* *

Whiskey Fumes and Orange Blossoms

They met on the broad walk at Venice--three motion picture "extra girls" and three natty students of aeronautics.

For a week the three uniformed men had been drunk; gloriously pickled. They were on a three weeks' leave and this was to be their last day in Los Angeles.

"Well, if there ain't a flock o' chickens!" spoke up one of the

staggering representatives of Uncle Sam. "Where'n hell you goin'?" he asked the trio.

The girls giggled. It was a very humorous situation indeed.

"Watchin' the sad sea waves," said pretty little Babette, tossing her curls. "Who wants t' know?"

"Le's all go together--six lil' pals," suggested O'Mara, one of the airmen, and a prominent figure in the life of Hollywood's wild set. "Le's all go together an' shee th' shad waves wavin'."

"Where d'ya get that pal stuff?" wondered one of the girls. "Who said so?"

"You--all get funny wi' me an' my pals an' I'll sp-sp-spank you where it hurts," said one of the students.

The girls giggled again. The party was getting good.

"Well, if you guys'll buy us a drink, maybe we might consider your proposition," said one of the "extras."

"You're on," said O'Mara.

And so then, arm in arm, they went down the broad walk and into a cafe noted for catering to the motion picture profession.

It was mid-afternoon when they emerged, each a bit worse for the visit, but all contentedly munching peanuts.

Babette, though, was a bit overjoyous. She lifted her skirts a little too high for street decorum and she shimmied down the broad walk, but Venice is used to that.

Suddenly O'Mara stopped dead in his tracks, for the moment half sobered.

"My Gawd!" he said in a stage whisper. "I just thought of somethin' damn important."

"Aw, hell, there ain't nothin' as important as goin' somewhere and gettin' anozzer drink," said one of the "extras."

"'Simportant t' me, jus' same," insisted O'Mara.

"What's so damned important?" Babette wanted to know.

"This 's my weddin' day," said O'Mara. Then singing lustily: "Call me early, mother, darling, I'm goin'--goin'--t' be queen o' th' May."

"You're just a plain damn drunk an' you ain't gonna be queen o' May or Mabel or anybody," asserted Babette.

"Hell I ain't," insisted O'Mara. "I'll bet an'body six-bitx I'm goin' t' be married today. Thass all."

"Who's the dame?" wondered Babette.

"Damfino," said O'Mara. "But it's sure as hell somebody."

"Say, whassa idea, anyhow?" queried one of the girls. "What th' hell you wanta go an' spoil perfe'tly good party with a damn weddin' for?"

"Ain't spoilin' no party. Maker it fine party," said O'Mara. "Damn it, le's all get married."

"See if I care," giggled Babette.

"I wouldn't mind it so much, but it always makes m' wife sore whenever I go out and get married," said one of the other students.

"Me, too," spoke the third.

"I gotta get me a wifie t'day, somehow," insisted O'Mara. "Where in hell 'm I goin' t' get me a wife?"

"Gawd, if it's s' damn important as that, I'll marry you, you damn drunk fool," said Babette.

"'S go," said O'Mara. "Le's go."

So they went.

So to the city hall they went, arm in arm, where they procured a marriage license, and from there to a Justice of the Peace who performed the ceremony. After which they had a fine wedding supper, consisting to a large extent of spirituous liquors. Then at nightfall the three girls accompanied the students to the Southern Pacific station where the boys entrained for a point in Texas where their training school was located.

The bride and her two friends returned to their homes, none of them remembering the details of the party. But they all insisted that it certainly was a very enjoyable affair--it gave them a new thrill.

Sobered, O'Mara explained to his friends the necessity for his marriage to a girl he had never seen before.

He had applied for and had received so many leaves of absence that his

commander grew tired of permitting him to go off on his periodical drunks. This time O'Mara had to have a good excuse. Marriage was the only alibi he could think of. Indeed, it was the only excuse his commander would tolerate. So he said he was going to be married. He was given three weeks' leave. He had to bring the license back with him. He brought it.

When the armistice was signed, O'Mara was one of the first to return to Hollywood. He had a reason--he wanted to see what his new wife really looked like; he wanted also to be certain whether or not he was married. He found out that he was--securely.

Then came the inevitable. It was but a few short months till Babette was in court applying for a divorce. Her new husband beat her, cursed her, hated her, she said. To his friends and hers she made vile charges against him. She obtained a divorce and alimony.

O'Mara is one of the most brilliant young men in the motion picture industry. He has held several splendid positions at the biggest studios in Hollywood. He is popular at parties and very much in demand among a certain set.

Babette is receiving regular money now, the first she ever received. Being an "extra" doesn't pay well, or regularly. Alimony is much easier. The court collects that.

And this is only one of a dozen similar cases.

Take Jim Brown, for instance. Jim met a charming young married woman at a movie party one night. Her husband, a young and coming director, was dancing quite frequently with his leading woman, and the young wife, piqued, flirted with Jim Brown.

The liquor flowed freely, as it usually flows at movie parties. Jim Brown and the director's wife went out for a walk. The director found them there spooning in the tonneau of Brown's car. Brown whipped the young director. The young wife said she was afraid to go home. Brown said she should go with him. She did.

But the young wife, possibly repenting, decided the following day to return to her home and beg her husband's forgiveness.

Quietly she stole into the house, for it was night. Noiselessly she switched on the lights--and occupying her place in her bed was her husband's leading woman

The young wife returned to Jim Brown. They are still living together--and her husband is living with his leading woman!

* *

A Movie Queen and A Broken Home

Hollywood drafts its workers from the Trenches of Life--

Argosies from all the seven seas--caravans from every clime--bring their contributions of ambitious toilers to the movie mill.

A vivid, living mirage of everything the human heart desires lures alike the innocent blue-eyed girl, the sophisticated damsel, the flower and the froth of mankind, into the yawning mouth of the abyss--the tragic realm of Moviedom--

Showers of gold, luxury realized beyond the wildest dreams, a life resplendent with jewels, gowns that bewilder the eye, ravishing silks and satins, sables and ermine, fortune, fame--and shame!

Pugilists become actors, song writers become directors, physicians become character men, bartenders and button-hole makers become producers, artists models and modistes' manikins become stars--in some cases almost over night--and police court lawyers become arbiters of the public taste!

There are numerous stories of how men--popular idols--have abandoned their wives--their children, to carry on illicit relations with the women of the studios; of how wives have left their husbands to associate with a stage carpenter or an assistant camera man. These cases are of common knowledge.

The winning of another man's wife or another woman's husband was a sort of friendly contest. A game in which many played a hand. The incident of the leading woman who took away the husband--of a prominent actor and director--of the wife who discovered her and selected her for the position,

is but one example of this kind.

At a dance another leading woman openly boasted that she was going to win a certain assistant director, then present, away from his wife and child. She did. The pair are now in Australia. The wife is working in a Los Angeles office, supporting herself and the girl. They never hear from the husband and father.

Only a few months before, this, then happy family, had enjoyed a wonderful Christmas--a fine big tree, gifts for the girl, games and good food, friends dropping in all day. Whenever the wife passes that house--the place of her last happy memories, the tears start. But--the leading woman wanted that man. She got him. Movie conditions--close, unrestrained contact--helped her.

But a recent case, a very recent case, involving a certain woman star and a married man, once admired by all who knew him as a model husband--father of two children--is receiving more than passing notice. It has shocked even shockless Moviedom.

The facts:

There came to Hollywood a few years ago a man who had once been a famous football player. In the East he had been known as a great varsity athlete. He is a fine specimen of physical manhood. He is good to look at. His father is a prominent financier, rich and liberal.

He came to Los Angeles with his wife and child. He made friends fast. Everybody liked Hefty [33]--which we will call him hereafter but which is not his name.

He started to serve his time in pictures. He had been a gridiron star. He was naturally affable and a regular fellow. Why not reach stardom on the screen? He worked conscientiously. He was determined to make his way without any fatherly aid.

Hefty and his wife took a modest apartment. At night Hefty came home and helped--helped with the baby--with the dishes. With the exception of going to an occasional prize fight, his only pleasure was running out to see the few intimate friends they had made.

He struggled on. He was good looking--a type. He had strength and physical appeal. Before long he was much in demand--had work almost all the time. He was living clean. No scandal attached itself to his name.

V------- [34], the woman in the case--had reached Hollywood long before. She had already won her way to stardom when Hefty arrived. Aided and abetted by her girlish appearance, her good looks, her insinuating manner, her easy morals--and a capable mother who handled her affairs--she was living in easy opulence on a salary that ran into four figures.

She was known to have been married at least once, although the concern that owned her pictures made much capital of her "innocent" youth. According to the press notices she was still in her teens. She had been married to a director. [35] The flu carried him off.

Sometime before Hefty appeared on the scene she had been "playing"--as they say in Hollywood--a famous aviator, a man who received enormous fees for his dare-devil exploits. More than once he had risked his neck after hours spent in V-----'s society. For a while the aviator forgot his wife in Texas to be with V-----. They had a merry, merry time while it lasted. Then the aviator was killed. [36]

At the time Hefty arrived on the scene V----- had not yet selected a successor to the aviator. There were what might be called a few casuals who filled in the lapse--a wild party or two--but nothing in the way of a prolonged liason.

Where or how they met is of little consequence. Somehow or other they manage to meet in the movies. Their first meetings were but friendly visits. Then V----- saw to it that Hefty should see more of her. Hefty was willing. Before long he wanted to be with her often--oftener than he would care to have his wife know.

It required cunning with a wife and baby but somehow they managed it. It is more simple--in pictures. There is night work--long trips on location. Numerous excuses and opportunities that exist in no other walk of life.

In time Hefty's friends--and he had made a lot of them--began to notice things--to open their eyes. Hefty and V----- were growing careless--were

taking no pains to avoid a scandal. The studios began to talk.

Hefty's friends were worried. They felt bad about the thing for they all liked his wife. She was as good a fellow as her big husband. She was a good wife, a good mother and a good friend. They were willing to overlook ordinary lapses, but this affair was growing dangerous--and besides Hefty's wife was soon again to become a mother. Happy, she had told her intimates of her condition.

But Hefty and V----- didn't seem to be particularly concerned about what their friends had to say or what they thought. Hefty remained away from home more often now--made few if any excuses and saw his wife and home only when he could not be with V-----.

Events were fast drawing to a head. The affair was now a matter of common gossip. At last the wife heard the whole story--learned all the details. Most of them Hefty himself told her. The telling was cold and brutal.

Two or three days before the anticipated arrival of their second child, he came home and informed his wife he was going to leave. He did leave. Entreaty proved unavailing. She pleaded and implored--but Hefty went. The unborn babe had no influence!

Then friends abandoned Hefty and came to the wife's aid. They promised to help her. This gave her courage. She was told to threaten. They showed her the only way to reach the victims of movie viceitis. She followed their advice. She would expose them--ruin their careers, their money making powers. This appeal succeeds in Hollywood when the calls of humanity and decency fall flat.

So they settled in cash and its equivalents. Hefty made provision for his family. The wife agreed to keep quiet--but her friends say that she will never be able to quiet the aching heart that will not heal.

V----- is still a star. The alleged movie "clean-up" has passed her by. And Hefty's friends do not think so much of Hefty--not even in callous Hollywood.

* *

Making Sodom Look Sick

Measured by the pace set at some movie star parties there must have been a lot of weak and sterile minds in ancient Sodom and Babylon--Rome and Pompeii.

Either that or the historians have been holding out on us--have not told us all there is to tell.

Possibly there was a limit beyond which even a Pagan emperor dared not go. It may be that the truth was not so easily suppressed in those days. There was no phalanx of press agents in the armies of the ancients. There were no million dollar advertising appropriations to help still the journalistic conscience. No sixteen page displays such as ran recently for ten consecutive days in a certain Western daily.

In the light of revealed history it is certain--whatever may have been the cause--that ancient degenerates had to exercise a certain amount of prudence.

There were no modern safeguards such as surround the kings and queens of Moviedom. No ramification of interests to suppress the truth at every step. Moviedom's imagination had free play--unfettered, unrestrained it made the scarlet sins of Sodom and Babylon, of Rome and Pompeii fade into a pale, pale yellow!

Not so long ago a certain popular young actress returned from a trip. She had been away for ten days. Her friends felt that there ought to be a special welcome awaiting her. Rostrand [37], a famous comedian, decided to stage another of his unusual affairs. He rented ten rooms on the top floor of a large exclusive hotel and only guests who had the proper invitations were admitted.

After all of the guests--male and female--were seated, a female dog was led out into the middle of the largest room. Then a male dog was brought in. A dignified man in clerical garb stepped forward and with all due solemnity

performed a marriage ceremony for the dogs.

It was a decided hit. The guests laughed and applauded heartily and the comedian was called a genius. Which fact pleased him immensely. But the "best" was yet to come.

The dogs were unleashed. There before the assembled and unblushing young girls and their male escorts was enacted an unspeakable scene. Even truth cannot justify the publication of such details.

Another recent party that was given by Count _____, a "prince" of a fellow, at his palatial mansion. Nearly two hundred guests were present. A jazz orchestra furnished sensuous music. The guests, women and men, disrobed. Then a nude dance was staged which lasted until morning.

Some of the guests were outraged. They departed. Others remained and took part in the orgy which did not stop with mere dancing for some of them.

But these nude parties were common. There is another comedian of no mean ability, whose home for several months had been the meeting place of these nude dancers. Recently a raid on the home of this comedian was scheduled, but he was "tipped off" in time to be acting perfectly decorous when the officers arrived. The neighbors, however, knew better.

A type of "citizen" well known in certain quarters--handsome, young, well proportioned men who work as "extras" in the pictures--is the paid escort or "kept man."

Deplorable as it may seem these beings have found patrons as far north as the exclusive precincts of Del Monte. Montecito, Pasadena, San Diego are familiar to them. Women of a certain sort used to have the telephone number of the establishment where these men held forth and many calls came to them every day and night. Pay for their "company" ran high. Only the few could afford it.

Recent events suggested that it might be best to close this establishment but the former "club members" still hover about plying their profession.

* *

The Girl Who Wanted Work

The girl came from Atlanta. So we will car her by that name just to mark her for identification, as the lawyers would say.

Tired, yet brave, she entered the great sanctum of the great producer. There was an outer and an inner office. In the outer office nobody paid the slightest attention to her, so she walked into the inner room. Half of the walls were unpainted. On a large near-leather sofa lay a man, snoring lustily with a newspaper over his face. His funny derby hat was threatening to fall off.

At the desk sat a frizzy stenographer. She was sucking an orange with much smacking and now and then took a bite, peel and all. With the other free hand she typed a little spasmodically. She had her limbs crossed with great abandon and wore rolled-up stockings with wild lace curtain effects.

At last Atlanta was in the presence of a great film magnate. Everything seemed eccentric, to say the least. The great man on the sofa was snoring with a struggling noise as if he expected to die every minute. The stenographer said, without looking at the girl,

"Leave your photos on the desk--is your name and phone number on the back?"

"I beg pardon," said Atlanta. "I have a letter of introduction to Mr. Junius." [38]

The blonde frizzy-haired head turned and the stenographer gazed at the girl as if she had dropped down from another planet. She wiped her rouged lips on the back of her hand and said while inhaling a mouthful of orange juice:

"Wasn't you going to register for a job?"

Atlanta stated that she had a letter. She also asked when she might be able to interview Mr. Junius.

"For the love of Mike," said the girl. "How should I know. There he is on the sofa. He's dead or something. He gets awful sore if I wakes him up."

"I have been here all day," said Atlanta.

"Gee, in this game you're lucky if you see somebody the first week," laughed the girl, and took another bite of the orange. "I don't want to wake him."

He was small, dark haired, with a bullet head and a low, receding brow. He looked very boyish. His trousers were much too long for him. He was bow-legged and wore a silk shirt with huge monograms on both sleeves. He had a large nose and small ratty eyes and dangling from his ear hung a pair of goggle-like eyeglasses.

Suddenly the telephone rang. The man sat up and rubbed his eyes, mumbled something of an anathema in a language that Atlanta did not understand and he walked to the desk and answered the telephone. He did not seem to see her.

He snatched the telephone receiver off and thundered:

"Vat the hell?"

He listened for a moment and then replied to somebody with a flow of excited and lurid language. The substance of the conversation seemed to be the practicability of using an African elephant in an Indian scene.

"Golly, go to it," he snapped. "Who knows the difference between an African elephant and a American elephant. I don't Nobody does. Vat the hell?"

He slammed up the receiver and then saw his stenographer through the door.

"For why don't you answer the telephone," he snapped. "Vat I pay you for, here?"

He turned and was going to lie down when he saw Atlanta.

She wore some very pretty stockings that day and very trim slippers.

"Vell," he said, looking at her ankles. "Vat do you want?" Then he put on his hat.

"Are you Mr. Junius?" began the girl.

"No, I'm Kristopher Columbus," he smiled. "Who do you think I am?"

"I have a letter of introduction to you from Mr. Riddle, the theatre-man

of Denver," she said, presenting the letter. He evidently could not read it.

"Are you vun of his checkens and he wants to get rid of you, eh?" he smirked.

Atlanta was so suddenly taken "off her feet" that she did not get time to get fully indignant. The little man's eyes gleamed with merriment over his own cheap witticism and his ears stood out like the wings on a biplane.

He shook his bullet head and the little "derby" hat, of the "fried egg" type, fairly danced on his head. Then he saw how the girl's lower lip quivered, and he decided to try another tack.

"Sit down, dear," he said, "you are a friend of a friend of mine."

Then he shouted out to the stenographer:

"It's time for your lunch, eh?"

Although it was in the middle of the afternoon, the girl said "yes, sir," with a wink and left closing the door behind her. Atlanta heard a snap lock go shut.

"Vell," he smiled, and pushed his chair close up to where the girl sat. "Speak your piece."

Determined to succeed and to tolerate his idiosyncrasies, Atlanta began:

"I want to get into the motion pictures and will work very, very hard."

"You have a nice figure," said Junius, and looked her over.

"I have had some dramatic experience," she stuttered.

"Vy don't you act that way, then," he smiled. "You are camouflaging, and vhy?"

"In high school plays and in--"

"You have swell ankles and pretty knees, I think--" he continued. "Vat do you veigh--live weight?"

"I weigh one hundred and twenty-two," said the girl. "As I was going to say--I--want to be given a chance--"

"It's up to you," replied Junius. "You are a high kicker, yes?" He held his hat high above his head, invitingly.

"Can you do anything for me?" she asked, ignoring his personal remarks and attempting to overlook his leering glances.

"I told you it vas up to you personally," said the man, insistently. "Do you live with your mother or have you an apartment. If you live with your mother--well, there's nothing doing--"

Atlanta could stand it no longer. She arose, trembling and disgusted.

"You shouldn't be so particular," he laughed. "Anybody that's been Riddle's chicken. I know Sol and his wife and family. Are you the girl he bought them squirrel furs for, eh? He vas telling me."

"I--I don't accept presents from men and I don't know Mr. Riddle," snapped Atlanta. "My mother does."

"Ah," smirked Junius, "the old lady is gayer than the daughter, eh?"

This remark about her mother proved the last straw. With super-human effort she kept outwardly cool as she walked towards the door.

Either ignoring her state of mind or two calloused to understand that he had hurt every sensibility in the girl, Junius asked, with an attempt to tighten her coat around her:

"How you look in a bathing suit, yes?"

Atlanta snatched her hatpin from her hat and held in menacingly towards him. He turned pale and opened the door. The boy was outside.

"Show this one out, Teddy," said Junius. "She is a flivver! Look out, she has a hatpin."

Scarcely knowing what she was doing Atlanta found herself on the sidewalk and as she passed the window of Junius' office he looked out and shook his finger at her.

"I'll qveer you all over town," he said, "you--you are a lemon!"

Of course, the girl did not know till later that he was a member of a producers association, and that the blacklist was one of his weapons for stubborn girls with "false" standards of virtue.

(The End)

NOTES:

[1] There were two other well-discussed scandal publications in 1922: HOLLYWOOD CONFESSIONS (not to be confused with later publications bearing the same name) and an issue of FREE LANCE. We have not been able to locate copies of either; if photocopies are made available we will reprint them in future issues of TAYLOROLOGY.

[2] This is a reference to Bebe Daniels' arrest and incarceration for speeding.

[3] Wallace Reid.

[4] Dorothy Davenport Reid.

[5] See TAYLOROLOGY #20.

[6] Lottie Pickford.

[7] Flo Hart.

[8] Henry Miller, Jr.

[9] Henry Miller, Sr. (the actor and dramatist, not the later writer).

[10] Juanita Hansen.

[11] (Corrected: Vincent Bryan. See TAYLOROLOGY #69.)

[12] Probably Marshall Neilan. See TAYLOROLOGY #8.

[13] Mabel Normand.

[14] Alas for the good old days!

[15] Dorothy Dalton.

[16] Lew Cody.

[17] Thomas Ince.

[18] Jay Belasco.

[19] Betty Compson.

[20] Al Christie.

[21] George Loane Tucker.

[22] "The Miracle Man."

[23] Walter Morosco.

[24] Oliver Morosco.

[25] Larry Semon.

[26] Lucile Carlisle.

[27] Mack Sennett.

[28] Mabel Normand.

[29] Mae Busch.

[30] Goldwyn. In reality, she signed her contract with Goldwyn long before the film "Mickey" was released.

[31] Rudolph Valentino.

[32] Jean Acker.

[33] Lefty Flynn.

[34] Viola Dana.

[35] John Collins.

[36] Ormer Locklear.

[37] Roscoe Arbuckle.

[38] Julius Stern.

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WILLIAM DESMOND TAYLOR: A DOSSIER (Scarecrow Press, 1991)
